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# THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE:

## OR, THE SUMMER'S RAMBLE OF Mr. GEOFFRY WILDGOOSE.

## A COMIC ROMANCE.

A NEW EDITION,
Corrected and Improved.

— pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et *dici* potuisse — HOR.

Humour without a moral is buffoonry.
HUGHES.

VOL. III.

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# THE THIRD VOLUME.


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# SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

## BOOK IX.

### CHAP. I.

*Good Effects of Mr. Wildgoose's Labours.*

BOTH Wildgoose and his friend Jeremiah, having each of them been somewhat disappointed (the former in his expectation of meeting Miss Townsend at Gloucester, and the latter in his hopes of returning home to his Dame Dorothy), travelled on for some time with a kind of solemn taciturnity. Tugwell, at length, ventured first to break silence, by observing, "that they might now "have got home in one day's time, if so be *as*,

" *how* his Worſhip had been ſo diſpoſed."—Wildgooſe replied, with ſome degree of peeviſhneſs, " Why, Jerry, to be ſure, you are " not my hired ſervant; and I cannot oblige " you to attend me againſt your will: but how " can you think ſo meanly of me, as to ima- " gine I will deſert my poſt, and not execute " the commiſſion which Mr. Whitfield has " given me; eſpecially as Heaven has inclined " the hearts of ſuch numbers to liſten to my " inſtructions, and I have ſo fair a proſpect of " *converting* ſo many poor ſouls from the error " of their ways?"

" *Convart* them!" ſays Tugwell. " Odhang " it, Maſter! why, to be ſure, your Wor- " ſhip does preach main well, that is certain; " but, as for *convarting*, methinks ſome of " them are only *convarted* from bad to worſe. " There is the Barber now: he was poor " enough, I believe, when we firſt went to " his houſe; but he is now *convarted*, from a " poor, honeſt Shaver, to a wicked Robber, " and, from *ſcarifying* men's faces, to *terrify-* " *ing* folks upon the highway."—Wildgooſe was not pleaſed with being reminded of this unlucky inſtance; but ſaid, " the Barber's " was a particular caſe; that he was perſe-

" cuted

"cuted by his neighbours, and driven by "neceſſity to one wicked attempt; and that, "he made no doubt, the Barber was ſtill in "a ſtate of Grace, though appearances were "againſt him."

"Then there is Madam Sarſenet," ſays Tugwell; "to my thinking, ſhe was a very "good ſort of woman before ſhe was *convarted*, "and maintained her mother and her ſiſter; "and I ſaw them at dinner upon ſome good "roaſt mutton and baked pudding; and "now, ſince ſhe has been *convarted*, it ſeems "to be but poor with them; or elſe, me-"thinks, they would have had a bit of ſoft "cheeſe, or butter, with their bunch of "radiſhes laſt night."

Wildgooſe not thinking it worth while to make any anſwer to his friend's obſervation, ſilence again enſued for ſome time; and, in ſhort, nothing material befell the two travellers before they reached Tewkſbury, about twelve o'clock; where they halted for an hour or two, to refreſh themſelves in the heat of the day.

## CHAP. II.

*The Hotel at Tewkſbury.*

MR. Wildgooſe, enquiring of my Landlord where they ſtopped, "what he could "have to eat," was anſwered, "Whatever "you pleaſe, Sir; but," continues mine Hoſt, "you may dine with us, if you chuſe it. We "have a fine leg of veal, an excellent gammon "of bacon, and a couple of charming fowls "roaſted; and only two very civil Gentlemen "and a Lady, that quarter in the houſe, dine "with us."

Though Wildgooſe was not very hungry; yet the bill of fare, and my Landlord's account of the company, inclined him to accept of his invitation.

When dinner came in, there appeared, beſides my Landlord and his wife, an old Lady about fifty, one Gentleman about the ſame age, and the other ſeemed to be about twenty-five.

The leg of veal, which my Landlord had mentioned, was only the knuckle, cut pretty cloſe;

cloſe; and the bacon, the moſt bony part of the fore-gammon: the veal was *red*; and the bacon *white*, the lean part I mean; for the fat, being thoroughly tinged with ſmoak, was of a different complexion.

As Wildgooſe was not very fond of boiled veal, he would not rob the company of this part of their ſhort commons, but reſerved himſelf for the ſecond courſe.

When the fowls appeared, they were full-grown, nicely roaſted and frothed up, and looked tempting enough; but, when they were to be carved, my Landlord laid hold on one leg, and his wife on the other, and with ſome difficulty diſmembered them. As the reſt of the company were leſs complaiſant than Wildgooſe, the wings were ſoon diſpoſed of; ſo that he and my Landlord took each of them a drum-ſtick, which, Wildgooſe ſaid, "he always choſe;"—and my Landlord ſaid, "it was the beſt part of the fowl."

But now came the difficult part of the atchievement. The muſcles of the leg were ſo hard, that no human jaw could poſſibly make any impreſſion upon them. The Gentlemen, indeed, obſerved, "that even "the wings were a little tough."—"Yes,"

ſays my Landlord, "the fleſh is *firm*; they "were well fed; Jemmy Cockſpur is one of "the beſt feeders in the country."

And now the ſecret was out. They had had a cock-fighting the day before; and theſe fine plump fowls had died in the field of battle, after having triumphed victoriouſly for five or ſix years ſucceſſively. In ſhort, poor Wildgooſe, after ſucking the drum-ſtick, and licking up his parſley and butter, concluded his dinner with a good ſlice of Glouceſterſhire cheeſe and a cruſt of bread.

Tugwell, however, who regarded more the quantity than the quality of his food, fared better in the kitchen, where was a good pan-full of cow-heel fryed with onions; on which Jerry made a very comfortable meal.

CHAP.

## CHAP. III.

*The Life of a Stroller. Criticiſms on Shakeſpeare.*

AS Wildgooſe had leiſure enough, during his repaſt, to make obſervations upon the company; he was ſtudying their ſeveral characters, in order to ſuit his ſpiritual advice accordingly. He was at firſt a little puzzled to gueſs at their ſeveral profeſſions. There was a ſort of ſhabby ſmartneſs in their dreſs, that ſuited neither with the rank of a Gentleman, nor that of a Tradeſman. The young man had on a faded green cloth, which diſcovered the marks of a gold lace, that had probably been ripped off to anſwer ſome particular exigency. Wildgooſe obſerved, that his companion called him "Your Highneſs." The elderly man had a black crape about his neck, a ramillee wig, and a pair of half jack-boots, with the tops of ſome old thread ſtockings pinned on; which riding-dreſs ſeemed to be no otherwiſe neceſſary, than to ſupply the want of ſhoes and ſtockings. The old Lady had a long black cardinal, and

ſomething like a cambrick handkerchief pinned round her head.

The old man happened to aſſert ſome trifling matter upon his *honour:* to which the young man replied, in heroics,

" Honour's a ſacred tie, the law of kings:
" It is not to be ſported with.——
" Syphax! thou art a falſe old traitor."

This ſpeech convinced Wildgooſe (of what he had before ſuſpected), that they were part of a Company of Strollers. The Company were on their route from the Weſt of England to Birmingham; and were to perform Cato that night in a barn, to defray their expences upon the road.

The old man was to play Syphax, and was the very character he intended to act. He had a moſt villainous phyſiognomy, and ſeemed, by his converſation, to have been a Street-robber. The old Lady was to appear in the character of Marcia, though ſhe had loſt one eye; and, inſtead of an even " two-fold *hedge* of teeth," as Homer expreſſes it, her broken ſnags were more like park-pales, or what ſchool-boys in Latin verſe call a Dactyl, that is, a foot of three ſyllables, the firſt long, and

the

the two laſt ſhort; yet the old Lady reſembled Marcia in one reſpect,

" The virtuous Marcia towers above her ſex;"

for ſhe was near ſix feet high, and (I will anſwer for it) had lived a moſt *virtuous* life for many years.

Juba had a ſwelled face, yet was really a genteel young fellow, and had had a good education; but, as he confeſſed to Wildgooſe, had been ruined by his vanity, and a humour for ſpouting tragedy, which he had learned at ſchool; for he had ſpent near two thouſand pounds, which his father left him; and, though bred to a genteel profeſſion, could never ſettle to buſineſs.

" Then, I was quite an idolater of Shake-" ſpeare," quoth the Player; " and having " ſeen Mr. Garrick play Hamlet and Othello " two or three times, (he acts with ſo much " *eaſe*, as well as propriety, that) I imagined " it no difficult matter to ſucceed in the ſame " parts; which determined me to go upon the " ſtage."

" Why," ſays Wildgooſe, " I have ſeen a " few Plays ſome years ago; and muſt own, " Mr. Garrick is almoſt the only Actor I have " met with, who keeps ſight of Nature in his

"action, and has brought her back upon the "ſtage, whence, by all accounts, indiſcri- "minate rant and unmeaning rhodomontade "had baniſhed all truth and propriety time "out of mind. But, Sir, I profeſs myſelf "an enemy to all Theatrical entertainments; "and even to Shakeſpeare himſelf, in ſome re- "ſpects."

"Oh! Sir," (cries the young Player, ſtretching out his hand) "I muſt not hear "a word againſt our venerable Patriarch, and "great founder of the Engliſh Drama.

"I will allow every objection that you can "imagine againſt him. I will forgive Ben "Jonſon his malignant wiſh, 'that, inſtead "of one line, he had blotted out a thou- "ſand.' I will not pull Voltaire by the noſe "(though he deſerves it), for calling his "Tragedies *monſtrous Farces*. I will grant the "Frenchman, he has offended againſt the laws "of Ariſtotle and Boileau, and ſlighted the "unities of action, time, and place; that, "upon ſome occaſions, he abounds in mixt "metaphors, and uſes ſome harſh expreſſions, "which the age he lived in might *tolerate*, "and which are become venerable only by "their antiquity. But read one act, or even

"one

"one ſcene, in Hamlet, Othello, or Macbeth; "and all theſe trifling criticiſms diſperſe like "miſts before the orient ſun."

Wildgooſe began to explain himſelf, and to give the converſation a ſpiritual turn. In order to which, he firſt obſerved to the Players, "that their ſituation was very unfavourable "to the practice of Religion."—"Religion!" (cries the Prince of Mauritania) "I only "wiſh we had any morality, or even common "honeſty, amongſt us. No; we are Heroes, "Kings, or Sultanas, upon the ſtage; but "Beggars, Sots, or Proſtitutes, in our private "lodgings. There is the lovely Marcia," (ſays he, whiſpering to Wildgooſe) "would "drink you two quarts of ale now, if you "would give it her; and, if ſhe had ſix-pence "in her pocket, Cato's daughter would get "drunk with gin before ſhe came upon the "ſtage. In ſhort," (continues the young Player) "I intend to take my leave of them "very ſoon."

Old Syphax, hearing part of this declamation againſt the life of a Stroller, ſaid, "there was one agreeable circumſtance at-"tending it—that they frequently fell into "company with ſome Gentlemen of fortune,

"who would treat them with a bottle of wine, "or a bowl of punch."—This the wily African ſaid in conſequence of the intelligence he had gained from Tugwell in the kitchen, "that his maſter had four or five "hundred pounds a year."—But Wildgooſe not taking the hint, my Landlord, perceiving there was no more liquor called for, began to grudge ſuch company the uſe of his parlour. He, therefore, bid the Waiter bring a bill; and Wildgooſe ſoon after took his leave, and, with his truſty Squire, ſet out for Worceſter.

## CHAP. IV.

### *State of Religion at Worceſter.*

MR. Wildgooſe, impatient to execute the commiſſion which Mr. Whitfield had given him, traverſed with haſty ſtrides the ſpacious ſtreets of Tewkſbury; and, getting clear of the town, the two Pilgrims now aſcended a little hill; when Wildgooſe looking round him, "I wonder" (ſays he) "how "many miles it is to Warwick."—Then,

without waiting for Jerry's reply, he trudged on again at a round rate.

Tugwell's inclinations ſtill pointing homewards, he likewiſe made a ſoliloquy in his turn. "Odzookers! one might almoſt ſee "our ſteeple, now, from this hill, and the "ſmoke of my cottage. I wonder what our "Dorothy is doing at home; and our poor "dog!"

The travellers now proceeded without any interruption, and arrived at Worceſter about eight o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Wildgooſe made immediate enquiry, "whether there was any religious Society "in that city;" and found that only a few of the lower ſort of people met once a week at a private houſe, whoſe zeal was kept alive by now and then an occaſional Preacher that came amongſt them; that a conſiderable part of the town had their attention taken up by their China-work, lately eſtabliſhed there under the auſpices of the ingenious and excellent Dr. Wall; that the learned Prebends were immerſed in profound ſtudies, or engaged in the care of their health; as their wives and daughters were at Whiſt or Quadrille. The two Pilgrims, therefore, ſet out again early

early in the morning, and took the road towards Wedneſbury, Dudley, and Walſal; which are the chief collieries and manufactories in that part of the country.

## CHAP. V.

### *An unexpected Rencounter.*

TOWARDS the middle of the day, our travellers came into the gravelly bottom of a deep valley, through which a ſilver ſtream ran winding along, ſhaded with alders, and inviting them to repoſe a little in ſo cool a retreat. Wildgooſe, according to cuſtom, pulled out a little godly Manual, and began to read; as Tugwell, by a kind of inſtinct, began to rummage his wallet, for ſomething to eat; whoſe example having ſtronger attractions for the former, than his amuſement had for the latter, Tugwell ſoon brought over Wildgooſe to his party; and they took a comfortable noonchine together.

Whilſt they were thus employed, two more travellers came, the contrary road, to the ſame ſpot; and, without much ceremony, ſate

ſate down to partake of ſo agreeable a ſhade. One of them looked like ſome mechanical handicraft; but the other (though his long hair was ſomewhat in the ſtyle of Ralpho in Hudibras) had a gentleman-like appearance, both in his dreſs and his addreſs.

Wildgooſe making ſome overtures by a few general topicks and introductory preludes, they ſoon entered into further converſation.

Two or three ſmall birds coming to drink and bathe themſelves, with great boldneſs and ſecurity, as the travellers were ſitting in a calm repoſe; Wildgooſe ſaid, "that he "could never ſufficiently admire the beauty, "elegance, and harmleſs innocence, of thoſe "little animals of the winged creation; and "that he had often thought the familiar, "friendly, and almoſt converſable air, with "which ſome birds and other animals ap-"proached mankind, till they were alarmed "and frightened away by ſome violent motion "or menacing attitude, ſeemed to give credit "to the doctrine of Tranſmigration; as if "ſome of our own ſpecies were doing penance "in thoſe animals, and wanted to expreſs "their ſufferings or complaints, or to renew "their intimacy with ſome old friend, or

"former

" former acquaintance. At leaſt," continues Wildgooſe, " one is puzzled, without ſome " ſuppoſition of this kind, to account for the " *final* cauſe of their creation; many animals " being frequently perſecuted and tortured in " ſuch a manner, as to make their being rather " a curſe than a bleſſing."

The ſtranger replied, " that, when we come " to talk of final cauſes, or the ends propoſed " by Providence in any part of the creation, " we ſoon get out of the depth of our ſhallow " underſtandings; though I am convinced," ſays he, " that God has formed all his creatures " with a capacity of being happy, if they do " not forfeit it by their own fault."

This diſcourſe on Pre-exiſtence brought on the ſubject of Predeſtination, Election, and Reprobation; which his Puritanical library, and his converſing with Mr. Whitfield, had taught Wildgooſe to maintain in its ſtricteſt ſenſe.

The ſtranger oppoſed his opinions with great vehemence; and ſaid, " he would " ſooner renounce his Bible, than believe " thoſe doctrines, as Calvin of old, or Mr. " Whitfield had of late, taught them." — " Sir," ſays Wildgooſe, " I ſuppoſe then " you

"you are a follower of John Weſley's."—"No," replies the ſtranger; "I am John "Weſley himſelf."

Wildgooſe ſtarted up with the utmoſt ſurprize, and accoſted him with the moſt profound reverence and reſpect; and, by way of apology, ſaid, "that, although he had lately become "perſonally acquainted with Mr. Whitfield, "and confeſſed himſelf a convert to moſt of "his opinions; yet he had ſo great a regard for "all thoſe who were embarked in the ſame ge-"neral cauſe, that he was extremely happy in "this opportunity of converſing with a man, "whoſe character he had ſo long admired."

He then acquainted Mr. Weſley who he himſelf was; when he found Mr. Weſley was no ſtranger to his character or converſion. Mr. Weſley returned the compliment, with a pious wiſh, "that he might be able to give him any "ſpiritual aſſiſtance." After which, Wildgooſe let him know his preſent ſituation, and his intentions of viſiting the poor Colliers at Wedneſbury, Walſal, and ſo forth. But Mr. Weſley began immediately to diſſuade him from purſuing his ſcheme at preſent; "for that he "himſelf was, at this inſtant, eſcaped from a "moſt violent perſecution; that a large and

"enraged

"enraged mob, ſtirred up by ſome intereſted "people, were now in arms, and in ſearch of "every Preacher of their denomination; and "that it would be tempting Providence, to run "into the very jaws of that many-headed mon-"ſter, a drunken multitude, who knew not "what they did."

An Enthuſiaſt, like a man of courage, is ſo far from being diſmayed by an appearance of danger, that he generally becomes more reſolute. Wildgooſe, therefore, was ſtill more inclined to try the ſtrength of his eloquence, and to proceed to Wedneſbury; till Mr. Weſley aſſured him, "it would be injuring the cauſe, "to attempt to convince them, whilſt their "paſſions and prejudices were ſo ſtrongly en-"gaged on the other ſide."—Wildgooſe, therefore, ſtood corrected: and a man now coming up with Mr. Weſley's horſes, which he had been obliged to leave behind, Wildgooſe took his leave; and, inſtead of purſuing the intended road, turned off towards Birmingham, in order to make the beſt of his way to the Lead-mines in the Peak of Derbyſhire.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VI.

*A juſt Character of Lady L——n, from a diſcarded Servant.*

OUR two Pilgrims being a little fatigued with travelling in ſo hot a day, they halted in the afternoon at a public-houſe, in the neighbourhood of Hagley. Wildgooſe, ſeeing a number of people drinking under a tree at the door, obſerved to my Landlord, "that *his* ſeemed to be a well-accuſtomed "houſe."—"Yes," ſays mine Hoſt, with an air of piety (taking Wildgooſe for a Clergyman), "bleſſed be God! I have my ſhare of "cuſtom at this time of the year, pleaſe "God to ſend fine weather, as every body "comes to ſee Hagley Park here."—Wildgooſe replied, "that his houſe ſeemed to ſtand "well for the refreſhment of travellers; but "that he did not underſtand how he could "bleſs God for ſome of his idle cuſtomers, "who ſpent the money, which ought to ſup-"port their families, in getting drunk, and "making brutes of themſelves."—Mine Hoſt replied,

replied, "that (to be ſure) poor men, who "worked hard, and had no beer at home, "would now and then have a little good drink; "but then," ſays he, "I never ſuffer them "to have more at my houſe, than they have "money to pay for."

Wildgooſe then ſaid, "he ſuppoſed Sir "George L———n's houſe was worth ſeeing, "as ſo many people came thither for that "purpoſe."—"Yes," (ſays a young man in a livery frock) "Hagley is a noble ſeat; and "*abundance* of *quality reſort* thither at this "time of the year."—"Ah!" ſays my Landlord, "and Sir George has ſomething at Hag-"ley better worth ſeeing than his fine ſeat. He "has, for his wife, the fineſt woman, and "the beſt Chriſtian, in England. But," ſays he, "my ſon here knows all about it; "he was Under-butler at Sir George's; and, "Sir, as you ſeem to be a Gentleman, pleaſe "to ſtep into this parlour, and I will tell "you more—(coming! Sir, coming!)"—My Landlord then ſhewed Wildgooſe into a little nook, divided from the kitchen by a partition of deal-boards, which prevented you from being ſeen, but not from being over-heard by any one that was diſpoſed to liſten. "Now," (ſays

(ſays my Landlord) "as I was telling you, "Sir, my ſon was Under-butler at Hagley. "But, Sir, betwixt you and I, the Houſe-"keeper is the d—m—ſt b—tch in Eng-"land." — "Well, well," ſays Wildgooſe, "I do not want to be let into family ſecrets. "But my Lady, you ſay, is a very good "woman."—"That ſhe is" (ſays mine Hoſt); "and, if ſhe had had her way, my ſon would "never have loſt his place." — Though my Landlord was very full of this ſubject, he and his ſon did great juſtice to Lady L——n's character: "that there was not a poor per-"ſon, a ſick perſon, or a wicked perſon, "within five miles of the place, but ſhe found "them out, and gave them money, phyſick, "or good advice; and, what is more," (ſays he) "there is not an *idle* perſon, but ſhe con-"trives to employ them, and keep them out of "harm's way; and they mind what my Lady "ſays, more than all the Parſon preaches, or "the Doctor can ſay to them when they are "ſick. Then," continues he, "my ſon ſays, "my Lady has wit at will, and will *hold diſ-*"*courſe* with any Lord or Biſhop that comes to "Sir George's table; and knows every thing

"that

" that happened in former days *, or in foreign " parts *, as well as the beſt of them."

Mr. Wildgooſe ſaid, " he did not in the leaſt " doubt the juſtneſs of my Landlord's panegy- " ric; for that he had known Lady L——n " from a child (ſhe being his country-woman); " though he had not ſeen her for ſome years." He was then going to give mine Hoſt ſome ſpiritual inſtructions; when Tugwell came to the door, to remind his Maſter, " that it was " very duſty travelling, and that he ſeemed to " have forgotten their intention of calling at a " public-houſe."—My Landlord then aſked, " what they would pleaſe to drink?" But, there being no great variety of liquors or proviſions at this hotel, they refreſhed themſelves with ſome freſh ale and ſome new cheeſe; and then proceeded in their journey towards Birmingham.

* The vulgar definition of Hiſtory and Geography.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VII.

*A Sketch of The Leaſowes, and of the Character of the worthy Poſſeſſor of that Place.*

THE ſun was now far upon the decline towards the Weſt, when the two Pilgrims had paſſed a little market-town, on the Birmingham road, called Hales-Owen. As they walked on, they ſaw an object, amidſt the woods, on the edge of the hill; which, upon enquiry, they were told was called, "Shenſtone's Folly." This is a name, which, with ſome ſort of propriety, the common people give to any work of taſte, the utility of which exceeds the level of their comprehenſion.

As they aſcended the hill, through a ſhady lane, they obſerved a Gentleman in his own hair, giving directions to ſome labourers, who were working beyond the uſual hour, in order to finiſh a receptacle for a cataract of water, a glimpſe of which appeared through the trees on the ſide of the road. As Wildgooſe and his friend, partly out of curioſity, and partly to take breath, made a little pauſe, the Gentleman turned his face towards them; when Wildgooſe

immediately discovered him to be no other than his old acquaintance, the now celebrated Mr. Shenstone, whose place began to be frequented by people of distinction from all parts of England, on account of its natural beauties, which, by the mere force of genius and good taste, Mr. Shenstone had improved and exhibited to so much advantage. And this had discovered to the world his own fine poetical talents and polite learning, which, from his modesty, would otherwise probably have been buried in solitude and obscurity.

Mr. Shenstone soon recollected his old academical friend and associate; and, with that warmth and benevolence for which he is distinguished amongst those that know him, insisted upon his staying, that night at least, with him at The Leasowes; which invitation Mr. Wildgoose was sufficiently inclined to accept of, though he had not been prompted to it by his fellow-traveller, who never was so cynical as to slight the least overture towards an hospitable reception.

As they passed towards the house, Mr. Shenstone pointed out to his friend many of the beauties of his place. He shewed him his cascades, which are so deservedly admired, and the reservoirs

reſervoirs that ſupplied them; the proſpects of the country from various points of view; his grove, dedicated to Virgil; his urns, ſtatues, and his admirable inſcriptions. He mentioned ſeveral people of the firſt quality, and, what Mr. Shenſtone valued more, of the firſt taſte, who had done him the honour to viſit his place. And particularly he informed him, "that he "expected Lord D—tm—th, and ſome other "company, the very next day; on which ac- "count, he had been inſpecting his reſervoirs, "got his walks cleaned out, and made the "men work ſo late, in order to finiſh the "cataract, where his friend had firſt ſeen "him."

As Wildgooſe knew the elegance of Mr. Shenſtone's taſte, he could not but add his ſuffrage to thoſe of the reſt of the world, in admiring his place; and obſerved, "that, "doubtleſs, the pleaſures we receive from "gardens, woods, and lawns, and other "rural embelliſhments, were the moſt in- "nocent of any *amuſements*; but then we "ſhould conſider them as *amuſements* only, "and not let them engroſs too much of our "attention; that we ought to ſpiritualize "our ideas as much as poſſible; and that it

"was worth while to enquire, how far too "violent a fondneſs for theſe merely inanimate "beauties might interfere with our love of "God, and attach us too ſtrongly to the "things of this world."

This gave Mr. Shenſtone an opportunity, in his turn, of combating his friend's enthuſiaſtic notions; who (he found by his own account) had deſerted the ſtation in which his own choice and his Mother's approbation had fixed him, to ſally forth and preach the Goſpel, without any other call to that office than what a warm imagination had ſuggeſted, and which a romantic view of converting ſinners *at large* had prompted him to undertake.

The two friends, however, ſupped together very amicably; and, after drinking a cool tankard, and ſpending a pretty late evening in talking over the incidents of their youth, which they had ſpent together in the Univerſity, Mr. Shenſtone ſhewed his friend into an elegant bed-chamber, fitted up in a Gothic taſte; to which the bed itſelf, the reſt of the furniture, and the painted glaſs in the window, all correſponded. And contiguous to this, he lodged

lodged Tugwell, his truſty Squire and fellow-traveller, and wiſhed them a good night.

## CHAP. VIII.

*A practical Lecture againſt the Vanities of this World.*

AS ſoon as Mr. Shenſtone roſe in the morning (which was not always at a very early hour), he went up to his friend's apartment, to ſummon him to breakfaſt; when, to his ſurprize, he found both him and his companion departed, without taking leave of him; and upon Wildgooſe's table was left the following letter:

"My good Friend,

"I am called hence by the Spirit: in the "viſions of the night, it was revealed unto "me. I muſt own, that, like the good "Publius, you have received and lodged us "courteouſly; and my bowels yearn for your "ſalvation. But, my dear friend, I am afraid "you have ſet up idols in your heart. You "ſeem to pay a greater regard to Pan and "Sylvanus, than to Paul or Silas. You

"have forſaken the fountains of the living "Lord; and hewn you out ciſterns, broken "ciſterns, that will hold no water. But my "conſcience beareth teſtimony againſt this "Idolatry. Bel boweth down; Nebo ſtoopeth. "I have delivered my own ſoul; and will "pray for your converſion. I am

"Your brother in the Lord,

"GEOFFRY WILDGOOSE."

This extraordinary letter, and his friend's abrupt departure, greatly alarmed Mr. Shenſtone: but, going out to view his principal caſcade, he ſoon diſcovered the myſtery; that his friend, imagining he was too much affected with the applauſes which were beſtowed on his good taſte in laying out his place, had forced open his ſluices, and emptied his reſervoirs; ſo that, in a literal ſenſe, his *ciſterns could hold no water*, nor his caſcades make any great figure that day. And, what was more diſtreſsful, he had thrown down a leaden ſtatue of the Piping Fawn from its pedeſtal; which was a damage that could not eaſily be repaired before the arrival of his illuſtrious gueſts.

Mr. Shenſtone was a little provoked at the firſt diſcovery of this incident; but, upon reflection,

ſection, could not forbear laughing at his old friend's frantic proceeding: and thought the ſingularity of the adventure would afford his gueſts as much entertainment, as a greater flaſh from his caſcades, or as viewing his place in more exact order.

## CHAP. IX.

### *A Diſcourſe on Idolatry.*

WHEN the travellers were got into the Birmingham road again; Tugwell, who did not rightly comprehend nor approve of his Maſter's conduct on this occaſion, nor underſtand what he meant by ſaying, "that "Mr. Shenſtone quite idolized or worſhipped "thoſe lifeleſs objects"—Jerry, I ſay, began now to expreſs his apprehenſions of the conſequences of what they had done. "Od-"zooks!" ſays he, "it is well if the Gen-"tleman does not get a warrant for us, and "*trouble* us, for robbing his fiſh-ponds (as "he may think we have), or for damaging "his images." — He obſerved, moreover, "that, as he ſeemed to be a ſenſible Gen-

" tleman, he could not think he would be ſo " fooliſh as to *worſhip* images, as the *Papiſhes* " do. Why," (continues Jerry) " there " is our Squire has got a naked *thing-em-bob* " ſtands up in the middle of the grove (it " is either the Virgin Mary, or Fair Roſa- " mond, or Dinah * that was raviſhed by the " Jacobites); and yet I never heard that the " Squire, or any of the family, ever ſaid their " prayers to it, or worſhipped it."

" Why, Jerry," (ſays Wildgooſe) " a " perſon may be guilty of Idolatry, by ſetting " his affections too much upon any thing; " upon riches or pleaſures, a fine houſe or a " fine child; and, in thoſe caſes, it is an " act of friendſhip in any one, to take ſome " method (as I have done with Mr. Shenſtone) " to wean them from thoſe objects. And " Providence, out of mere kindneſs, often " deprives us of thoſe things which we have " ſo entirely fixed our hearts upon."

" Why, to be ſure," (ſays Tugwell) " God Almighty may do what he pleaſes, " for that matter: but then, if one *man* was " at liberty to take away from another what-

* It was moſt probably Diana, that Jerry meant by this confuſed account.

" ever

"ever he had *ſet his heart* upon, they might "take away one's wife, or one's cow, or one's "dog, or one's cat; and then there would "be no living at peace in the world. Now, "there is my dog Snap; I *loves* him almoſt "as well as I do my wife; and, if the beſt "man in Glouceſterſhire were to ſteal my "dog, I would take the *law on him*, if there "was any law to be had in the kingdom."

Wildgooſe did not think it material to continue the diſpute; but it occurred to him, in the courſe of this converſation, how much his affections were attached to Miſs Townſend. This, however, he conſidered as a ſpiritual attachment; he intending only the good of Miſs Townſend's ſoul by an union, which, from the little encouragement ſhe ſeemed to have given him, he had ſome ſlight hopes of effecting. This project engaged his thoughts in an agreeable reverie; which prevented any further converſation till they arrived, about eight o'clock in the morning, at Birmingham.

## CHAP. X.

### *Slight Perſecutions.*

AS Mr. Wildgooſe intended, if nothing very extraordinary prevented it, to viſit the colliers at Wedneſbury on his return; he made no longer ſtay in Birmingham than whilſt he himſelf took ſome ſlight refreſhment, and Tugwell an hearty breakfaſt, at the firſt inn they came to; and then proceeded towards Litchfield, in their way to the Peak of Derbyſhire.

As they walked through Birmingham ſtreets, they heard two or three fellows in a work-ſhop, up two pair of ſtairs, quarrelling, ſwearing, and curſing, in a moſt tremendous manner. Wildgooſe, thinking it incumbent upon him to reprove their profaneneſs, made an halt; and, beckoning with his hand, called out to the vociferous garreteers, "to hold their "blaſphemous tongues."—The litigants, obſerving a man of a tolerable appearance addreſſing himſelf to them, were ſilent for a moment; but, when they heard Wildgooſe, with an air

air of authority, charging them, in the name of the King of kings, "not to take the name "of God in vain;" with a mixture of mirth, indignation, and contempt, they redoubled their oaths and imprecations upon the Preacher; and one of them emptied the ſtale contents of an unſcowered piſs-pot full upon the heads of him and his companion. As Mr. Wildgooſe was got almoſt into the middle of the ſtreet, in order to direct his voice to them more commodiouſly, he received only a ſlight ſprinkling of their intended kindneſs; but, as Tugwell ſtood juſt under the window, with his mouth open, waiting the event of his Maſter's exhortation, he received a more liberal portion, part of which came full into his mouth, and penetrated pretty deeply into the cavity of his throat.

Wildgooſe, obſerving the inefficacy of his rebuke, cried out, in the Apoſtolical ſtyle; "Well, my brethren; I have delivered my "own ſoul: look you to it; your *blood* be "upon your own heads!"

Tugwell, being leſs patient (at this ill return of their intended favour) ſpitting and rubbing his face, and ſhaking his cloaths, exclaimed with ſome indignation againſt his

Maſter, for this unſeaſonable interpoſition; "Pok-i-cat take it, for me! the *blood*, and "guts, and the Devil, and all, I think, is "upon *our* heads: and it was no otherwiſe "likely; what, the *dickins!* had we to do, "with folks that were quarrelling up in a "garret, and never troubled their heads about "us?"

"Well," quoth Wildgooſe, "as the Ro-"man Emperor ſaid, when he laid a tax up-"on urine, 'the ſmell of money is ſweet, "whenceſoever it comes;' ſo, I can ſay, "perſecution is ſweet and wholeſome, in any "ſhape whatſoever."—"Yes," ſays Tugwell, "even in the ſhape of a piſs-pot, I ſuppoſe. "The ſmell of money may be ſweet; but, "I am ſure, neither the ſmell, nor the taſte, "of what was thrown upon our heads was "either ſweet or wholeſome; at leaſt, I had "rather you Worſhip ſhould have it than "I, if you think it ſo very ſweet and ſo whole-"ſome."

The hapleſs Pilgrims now paſſed on through Birmingham; Wildgooſe leading the way, and Tugwell at ſome little diſtance behind him. Wildgooſe, reflecting upon what had juſt happened, ſaid, "he began to wonder "what

"what they had done, that the world was ſo
"civil to them."

"Odſbobs!" cries Jerry (looking up to the window of a little ſhop), "there is a fine "plumb-pudding!"

"The friendſhip of the world is enmity "with God," continues Wildgooſe.

"It is ſmoaking hot, juſt out of the oven," ſays Tugwell.

"My zeal began to cool; and I grew quite "remiſs in my duty," proceeds the Maſter.

"I have a great mind to have a penny-worth "of it," ſays the man.

"But come, let us make the beſt of our "way, to reſcue the poor Miners from the "power of Satan," ſays Wildgooſe.

"I muſt and will go back, and have a ſlice "of that pudding," ſays Tugwell.

Thus the Maſter and Man proceeded in a kind of ſoliloquy, entirely inattentive to each other. But, when Wildgooſe diſcovered his fellow-traveller's gluttonous intention, and ſaw him return with a good ſlice of pudding in his hand, "Ah! Jerry, Jerry" (cries he) "ſwallow thy ſpittle, and ſubdue thy appetite. "I thought thou hadſt juſt ſatisfied the de-"mands of Nature with an hearty breakfaſt;

"and now thou art at it again: if thou hadſt "but a grain of true Faith, thy mind would "not be thus continually hankering after "theſe carnal indulgences."

"Odſbodikins!" (cries Tugwell, as ſoon as he could empty his mouth) "cannot a man "have true Faith, that loves plumb-pudding? "Why, Maſter, I was very hungry to-day;— "and then I wanted to get the taſte of the "*perſecution* out of my mouth, which, your "Worſhip ſays, was ſo ſweet and ſo whole- "ſome." Wildgooſe ſmiled to himſelf, but made no reply, and trudged on.

## CHAP. XI.

### *A Glimpſe of Miſs Townſend.*

BEING now got clear of the town, the travellers came to a direction-poſt, where the roads divided. On one of the hands was written, "the road to Litchfield;" on the other, "to Warwick."—As Wildgooſe had as ſtrong an hankering after the place of Miſs Townſend's reſidence as Tugwell had after his own fire-ſide, they kept their eyes for ſome

ſome time fixed on the hand which pointed towards the object of their reſpective inclinations; and, as a ſtring of Coventry packhorſes had raiſed a cloud of duſt, they did not perceive a chariot and pair, bowling along on a briſk trot, till it had almoſt paſſed by them.

There ſeemed to be in it an elderly Gentleman and his wife; and a young Lady ſate ſide-ways on the ſtool, with a very white arm reſting upon the window of the chariot. The young Lady, with a female curioſity, thruſting herſelf out to have a view of the travellers, dropped a cambrick handkerchief (probably without perceiving it), which Wildgooſe immediately picked up; and was going to return it, when, caſting his eyes upon the mark, he inſtantly knew it to be Miſs Townſend's cypher. This occaſioned ſuch a ſurprize, as fixed him motionleſs for a moment, and would have prevented him from overtaking the chariot, if (upon recollection) he had thought it either prudent or adviſeable to endeavour it. Though Wildgooſe had hardly a glance of Miſs Townſend's face; yet, as imagination magnifies every object beyond its real dimenſions, this incident, and the

the initial letters of "Julia Townſend," contributed more perhaps to keep alive Mr. Wildgooſe's paſſion, than the moſt tender Epiſtle, or a complete view of her might have done.

Wildgooſe was deliberating with himſelf, whether he ſhould not return to Birmingham, and find out Miſs Townſend, eſpecially when he had ſo good a pretence as that of returning her handkerchief; when Tugwell came up to him (with his jaws yet in motion from maſticating his baked pudding), and cries out, "Well, Maſter, as God ſends good luck, "let us be thankful, and ſpend it at the next "public-houſe. This white handkerchief will "buy us a quart of beſt drink, I will warrant "you; though, mayhap, it is only cut out of "the tail of an old ſmock."

Wildgooſe was ſo provoked at Jerry's groſs ideas, that he could hardly forbear ſtriking him. — "Beſt drink!" (cries Wildgooſe, preſſing the handkerchief, which breathed the fragrance of lavender and eau-de-luce, with rapture to his breaſt) "I would not part with "it for the richeſt wines of Canary or Cyprus, "nor for all the wealth of the Indies."

"Odſbobs!

"Odſbobs! Maſter," (ſays Tugwell) "you "ſeem to be as fond of the young woman's "handkerchief as I am of plumb-pudding. "One would think it was a love-toy, and "that it was given you by your ſweet-heart. "And, for that matter, it ſeemed to be a good "plump young woman that dropped it out of "the coach, and dreſt like a Queen. I ſup- "poſe, ſhe was daughter to ſome Squire, or "ſome topping Button-maker here in Bir- "mingham at leaſt."

"Ah! Jerry," (replies Wildgooſe) "I va- "lue this handkerchief, becauſe it belongs to a "very good girl. That young Lady in the "chariot was no other than the Miſs Town- "ſend whom we ſaw at Mrs. Sarſenet's at "Glouceſter."

"What! the young woman that came after "us to Briſtol," (ſays Jerry) "and was taken "with *compulſion* fits at the Tabernacle? I "thought I had ſeen her face before" (conti- nues he); "but then ſhe is got fatter than ſhe "was. I ſuppoſe, ſhe has her belly full now; "which, belike, ſhe had not at poor Madam "Sarſenet's, at Glouceſter."

Wildgooſe did not like to have the object of his affection treated with ſo much familiarity;

arity; and was alſo afraid of diſcovering to Jerry the ſituation of his heart. Neither was he yet determined whether he ſhould return to Birmingham or not, and endeavour to get an interview with Miſs Townſend. But, recollecting that the races at Warwick would be within a fortnight, which being the neareſt meeting to his own native place, and fancying he had a particular call to bear his teſtimony againſt the lawfulneſs of thoſe diverſions, he was determined in himſelf (as ſoon as he had opened his commiſſion in the Peak) to attend them. He therefore dropped the ſubject at preſent, and trudged on (at a good rate) towards Litchfield.

## CHAP. XII.

### *Meet with a ſeaſonable Invitation.*

THE two Pilgrims having purſued their journey above three hours, and the turnpike road being very hot and duſty; Tugwell propoſed, where they could commodiouſly do it, to walk through the fields within the hedge. This inſenſibly led them too far from the great road,

road, and brought them where two foot-paths led different ways; and they were puzzled which to purſue. Tugwell, therefore, went to make enquiries of a fellow that was at plow, in the adjacent field. At the end of the furrow, they ſaw an odd figure of a man, ſtanding upright, with his eyes ſhut and his mouth open, his neck ſtretched out, and his hands hanging ſtrait down, in the attitude of the Pierro in a Pantomime. Though the ſun was burning hot, he had a green ſurtout coat on, with the cape over his head, and buttoned round the neck.

Wildgooſe, as his ideas ran conſtantly upon religious objects, thought immediately it was ſome poor ſoul under the agonies of the New Birth, and waiting for the influx of the Spirit. He accoſts him, therefore, in his own way, "God comfort your ſoul! my good friend," ſays Wildgooſe. — The Gentleman, ſtarting from his Swiſs meditation or reverie, (in which he had been unexpectedly ſurprized) and throwing himſelf into a tolerably genteel attitude; "Sir," ſays he, "I do not know you; "but am obliged to you for your good wiſhes: "though my body has more need of comfort "than my ſoul, at preſent."—"What is the "matter

"matter then," ſays Wildgooſe, "if I may "make ſo free? What is your complaint, "Sir?"—"Ah!" ſays the Gentleman, "if "I could tell you that, I ſhould tell you more "than all the Phyſicians in England have "been able to tell me."—"Where does your "chief diſorder lie, then?" ſays Wildgooſe. —"Why, Sir, I have a complication of "diſorders," replies the Gentleman. "I have "the gout, the rheumatiſm, the ſcurvy, a "dropſy, and an aſthma; and what not? "I have a *cachexy*, or bad habit of body, "which has brought on a nervous *atrophy*; "ſo that nothing I eat or drink will *nouriſh* "me. And what plagues me more than all "theſe is, a diſorder which, perhaps, you "never heard of."—"Pray, what is that?" ſays Wildgooſe.—"Why, a ſort of convul- "ſion, or hiccup, in the ear. In ſhort, Sir, "I believe mine is a total decay of nature; "and I do not expect to live a month to an "end."

"Ha!" ſays Wildgooſe, "that is very "ſurprizing. Why, Sir, you look extremely "well in the face."—"Ah! Sir," ſays the Stranger, ſhaking his head, "that is the very "thing that alarms me. I eat, drink, and "ſleep

"ſleep well. And ſo did a friend of mine "look; and ate, drank, and ſlept well, to the "very laſt; and yet died ſuddenly this laſt "winter.

"I have, as you ſee, Sir, rather a ruddy "complexion. But, then, if you obſerve, "there is an odd ſort of bluiſh caſt mixt with "it; which is a ſure ſign of an apoplectic "habit."

"Come, Sir," ſays Wildgooſe; "I fancy "you are a little hippiſh: and, I hope, you "fright yourſelf without any reaſon. But, "pray, Sir, what crop are you plowing for, "at this time of the year?"—"Why," ſays the Gentleman, "I have had no other crop, "than what you ſee, from this field theſe "five years; and yet theſe three acres pay "me better than any land I have."—"In "what reſpect?" replies Wildgooſe.—"In "ſaving my Doctor's fees, and Apothecary's "bills," anſwered the Gentleman. "You "know, I ſuppoſe," continues he, "that no-"thing is ſo wholeſome as the ſmell of new-"plowed earth. I keep this little field, there-"fore, in my hands for no other purpoſe; "and make my ſervant, every day before "dinner, turn up two or three furrows, and

"follow

"follow the plough, as I have been now "doing; which gives me an appetite to my "dinner, and, I am convinced, has kept me "alive theſe five years."

Wildgooſe thought this Gentleman ſomewhat whimſical; but, having liſtened with a more ſerious attention to the detail of his maladies than many people would have done, the Gentleman was prepoſſeſſed in his favour: and when Tugwell came up, with his intelligence, "that it was ſtill three miles to Litchfield," the Gentleman ſaid, "as Wildgooſe, he ſuppoſed, "had not dined, he ſhould be very welcome to "take pot-luck with him; that his houſe was "but at the end of that avenue of firs; and he "was juſt going to dinner."—"Why, yes," (ſays Tugwell, before his Maſter could ſpeak) "as Providence has directed us to ſo good an "houſe, you had beſt accept of the Gentle-"man's good-will."—As Wildgooſe always flattered himſelf with the hopes of doing good, or, what he eſteemed the ſame thing, of making converts to his opinions, he was eaſily prevailed upon to accompany the Gentleman to his houſe, to which he was ſo hoſpitably invited.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIII.

*Some Account of a Stranger.*

AS they went along, Mr. Slicer (which was the Gentleman's name) made ſome efforts towards gratifying his own curioſity, and diſcovering Wildgooſe's profeſſion, and what expedition he was bent upon. This Wildgooſe evaded, by enquiring of Mr. Slicer, "what firſt brought him into this "low-ſpirited way; or, as he called it, this "indifferent ſtate of health?" — To which Mr. Slicer anſwered, "that he had for-"merly been in conſiderable practice as a "Solicitor in London; where he underwent "great fatigue, yet never knew what it was "to be ſick: but, a relation leaving him "an eſtate in that country, and having no "family, he retired from buſineſs, in hopes "of finding in retirement a more complete "felicity than what he enjoyed in the hurry "of buſineſs, and in the noiſe and ſmoak "of the town. However, I was ſoon con-"vinced" (continued Mr. Slicer) "that "happineſs

"happineſs is not the product of any particular "place, or way of life; much leſs is it to "be found in a ſtate of abſolute inactivity: "that ſome employment was neceſſary, to "divert the mind from preying upon itſelf. "And, whereas I enjoyed good health, ate "with an appetite, and ſlept ſoundly, when "fatigued with buſineſs; I now found every "thing reverſed: my ſleep went from me; "my appetite was palled; even veniſon loſt "its reliſh; and though, by conſtant attention, "and the uſe of ſeveral excellent medicines, "I have a little recovered my ſtrength and "ſpirits, yet I am convinced it is all forced "and unnatural; for, though I am not ſen-"ſible of any particular complaint, yet, as "I ſaid before, I am daily apprehenſive of a "ſudden diſſolution."

Wildgooſe was going to obſerve, "that he had "not yet found the true road to happineſs; that "there was no real cordial for the miſeries of "life, but an aſſurance that our ſins are par-"doned, and the witneſs of the Spirit in our "ſouls, that we are the children of adoption:" but they were now arrived at the door of the Gentleman's houſe; which prevented any fur-ther converſation for the preſent.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIV.

### *The Life of a dying Man.*

THE moment they had entered the hall, Mr. Slicer's old houſe-keeper, Mrs. Quick, met him with conſternation in her looks. "Good-lack-a-day! Sir," (ſays ſhe) "we "have had a moſt terrible accident. You would "not let the chimney be ſwept! I told you "how it would be."—"What! is the chim-"ney on fire, then?" ſays Mr. Slicer.—"Oh! no," ſays ſhe; "but a whole heap of "ſoot has fallen down into the fiſh-kettle, "and entirely ſpoilt the carps. I very provi-"dentially caught up the loin of veal upon "the ſpit; or elſe that would have been "covered with duſt and aſhes."—"Well, "well," (ſays Mr. Slicer) "accidents will "happen; it is well it is no worſe; we muſt "dine without the carp, then."—"But, "lack-a-day! Sir," (continues Mrs. Quick) "why did you ſtay ſo long? the fowls are "boiled to a rag; and the veal is roaſted to "powder; and there is not a drop of gravy

"left; and the Parſon and Mr. Selkirk "have been here, waiting for their dinner, "this half-hour." — "Well, well," (ſays Slicer) "if that be all, there is no great harm "done.——But—

"Let me ſee; I took my Boſtock's Cordial "this morning. Come, bring my Stomachic "Tincture: I will juſt take a few drops of "that, to ſtrengthen my ſtomach; and a "little Balſam of Life, and one or two of my "Pilulæ Salutariæ; and then you may ſend "up dinner as ſoon as you will."

"But," (ſays Mrs. Quick) "if I had "known you would have brought any ſtran- "gers, I would have made a cuſtard-pudding. "However, I can juſt beat up two or three "eggs, and a ſpoon-full of cream, and a little "orange-flower-water, and make a little "pudding, in the catching up of a ſauce- "pan."

Mr. Slicer ſaid, "ſhe might do as ſhe "would." Then, bidding her ſhew Tugwell into the kitchen, he took Mr. Wildgooſe into an handſome parlour; where they found Mr. Slicer's niece (who was come on a viſit), with her little boy and girl; Mr. Selkirk, above-mentioned, who was a School-maſter in the

village; and a little ſleek Divine, whoſe ſpruce wig, ſhort caſſock, his japanned ſhoes, and ſilver buckles (worn ſmooth with the daily ſtrokes of the bruſh), gave him rather the appearance of an Arch-deacon, than (what he was) the Parſon of the pariſh.

After an apology for making his company wait, Mr. Slicer introduced Wildgooſe to them; and then took his Stomachic Tincture, his Balſam of Life, and his *Pillulæ Salutiferæ*, one after another; ſtrongly recommending a doſe of the Stomachic Tincture to Mr. Wildgooſe, as "an excellent medicine, to "fortify the ſtomach, and create an appetite." Wildgooſe waived the offer; and ſaid, "he "thanked God, he had a very good appetite, "without any aſſiſtance of that kind."

Slicer then bid the ſervant "bring him "Mrs. Stephens's Medicine for the Stone and "Gravel; which he never omitted," he ſaid, "ſince it was firſt diſcovered." — "What! are you afflicted with the Stone and "Gravel, then?" ſays Mr. Selkirk. — "*Af-*"*flicted!*" ſays Slicer; "no, Sir, God for-"bid! nor ever was *afflicted* with it; but, "I ſuppoſe, I ſhould have been *afflicted* with "it before this time, if I had not taken this

"admirable medicine. And, as every one "is ſubject, more or leſs, to gravel and ſa- "bulous concretions, it is madneſs to neglect "ſo eaſy a precaution as this noble Lithon- "thriptic; which Providence has permitted to "be diſcovered, and for which the Parliament "has granted ſo handſome a reward."

The ſervant having brought the preparation, with a large baſon of veal-broth, Slicer ſwallowed the nauſeous preſcription with great alacrity; though the virtues, or even the ſafety, of that medicine have juſtly been queſtioned, notwithſtanding the deciſion of our wiſe Legiſlators in its favour.

Wildgooſe could not but expreſs his aſtoniſhment at Mr. Slicer's credulity in this reſpect; and ſaid, "he was afraid he might in- "jure his health by mixing together too many "of thoſe *excellent* medicines, with which the "world now abounded."

"Sir," ſays Slicer, "I deſpiſe the com- "mon quack medicines, as much as you can "do; and never take any but what perform "their operations in a rational manner, and "whoſe effects I can in ſome meaſure account "for (for I know ſomething of Phyſic "myſelf, by experience at leaſt;) ſuch, I "mean,

" mean, as either *brace* up the *relaxed fibres* of " the ſtomach, and aſſiſt the concoction; or " ſuch as *cut*, *divide*, and *attenuate*, the *tough* " and viſcid *humours*, and prepare them to be " thrown off by inſenſible *perſpiration*; or " ſuch as *ſtrengthen* the *nerves*, *comfort* the " *brain*, and revive the ſpirits; or" (as an ingenious Writer expreſſes it) " ſuch as, *am-* " *bitious* of *immortal fame*, fly *immediately* to " the *part* affected, and *enter into conteſt* with " the *peccant* humours," and either expel or " ſubdue them *."

Wildgooſe and the reſt of the company could with difficulty ſuppreſs their mirth, to hear poor Slicer thus retail the ſtudied panegyricks of intereſted Empirics in favour of their own noſtrums. But the little fat Rector of the pariſh, who was a good-natured and polite man, turned the converſation to ſome general topicks; and dinner ſoon made its appearance.

* All expreſſions taken from advertiſements.

## CHAP. XV.

### *A Remedy for Want of Appetite.*

WHEN dinner came in, Wildgooſe found that the old Houſekeeper's apology was only words of courſe: for there were three fine full-grown pullets; an excellent Yorkſhire ham; a loin of veal; and the cuſtard-pudding, which Mrs. Quick had toſſed up, adorned with currant-jelly; a gooſeberry-tart; with other ornamental expletives of the ſame kind.

Wildgooſe obſerved, "that although Mr. "Slicer was careful enough about the *quality* of "his food, yet he was leſs ſcrupulous about "the *quantity* of what he eat." He would not touch a morſel of ſkin or fat, nor eat any butter with his veal or his boiled fowl, "be-"cauſe it *eluded* the *concoctive powers*," as he ſaid; but he made ſhift to pick the very bones of a pretty large pullet, with two good large *vertebræ* and half the kidney of the loin of veal; not to mention a good quantity of ſupplemental pudding, gooſeberry-tart, and apple-

apple-cuſtard: ſo that it appeared probable, Mr. Slicer palled his appetite by overloading his ſtomach; that he deſtroyed his health by too great a quantity of *wholeſome* food; and made work for the Doctor, by an unneceſſary uſe of quack medicines; by infallible Noſtrums, Reſtoratives, Cordials, Balſams of Life, Tinctures, Elixirs, and the like. For he could never read an advertiſement of that kind, but he longed to make the experiment; taking it for granted, that every medicine had all the virtues it pretended to, and really performed all that its Vender engaged for in his *feeling* recommendation of it to the public.

## CHAP. XVI.

### *Hiſtory of a Long-liver, and other Chit-chat.*

AFTER dinner, Mr. Slicer put round the bottle of port, but bid the ſervant bring *him* his *Scorzonera* water. Mr. Selkirk aſked him, "what the virtues of that Scorzonera-"water were, which he obſerved he drank "every day after dinner?"—"I do not know

"what the particular virtues are," ſays Slicer; "I only know, that it has contributed to pro- "long life to above an hundred years.

"Did you never meet with the Hiſtory of "Francis Hongo, ſurnamed Hyppazoli, who "died at an hundred and fourteen (the be- "ginning of this century) at Smyrna, where "he was Conſul for the Venetians?

"Hongo never was ſick; his ſight, hearing, "and intellectual faculties, continued entire "to the laſt. He would walk ſeven or eight "miles every day. At an hundred, his white "hairs are ſaid to have turned black again; "and, what is equally ſurprizing, having "loſt all his teeth, at an hundred and ten he "cut two large ones in his upper jaw.

"This Gentleman drank no other liquor "than a water diſtilled from Scorzonera, or "Vipergraſs; neither wine, ſtrong liquors, "coffee, or tea; nor uſed tobacco. Towards "the laſt, he lived chiefly upon broths and "ripe fruits, which he always eat with "bread.

"He was a man of great merit, wit, and "honour; his only failing was too great an "attachment to the fair ſex. He had, by his

"wife

"wife and two or three concubines, nine and "forty children."

As ſoon as Mr. Slicer had finiſhed his little hiſtory, all on a ſudden he bent down his body, and leaned his elbows upon his knees, diſtorting his face into a variety of wrinkles. "Bleſs me! Uncle," ſays the Lady, "what "is the matter? I am afraid you are ill."— "Oh! nothing at all," ſays Slicer, ſmiling; "only a little touch of the colic, which my "pills have given me. I love to have the "colic ſometimes; it is the beſt ſymptom "in the world: it is a ſign the peccant hu- "mours, inſtead of entering the maſs of "blood, are ſpending their force on the "*primæ viæ*, or inteſtines, where they will "ſoon find themſelves a paſſage; and then the "pleaſure of being at eaſe again is greater than "the pain one ſuffers from the complaint."

Slicer now fell into a muſing poſture for near a minute, with his eyes fixed upon the Lady. "Niece," ſays he, "your huſband's "father lived to above ninety, merely by "walking; and *I will walk*." He had no ſooner formed his reſolution, than, forgetting for a moment that there was any company in the room, he ſtarted up, and put it

in execution. After a turn round the garden, recollecting that ſome of the company were ſtrangers, he returned to them again, with an apology, "that he found, by experience, his "dinner never began to digeſt till he had "taken a little turn or two in the garden."

The little Divine told him, with a ſmile, "it was well he was not born at Sparta."— "At Sparta! Why ſo?" ſays Slicer.—"Why, "the Spartans, you know, were a military "eſtabliſhment, and ſpent moſt of their time "in athletic exerciſes; they thought it an "idle thing, therefore, to *walk* merely for "walking's ſake; and, being informed that "the inhabitants of a certain city, under their "juriſdiction, uſed to take *evening walks*, "merely for recreation, inſtead of making a "decree with a long preamble, like a modern "Act of Parliament, the Magiſtrates ſent "them this laconic meſſage, Μὴ περιπατεῖτε, "*do not walk!* * which immediately put a "ſtop to that unneceſſary conſumption of time, "as they eſteemed it."

"Well," ſays Slicer, "I ſhould be ſorry, "on account of my brethren of the quill, to "have that *laconic* ſtile introduced into our

* Ælian. Var. Hiſt.

"law-

" law-proceedings. But you put me in mind " of another inſtance of Spartan ſeverity, not " foreign to our purpoſe, on the ſubject of " health.

" * Lyſander going upon public buſineſs " into Ionia, amongſt other preſents ſent him " upon his landing, there was ſome ox-beef " and a large cheeſe-cake. He ſurveyed the " latter with ſome curioſity; and, in the " modern phraſe, enquired, 'what the Devil " it was?' Thoſe that brought it told him, " 'it was a compoſition of honey, cheeſe, " and other ingredients.'—'Oh! very well,' " ſays he; 'give that to my ſervants; for I " am ſure it is not fit for a Gentleman to eat.' " He then ordered the beef to be dreſſed in the " Spartan way, and on that made an excellent " meal."

" Why, to be ſure, the only way to preſerve " health, is to eat plain food," ſays the Scotchman; " and the only way to deſtroy it, is to " cram in ſuch mixtures as you do in England, " ſince French Cooks have been in vogue."

* Ælian. Var. Hiſt.

## CHAP. XVII.

### *Rules for Health.*

THE little Rector obſerved, "They had "had a long diſſertation upon the ſub-"ject; and, doubtleſs, a good ſtate of health "was an ineſtimable bleſſing, as it was the "foundation of all other enjoyments. But," continues he, "too great a ſolicitude on that "account is not only unworthy a man of "ſenſe and a good Chriſtian, but is really "deſtructive of what we are ſo anxious to "preſerve. I know, with regard to myſelf," ſays he, "that, having gone through a "courſe of Anatomy in the Univerſity, and "obſerved how fearfully and wonderfully we "are made, and having dabbled a little in "books of Phyſic, I brought myſelf, by my "whims and apprehenſions, and by tampering "with my own conſtitution, into a very bad "ſtate of health. I have read a treatiſe upon "ſleep, that has kept me awake all night; "and I ſtudied Dr. Cheyne upon *Health* and

"*Long*

"*Long Life*, till I brought myſelf to the brink "of *Death*."

"Why," ſays Wildgooſe, "I have heard "of a young man at Oxford, who, going "through a courſe of Anatomy, and hearing "the Doctor expatiate upon the beautiful con- "trivance of Nature in guarding the *Ductus* "*Thoracicus* (or the tube that conveys the "whole chyle of the body into the arteries), "by the ribs on one ſide, and the back- "bone on the other, and being told that the "leaſt touch almoſt on that part would be "immediate death; the young fellow was met, "the next day, leaning forwards, with one "hand held up to guard his breaſt, or *thorax*; "and the other ſtretched out, and deſiring "every one he ſaw to ſtand off; for, (ſays he) "if you do but touch my *Ductus Thoracicus*, I "am a dead man."

"Yes," ſays Slicer; "and I have heard an "addition to that ſtory, which, I ſuppoſe, you "do not care to mention.—Sir John Shad- "well, Phyſician to George the Firſt, was "telling this very ſtory at court to Lady "D———, who laughed heartily at it; and, "meeting the Doctor the next day, ſhe put "herſelf in the ſame attitude, and deſired him

"to ſtand off; for, (ſays ſhe) if you do but "touch my—*what do you call it?*—I am a dead "woman."

"Well," ſays the little Rector, "it is "certainly better to be really ill ſometimes, "than to be ſo hippiſh, and perpetually anxi- "ous about one's health. A friend of mine, "a jolly fellow, finding me in my room with "Cheyne's book upon Health and Long Life "before me, threw it into the fire; partly to "cure me of my whims, and partly, I believe, "for the ſake of a diſtich, which he pretended "to repeat extempore:

"I'd ſcorn the health ſuch rigid rules muſt give;
"Nor ſacrifice the ends of life, to live."

As this converſation ſeemed obliquely to glance at Mr. Slicer; Selkirk ſaid, by way of countenancing his friend, "Why, to be ſure, "my countryman might carry the matter too "far; yet, I think, no man can be too "careful of his health, nor be blamed for "ſtudying the rules which have been laid "down by Phyſicians for that purpoſe."—"Why," ſays Wildgooſe, "as moſt diſeaſes "incident to the human body are generally "allowed to proceed from indolence and re- "pletion, I ſhould think there can no rules

"be

"be wanting, to preſerve, or even to reſtore "it, but exerciſe and temperance; and, in "many caſes, even *faſting*, or an entire ab- "ſtinence from all kinds of food; this, at "leaſt, if made uſe of at the beginning of a "diſeaſe, I have always found ſufficient to "check its progreſs, or put a ſtop to moſt "complaints."

"As you all ſeem to be propoſing compen- "dious rules or laconic precepts for health," ſays the little Rector, "I think, there can be "none better, or more comprehenſive, than "thoſe which Dr. Scarborough, Phyſician to "Charles II. gave to the Dutcheſs of Portſ- "mouth—Madam, (ſays he) you muſt either "eat leſs, or uſe more exerciſe, or take phyſic, "or—be ſick."

## CHAP. XVIII.

### *A new Syſtem of Education.*

MR. Slicer now (by way of ſhifting the converſation) aſked Selkirk, "how his "Pupil went on?" which was Slicer's little Couſin Johnny, and who was in the room, with his black ſtring, and blue ſilk waiſtcoat.

Mr. Selkirk (as we have already obſerved) was the School-maſter of the village. He had formerly been a travelling Scotchman; but, marrying a Farmer's daughter with four or five hundred pounds, had opened a ſhop, and ſet up a little ſchool, and profeſſed to teach, not only Reading, Writing, and Accompts, but Latin and Greek, Algebra, Logarithms, and Trigonometry, and all the moſt abſtruſe parts of the Mathematics. He had really had the rudiments of a learned education, and was intended for the Univerſity and ſome learned profeſſion; but, being of a rambling diſpoſition (like many of his ingenious countrymen), choſe to travel ſouthwards, and carry a pack for

for his amuſement; as he would ſometimes humorouſly confeſs.

Mr. Slicer then informed the company of Selkirk's excellent plan of education: "That, "inſtead of the rigid ſeverity of the uſual "method in our public ſchools, he taught his "boys all the rudiments of the Latin tongue, "amidſt their childiſh ſports, by way of di-"verſion." — "What! in Locke's method, "I ſuppoſe?" ſays Wildgooſe. — "What! "*Johnny Loke?* — No," ſays Selkirk, "I "hope I have improved upon *Johnny Loke*, "and Milton too." — "In what manner, "Sir?" ſays Wildgooſe. — "Here, *Jockey*," replies Selkirk: "let the Gentlemen *ſee* you "decline the pronoun article, *hic, hæc, "hoc.*" — Maſter Jacky immediately began hopping round the room, repeating, *hic, hæc, hoc*; Gen. *hujus*; Dat. *huic*; Acc. *hunc, hanc, hoc*; Voc. caret; Abl. *hoc, hâc, hoc*, &c.

"There, now," ſays Selkirk, "in this "manner I teach them the whole Grammar. "I make eight boys repreſent the eight parts of "Speech. The Noun Subſtantive ſtands by him-"ſelf; the Adjective has another boy to ſup-"port him; the Nominative caſe carries a little

" wand before the Verb; the Accuſative caſe " walks after, and ſupports his train: I let " the four Conjugations make a party at Whiſt, " and the three Concords dance the Hay to- " gether, and ſo on."

The company laughed at Selkirk's project; but the little fat Doctor, who had been bred at a public ſchool, obſerved, " That it was " very pretty in theory (and ſo was Milton's " and Locke's method), and might pleaſe fond " mothers; but, he imagined, the great men " in Queen Elizabeth's time had ſtudied this " affair more deeply than has been ever done " ſince; yet they thought ſome *coercive* power " in the Teacher was very neceſſary; and, if " boys were ſuffered to lay by the purſuit of " dead languages as ſoon as it ceaſed to be " *agreeable* to them, he was of opinion, they " would make but a very ſlender progreſs in " Greek and Latin."

Inſtead of continuing the diſpute, Mr. Slicer obſerved, " that Mr. Selkirk, though a " Scotchman, taught the true pronunciation " of the Engliſh language much better than " the generality of ſchool-maſters;" and, as a proof of his aſſertion, took up a Common Prayer book, that lay in the parlour-win-

dow, and made little Johnny give a ſpecimen of his abilities in that reſpect.—" Mamma," ſays Jacky, " I am to have a new hat next Sunday." —" Yes, my Jacky; mind your book, and you " ſhall."

Jacky then, by Selkirk's direction, began to read, with an audible voice, the exhortation in the Morning Service, where the words *humble* and *acknowledge* come two or three times over. He pronounced the *h* in *humble* very ſtrong; and *ac-know-ledge* as it is written. " There, " Doctor," ſays Mr. Slicer, " you Gentlemen " of the Clergy never read that right. You " leave out the aſper in *humble*; and pronounce " *knowledge* as if it were written *knolledge*; " which is abſurd."

" Why," ſays the Doctor, " as languages " were not originally formed by a Committee " of Philoſophers, but arrived gradually at " perfection, and were eſtabliſhed by *cuſtom*, " I think * *cuſtom* ought to regulate the pro- " nunciation; and I cannot but think it a " good rule in this caſe, as well as the reſt of " our converſation, to think with the wiſe, " but to talk and pronounce with the vulgar."

* Quem penes arbitrium eſt, & jus & norma loquendi. HOR.

" The

"The rules of Grammar cannot, in any "language, be reduced to a ſtrict analogy; "but all general rules have ſome exceptions." "True, Sir," (ſays Selkirk) "but we ought "to come as near to perfection in every thing "as poſſible."—"According to that rule," ſays the Doctor, "why do not you pronounce "the *h* in *honeſt* and *honour* *? why do not "you pronounce the word people, *pe-ople*, as it "is written? and why does not every body ſay, "*bu-rial*, as my Clerk and the Grave-diggers "in Hamlet do? In ſhort," ſays the Doctor, "there is ſomething ſo diſagreeable to me in "pronouncing the word *humble* with an aſpi-"rate, that I could as ſoon chew tobacco "(which I mortally hate) as bring myſelf to "pronounce it ſo."

## CHAP. XIX.

### *Account of the little fat Rector.*

THE company ſmiled at the little Rector's delicacy on that point; and Mr. Slicer ſaid, "that, to be ſure, there was ſome truth "in what Mr. *Griſkin* obſerved." — Upon hearing the little Doctor called Griſkin (for

* See Dr. *Johnſon's* Grammar, Letter *H.*

the

the firſt time), Wildgooſe looked at him with ſome attention; and enquired, "whether he "had not a near relation, one Mr. Rivers, near "Bath in Somerſetſhire?" After a few queſtions, Wildgooſe was ſoon convinced, that this was no other than Mr. Gregory Griſkin (whom he had ſo often heard of), kinſman to the Mr. Rivers, whoſe adventures were related in the former part of this hiſtory.

Mr. Griſkin lamented "the diſappointment "he had met with, in Rivers's imprudent "match; that he had flattered himſelf with the "hopes of his Nephew's making ſome figure "in life, and even diſtinguiſhing himſelf in the "learned world; and had intended to have "done ſomething handſome for him at his "death;" and the like.

Wildgooſe began to make ſome excuſe for his friend's imprudent conduct, by encomiums on Mrs. Rivers's perſonal accompliſhments and behaviour: to which Griſkin (looking down with a reſerved air) made no reply.

When Mr. Griſkin found, however, (by ſeveral circumſtances) that Wildgooſe had been intimate with his Nephew in the Univerſity; and alſo that he had only come accidentally to Mr. Slicer's houſe for refreſhment

on

on his journey; he ſaid, "he ſhould be glad to "have more converſation with him upon "the ſubject;" and invited him, "to go "and drink coffee at his houſe, and even to "take a bed there, if conſiſtent with his engage-"ments."

As Wildgooſe was in hopes of doing his old friend Rivers ſome ſervice, and alſo knew the little Doctor to be piouſly diſpoſed, he accepted of his invitation, having firſt provided for the reception alſo of his fellow-traveller; and, taking leave of his benevolent hoſt Mr. Slicer and his company, went to the Rectory with Mr. Griſkin.

The Parſonage-houſe was a modern building, and neatly furniſhed; and the gardens (inſtead of being laid out, in the preſent taſte, with ſun-burnt lawns and barren ſhrubs) were comfortably incloſed with fruit walls, filberd-hedges, and codlin-trees; with a good pigeon-houſe, poultry-yard, and fiſh-ponds; and, in ſhort, with every thing that could contribute to the comfort and convenience of this life.

Griſkin was a man of the old-faſhioned piety, that ſhewed his Faith by his Good Works. He gave much in charity, prayed often, and faſted now and then. Having the tithes in his

his own hands, it enabled him to keep a plentiful table, to which every ſober honeſt man was welcome. He every Sunday invited by turns ſome of his Pariſhioners to dine with him; one or two of the moſt ſubſtantial in the parlour, and as many of the oldeſt and pooreſt in the kitchen. This made them pay their tithes and dues chearfully; which Griſkin exacted of them punctually, but not with *rigour*. If a Farmer had any loſs, or remarkably bad year, he made him ſome little allowance; and, if a Cottager paid him a groat at Eaſter which he could ill ſpare, perhaps he would give his family a ſix-penny loaf the Sunday following. By this means he kept up his dignity, and ſecured his right, and the love of his pariſh at the ſame time.

## CHAP. XX.

*Further Account of the little fat Rector.*

WHEN Mr. Griſkin was alone with Wildgooſe, he told him, "that he "ſhould not have been ſo much diſpleaſed with "his Nephew Rivers, for pleaſing himſelf in "marrying,

"marrying, if he had ſtaid till he had finiſhed "his ſtudies, and had married a prudent wo- "man: but that he found his wife was a "proud minx, who regarded nothing but dreſ- "ſing, viſiting, and going to the public rooms "and balls at Bath; and that, by what he had "heard of her extravagance, his Nephew would "ſoon be in a gaol."

Wildgooſe was very much ſurprized at this complaint of Mr. Griſkin; and ſaid, "he "would venture to aſſure him, he had been "miſinformed with regard to Mrs. Rivers's "character and turn of mind; for, from "what he himſelf had ſeen of her, he was "certain, the very contrary was the truth of "the caſe, and that ſhe had not the leaſt "taſte for that ſort of gaieties; and, from "the unreſerved friendſhip which had ſub- "ſiſted between himſelf and Mr. Rivers, he "could depend upon the account he had given "him of Mrs. Rivers's conduct, and their re- "tired way of life; eſpecially as he had given "him that account as a matter of courſe, to "ſatisfy his friend's curioſity, when there "was not the leaſt probability that he could "ever have the preſent opportunity of doing

"that

"that juſtice to their character which he now "was favoured with."

Mr. Griſkin replied, "that he had very "good authority for what he had aſſerted;" which Wildgooſe found was that of a ſplenetic old Dowager, who went ſometimes to Bath, and who had ſeen Mrs. Rivers at the only ball ſhe had appeared at, when they firſt went into the country; and that ſhe had picked up two or three malicious goſſiping ſtories, with which Bath as much abounds as any country-town in the three kingdoms.

Wildgooſe then proceeded to deſcribe the amiable qualities of Mrs. Rivers, and the manner in which ſhe ſeemed to paſs her time, in the care of her children and family; which, though it did not immediately convince, yet it gave great ſatisfaction to Mr. Griſkin; and he ſeemed to wiſh it might be true.

The converſation then took a different turn; and Mr. Griſkin (as his Nephew had informed Wildgooſe) being very piouſly diſpoſed, Wildgooſe made no ſcruple of letting him into the ſecret of his preſent undertaking; and they ſoon fell upon the ſubject of Religion. Their ſentiments did not correſpond, indeed, with regard to ſome ſpeculative points; but Griſkin

was

was much pleaſed with Wildgooſe's zeal for the converſion of Sinners. He lamented the great decay of Chriſtian piety; and informed Wildgooſe of the methods he himſelf had taken to revive it in his own pariſh, "by reading "prayers publicly every Wedneſday and Fri-"day, and privately every morning and even-"ing in his own family."

He told him likewiſe, "that, having a pub-"lic-houſe belonging to him in Litchfield, in "order to ſanctify in ſome meaſure the unrigh-"teous mammon, he had endowed a little cha-"rity-ſchool with the annual rents of it."

Though Wildgooſe had rather a contempt of theſe formal devotions and good works, he was too polite to ſhock his kind Hoſt with any reflection of that kind; and, in ſhort, by his ſimplicity and ſincerity, he gained ſo much upon the good opinion of Mr. Griſkin, that he inſiſted upon keeping him and his fellow-traveller all night: and, the next morning, before they parted, he gave Wildgooſe a commiſſion to write to his old friend Rivers, "that "a viſit from him and Mrs. Rivers would be "no ways diſagreeable to their relation Mr. "Griſkin." This commiſſion Wildgooſe executed

ecuted immediately; and it was attended with the deſired effects on both ſides.

Wildgooſe now took his leave of Mr. Griſkin, being rejoined by his friend Tugwell, who had ſpent the evening as much to his ſatisfaction in the kitchen, as his Maſter had done in the parlour.

## CHAP. XXI.

*Set out for Aſhbourn, near the Peak.*

WHEN the two friends were now alone in the Litchfield road again, Tugwell began to expreſs his approbation of "the "hoſpitable way of life which Mr. Griſkin "lived in; and that he thought him a true "Chriſtian; and that, if any body went to "Heaven, Mr. Griſkin certainly would."

Wildgooſe, without once mentioning Mr. Griſkin's name, endeavoured to regulate Jerry's opinions by his own ſtandard; and ſaid, "a "man might faſt and pray, and give all his "goods to feed the poor; and yet not have "true Chriſtian *charity*, or what Saint Paul "calls Faith working by Love."—Tugwell clinched his obſervation, by echoing back ſome of his own expreſſions; yet ſtill remained

a convert in his heart to Griſkin's more comfortable ſyſtem of Chriſtianity.

Having made an hearty breakfaſt at Mr. Griſkin's, our travellers ſtayed no longer in Litchfield, than whilſt Wildgooſe found out the poſt-office, and put in his letter to his friend Rivers; and then trudged on, with great alacrity, without halting, till they came to Uttoxeter, in their way to Aſhbourn, the firſt town of any note in Derbyſhire.

There was a nearer way, through the Foreſt of Nedwood, but more difficult to find; and Tugwell could not yet ſeparate the ideas of Robbers, Outlaws, and Wild-beaſts, from that of a Foreſt; notwithſtanding his Maſter aſſured him, "there were no Wild-beaſts to be "found, except herds of Deer, in any of our "Royal foreſts; nor ſo many Robbers as there "were upon the great roads, or in the ſtreets "of London."

They kept the great road, however, and, without any damage to their perſons or property, and without any adventure worth recording, arrived at Aſhbourn-in-the-Peak, as it is uſually called, about ſix o'clock in the evening.

## END OF BOOK IX.

THE

# SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

## BOOK X.

### CHAP. I.

*A Phænomenon.*

THE town of Aſhbourn being a great thoroughfare to Buxton Wells, to the High-peak, and many parts of the North, and being inhabited by many ſubſtantial people concerned in the mines, and having alſo three or four of the greateſt horſe-fairs in that part of England every year, is a very populous town.

There had appeared at Aſhbourn, for ſome market-days paſt, a very extraordinary perſon; in a character, and with an equipage, ſomewhat

ſingular and paradoxical: this was one Dr. Stubbs, a *Phyſician* of the itinerant kind. The Doctor came to town on horſe-back; yet dreſt in a plad night-gown and red velvet cap. He had a ſmall reading-deſk, fixed upon the pummel of his ſaddle, that ſupported a large folio; in which, by the help of a monſtrous pair of ſpectacles, the Doctor ſeemed to read (as the horſe moved ſlowly on) with a profound attention. A portmanteau behind him contained his cargo of ſovereign medicines; which, as brick-duſt was probably the principal ingredient, muſt be no ſmall burthen to his lean ſteed.

The Squire, or Aſſiſtant, led the Doctor's horſe ſlowly along, in a dreſs leſs ſolemn, but not leſs remarkable, than that of his Maſter.

The Doctor, from his Roſinante, attended by his Merry Andrew (mounted on an horſe-block before the principal Inn) had juſt begun to harangue the multitude, when Mr. Wild-gooſe and his fellow-traveller arrived; and the ſpeech with which he introduced himſelf each market-day was to this effect—

CHAP.

## CHAP. II.

*A modeſt Plea.*

"MY friends and countrymen! you have "frequently been impoſed upon (no "doubt) by Quacks and ignorant pretenders to "the noble art of Phyſic: who, in order to gain "your attention, have boaſted of their many "years travels into foreign parts, and even the "moſt remote regions of the habitable globe. "One has been Phyſician to the Sophi of Perſia, "to the great Mogul, or the Empreſs of Ruſſia; "and diſplayed his ſkill at Moſcow, Conſtan-"tinople, Delhi, or Iſpahan. Another perhaps "has been Tooth-drawer to the King of Mo-"rocco, or Corn-cutter to the Sultan of Egypt, "or to the Grand Turk; or has adminiſtered a "clyſter to the Queen of Trebaſond, or to "Preſter John, or the Lord knows who— "as if the wandering about from place to place "(ſuppoſing it to be true) could make a man "a jot the wiſer. No, Gentlemen, don't be "impoſed upon by pompous words and magni-

"ficent pretenſions. He that goes abroad a "fool, will come home a coxcomb.

"Gentlemen! I am no High-German or "unborn Doctor—But here I am—your own "countryman—your fellow-ſubject—your "neighbour—as I may ſay.—Why, Gentle-"men, (eminent as I am now become), I was "born but at Coventry, where my mother now "lives—Mary Stubbs by name.

"One thing indeed I *muſt* boaſt of; without "which I would not preſume to practiſe the "ſublime art and myſtery of Phyſic. I am "the *ſeventh ſon* of a *ſeventh ſon*. *Seven* days "was I before I ſucked the breaſt. *Seven* months "before I was ſeen to laugh or cry. *Seven* "years before I was heard to utter *ſeven* words; "and twice *ſeven* years have I ſtudied, night "and day, for the benefit of you, my friends "and countrymen. And now here I am—"ready to aſſiſt the afflicted, and to cure all "manner of diſeaſes, paſt, preſent, and to "come; and that out of *pure love* to my "country and fellow-creatures, without fee or "reward—except a trifling gratuity, the prime "coſt of my medicines; or what you may "chuſe voluntarily to contribute hereafter, out "of gratitude for the great benefit, which, I am

"convinced,

" convinced, you will receive from the uſe of " them.

" But come, Gentlemen, here is my famous " * *Anti-febri-fuge* Tincture; that cures all " internal diſorders whatſoever; the whole " bottle for one poor ſhilling.

" Here's my *Cataplaſma Diabolicum*, or my " Diabolical Catapiaſm; that will cure all ex- " ternal diſorders, cuts, bruiſes, contuſions, " excoriations, and diſlocations; and all for " ſix-pence.

" But here, Gentlemen, here's my famous " *Balſamum Stubbianum*, or Dr. Stubbs's Sove- " reign Balſam; renowned over the whole " Chriſtian world, as an univerſal remedy, " which no family ought to be without: it " will keep ſeven years, and—be as good as it " is now. Here's this large bottle, Gentlemen, " for the trifling ſum of eighteen-pence.

" I am aware, that your Phyſical gentlemen " here have called me Quack, and ignorant " Pretender, and the like. But here I am.— " Let Dr. Peſtle or Dr. Clyſter come forth. " I challenge the whole faculty of the town of " Aſhbourn, to appear before this good compa- " ny; and diſpute with me in *ſeven* langua-

* A celebrated Quack made this blunder; that is, in plain Engliſh, a tincture that will *bring on* a Fever.

" ges, ancient or modern: in Latin, Greek, or " Hebrew—in High-Dutch, French, Italian, " or Portugueſe—Let them aſk me any queſtion " in Hebrew or Arabic; and then it will appear, " who are men of ſolid learning, and who are " Quacks and ignorant pretenders.

" You ſee, Gentlemen, I challenge them to " a fair trial of ſkill; but not one of them dares " ſhew his face: they confeſs their ignorance, " by their ſilence.

" But come, Gentlemen: who buys my *Elixir* " *Cephalicum*, *Aſthmaticum*, *Arthriticum*, *Diure-* " *ticum*, *Emeticum*, *Diaphoreticum*, *Nephriticum*, " *Catharticum*.—Come, Gentlemen, ſeize the " golden opportunity, whilſt health is ſo cheap- " ly to be purchaſed!"

## CHAP. III.

### *The Generoſity of a Quack.*

AFTER having diſpoſed of a few packets, the Doctor told the company, " that, as " this was the laſt time of his appearing at Aſh- " bourn (other parts of the kingdom claiming " a part in his patriotic labours), he was deter- " mined

"mined to make a preſent, to all thoſe who had "been his patients, of a ſhilling a-piece. He "therefore called upon all thoſe who could pro- "duce any one of Dr. Stubbs's bottles, pill- "boxes, plaiſters, or even his hand-bills, to "make their appearance, and partake of his "generoſity."

This produced no ſmall degree of expectation amongſt thoſe who had been the Doctor's cuſtomers, who gathered round him, with their hands ſtretched out, and with wiſhful looks. "Here, "Gentlemen!" ſays the Doctor, "Stand forth! "hold up your hands. I promiſed to give you "a ſhilling a-piece. I will immediately per- "form my promiſe. Here's my *Balſamum* "*Stubbianum*, which I have hitherto ſold at "*eighteen-pence* the bottle—you ſhall now have "it for *ſix-pence*."

"Come, *Gemmen!*" (ſays the Merry Andrew) "where are you? Be quick! Don't ſtand "in your own light. You'll never have ſuch "another opportunity—as long as you live."

The people looked upon each other with an air of diſappointment. Some ſhook their heads, ſome grinned at the conceit, and others uttered their execrations—ſome few, however, who had been unwilling to throw away *eighteen-pence* up-

on the experiment, ventured to give a ſingle *ſixpence*; and the Doctor picked up eight or nine ſhillings more by this ſtratagem, which was more than the intrinſic value of his horſe-load of medicines. He then took his leave; and was retiring to his inn, to enjoy the fruits of his public-ſpirited labours; when Wildgooſe, ſeeing an audience ready to his hand, immediately mounted the horſe-block, which the Merry Andrew had quitted; and, in order to draw their attention, bid Tugwell give out the hundredth Pſalm. Many of the people were greatly ſurprized; but, two or three itinerant Preachers having of late paſſed through the town, ſome of the company underſtood the ſignal, and even joined the two Pilgrims in their oddly-timed melody.

## CHAP. IV.

*Ecce autem alterum!*

AFTER ſinging a couple of ſtanzas, Wildgooſe began his addreſs to the mob, by obſerving "how anxious they were about the "health of their *bodies*; when they could liſten "with patience to every itinerant pretender to

" the art of Phyſic; who, without any previous " inſtruction or experience, boaſted of that " complete knowledge of diſeaſes, which Phy- " ſicians of a regular education (after many " years ſtudy) find it ſo difficult to obtain; " and, without any regard to different caſes or " conſtitutions, often ſell the ſame remedies " for contradictory complaints."

Wildgooſe then (by an eaſy tranſition) proceeded to direct them to the true Phyſician of their *ſouls:* and recommended *Faith alone*, as the infallible catholicon for all their maladies.

" Yes, yes," cries Tugwell; " here is the " true ſpiritual Mountebank, Gentlemen: here " is the Quack Doctor of your ſouls."

" Yes," ſays the Merry Andrew, " and thou " art the true ſpiritual Tom Fool."

Doctor Stubbs himſelf alſo (having ſtopped on his horſe at the gate-way of the inn, to hear and ſee the event of Wildgooſe's mounting the roſtrum), obſerving the obvious parallel between Wildgooſe's irregular practice in the Theological way, and that of a Mountebank in the Medical, could not forbear appealing to the mob; " whether an itinerant Preacher (ſuch as theſe " Methodiſts) were not more of the Quack " than he was, who pretended to have diſ-

" covered a more compendious way to Heaven;
" and to preſcribe *Faith* alone, as the univerſal
" cure for all diſeaſes. Let the Parſon keep to
" his church; the Farmer to his plough; and
" the Cobler to his ſtall"—ſays the Doctor.

Tugwell, thinking the Doctor had diſcovered ſomething of their profeſſion, now took up the cudgel; and ſaid, " he was no Cobler; but " *made* ſhoes, as well as *mended* them: that " his Maſter was no *Farmer*; but as good a " Gentleman as the Doctor, for all his red cap! " and kept as good an horſe, if he had a mind " to make uſe of him."

The Merry Andrew, hearing his maſter treated with ſuch familiarity by a fellow of Tugwell's mean appearance, laid hold on his wallet, which hung over his ſhoulder, and almoſt pulled him backwards; telling him at the ſame time, " that he ſuppoſed it was filled with old ſhoes." Tugwell, who was afraid of nothing (but ghoſts and fire-arms), began to retort upon Pill-garlic with the arm of fleſh; but he, having more wit and agility than courage, gave Jerry a ſwinging blow on the face with his ſword of lath; and then made his eſcape amongſt the crowd. This raiſed Tugwell's choler, together with a loud laugh and hubbub; and, the mob being by this

this time pretty well tired, the aſſembly was ſoon diſſolved: each party, the Doctor with his Merry Andrew, and Mr. Wildgooſe with Tugwell, retiring to their reſpective apartments, in the ſame hotel.

## CHAP. V.

*An affecting Scene. Tugwell in Jeopardy.*

MR. Wildgooſe, before he went to reſt, having made proper enquiries which was the moſt unfrequented part of the Peak, yet abounded with the greateſt number of mines, aroſe pretty early; and having, at Tugwell's requeſt, taken a ſlight breakfaſt, he was preparing to ſally forth; when a woman, who (as ſhe returned from the Doctor) had heard Wildgooſe hold forth the preceding night, came and intreated him "to go and pray with her huſ-"band; who," ſhe ſaid, "had been in a lan-"guiſhing condition for ſome time, and was "now (ſhe feared) near his end."

Wildgooſe was pleaſed with the opportunity of doing a charitable action, as well as with the compliment paid to his eloquence and his piety.

He

He therefore immediately complied with the woman's requeſt.

When he came, he ſaw a very affecting, though, at the ſame time, a ſomewhat ridiculous ſcene. The poor man had one ſon, who was a great *ſchollard*; that is, he could read without ſpelling; and, by way of comforting his father, the young man had got an old folio Common Prayer book; and was reading the *act of uniformity* to the ſick man, with a very *audible* voice: to which the poor man liſtened with great attention; and ſaid, "it was very comfortable "doctrine." Wildgooſe aſked him (as he ſeemed ſo well diſpoſed) "why he had not ſent "for the Miniſter of his pariſh?" The ſick man ſaid, "he had done ſo, when he was firſt "taken ill; but that the Miniſter had given "him no comfort; for," the poor man confeſſed, "he had lived a very wicked life, and "had gained a livelihood by very diſhoneſt "means; and had it not in his power, if he "were inclined to do it, to make reſtitution, "as the Miniſter would have him do." Wildgooſe bid him, "not deſpair; for that he and "all mankind were equally ſinners; and that "he had nothing to do but to lay *hold* upon "Chriſt by faith; and all would be well."

The

The poor man *ſaid*, "he did ſo, and truſted "only to *his* mercy." Wildgooſe then aſſured him, "his ſins were forgiven;" and they parted entirely ſatisfied with each other.

When Wildgooſe returned to the inn, he found, to his great ſurprize, his friend Tugwell taken into cuſtody by a Conſtable; who was hurrying him away before a Juſtice of the Quorum, that lived very near the town; for Jerry, though far advanced in life, had had but little experience of the ways of men. Being therefore in his political principles (as we have already obſerved) rather attached to the Stuart family; and the town of Aſhbourn, ſince the late march of the Rebels through that place, being divided into two parties (who perſecuted each other with great violence); Tugwell, it ſeems, had ſomewhat imprudently taken the part of an honeſt Barber; who, as he was drinking his morning cup in the kitchen, had fallen into a diſpute, about the Rebellion, with a diſſenting Baker, who was very zealous for the Government; and, upon Jerry's interfering, had charged the Conſtable with him, as a diſaffected ſubject.

Upon Mr. Wildgooſe's interpoſing in his friend's behalf; Doctor Stubbs (who had joined the

the crowd aſſembled in the gate-way of the inn) whiſpered the Conſtable, "that, to his know-"ledge, Wildgooſe was a Jeſuit in diſguiſe; "that he had ſeen him in York gaol, during "the Rebellion; that he had let his hair grow, "to conceal the clerical tonſure; and that "ſeveral Jeſuits had of late appeared, in the "character of Methodiſt Preachers, in ſeveral "parts of the kingdom." The Conſtable, therefore, charged ſome of the company, in the King's name, to aſſiſt him in carrying them both before a Magiſtrate; and the Doctor pretended to follow them, and make good his allegations.

## CHAP. VI.

### *A judicious Magiſtrate.*

WHEN they came before the Juſtice, all that could be proved againſt Tugwell was, that he *ſeemed* to *favour* the rebels; that he ſaid, "he loved to read about battles and maſ-"ſacres; and that he ſhould have been very "*glad* to have ſeen the young Pretender." The Juſtice (who was a ſenſible man, and endeavour-ed, as much as poſſible, to reſtore and preſerve the peace amongſt his neighbours) obſerved, "if

" if that were all, he could find nothing trea-
" ſonable in what the priſoner had ſaid; eſpeci-
" ally as he ſpoke of the *Pretender* as ſuch,
" and not as having the leaſt ſhadow of right to
" the crown of England. In ſhort, it appeared
" to him, that all he had ſaid, ſeemed to pro-
" ceed from *curioſity*, rather than from *diſloyalty*
" to King George."

The Juſtice then aſked, " what they had to
" ſay againſt the other priſoner, Mr. Geoffry
" Wildgooſe by name?" The Conſtable ſaid,
" there was a Gentleman preſent, who knew
" him to be a Jeſuit, and had ſeen him in York
" gaol during the Rebellion; and would take
" his oath of it." Doctor Stubbs was then called upon to make good his charge. But the Doctor, who only owed Wildgooſe a grudge for ſpeaking diſreſpectfully of his profeſſion, and was conſcious all he had ſaid was an impudent lye, had given them the ſlip; and had taken this opportunity of marching out of town without being pelted by the mob, as he richly deſerved.

An old man, however, whoſe wife was a favourer of the Methodiſts, ſaid, " ſuch fellows
" as Wildgooſe and his companion ought to
" be puniſhed, for making a diſturbance, and
" hindering

"hindering people from their work; that they "had *convarted* his wife in particular, who uſed "to mind her knitting, and buſtle about, and "*ſcold* at him, all the day long. But, ſince theſe "Methodiſts had come about, and *convarted* her, "ſhe minded nothing but reading and pray-"ing, and ſinging Pſalms, from morning to "night." The good Juſtice ſaid, "if the *con-*"*varting* his wife was all the miſchief they had "done, he wiſhed they would *convart* all the "*ſcolds* in the pariſh." And ſo, after aſking Wildgooſe a few queſtions, he ordered the Conſtable to releaſe them, and diſmiſſed the company from his preſence.

The Jacobite Barber, whoſe cauſe (as we obſerved) Tugwell had eſpouſed, as ſoon as his Worſhip was out of ſight, clapped Jerry on the ſhoulder, by way of triumph; and ſaid, "as "he himſelf was acquainted with the Butler; "and Tugwell, he found, was a curious man; "he would ſhew him a curioſity.—The *Prince* "is in this houſe now," (ſays he, whiſpering in Tugwell's ear.) Jerry ſtarting with ſurprize, the Barber got his friend the Butler to take him up the back ſtairs, into a long gallery, which led to the principal bed-chambers; on the doors of which had been written by the Quarter-

maſter

maſter with chalk (and afterwards traced over with white-lead by way of curioſity) the names of *the Prince*, Lord Ogilvy, Pitſligo, and other Rebel-chiefs; who, in their way to Derby, having halted one night in Aſhbourn, had been quartered in this Gentleman's houſe.

Tugwell expreſſed great ſurpriſe at ſeeing the very place where ſo renowned a perſonage had lately lodged; whoſe name he had often heard read in the Glouceſter Journal; which Mrs. Wildgooſe had lent the Vicar, the Vicar had ſmuggled to his Clerk, who had frequently retailed it to the whole pariſh, under the great elm, at Tugwell's cottage-gate.

Wildgooſe returning to the inn before his fellow-traveller, and finding a number of people, who had been aſſembled on the report of Tugwell's being taken into cuſtody, ſtill loitering about, took the opportunity of mounting the *ſuggeſtum* (or horſe-block) once more, though without much effect; people's paſſions being rather calm in a morning, and not ſo well diſpoſed to catch the fire of enthuſiaſm in open daylight, as amidſt the dazzling luſtre of ſconces and chandeliers at the evening tabernacle. Some of thoſe who had taken a cup in the morning were a little riotous; ſome few, however, ſeemed affected,

affected, and conſulted with Wildgooſe what further was to be done towards their converſion; and alſo informed him which were the moſt uncultivated parts of the Peak, and ſtood moſt in need of the labours of his miſſion.

## CHAP. VII.

*They ſet forth towards the High-Peak.*

OUR Spiritual Quixote was now impatient to ſally forth, in queſt of more ſpiritual adventures. But Tugwell, hearing ſo romantic an account of the mountainous country they were going to traverſe, intreated his Maſter not to do any thing raſhly, nor ſet out upon an empty ſtomach; and, it being now paſt the middle of the day, they made a pretty hearty meal upon ſome cold mutton-pye; a good ſegment of which, for fear of accidents, Jerry ſtowed in his wallet: and about three o'clock they ſet out on the Buxton road for the High-Peak.

After travelling about an hour and a half, our two Pilgrims imagined they had climbed to the ſummit of the mountains: but they ſtill found "Alps on Alps ariſe!" At length, however, they

they came upon an extenſive plain, to the extremity of which their ſight could not reach. Jerry, after reading ſo many books of travels, and having been near two months on foot, now lifting up his hands with aſtoniſhment, cried out, "he did not think the world had been "half ſo wide."

As the ſun had now journeyed far towards the weſt; and they could ſee neither village, hut, nor even a ſingle tree to ſhelter them from the dews of the night; Jerry's heart began to fail him: and he could not forbear again to wiſh himſelf at home with Dorothy, in his own chimney-corner; or at leaſt at the inn at Aſhbourn, which they had quitted ſo late in the day.

As the road led them by degrees towards the extremity of the moor; they heard, at a diſtance on the left-hand, the ſound of a French-horn; which a little revived Tugwell's ſpirits, though it revived at the ſame time the jeopardy he had been in amongſt the ſtag-hunters, as related in the beginning of this hiſtory.

Jerry, however, intreated his Maſter (as the evening was coming on) "to turn aſide, and try "whether they could find any place to lodge "at; eſpecially as there was nothing to preach "to,

"to, but a few ſheep and ſome black cattle, "which were feeding amongſt the rocks."

Though Wildgooſe was unwilling to liſten to any overtures of indulgence, he thought it prudent enough to comply with his friend's propoſal. Proceeding, therefore, towards the edge of the plain, they came to a precipice of an aſtoniſhing height; from which was a ſtupendous view into a deep valley; the hill riſing on the oppoſite ſide, covered with woods, near half a mile perpendicularly. The river Dove ran winding at the bottom, amidſt pyramidical rocks, that riſe detached from the hill, with ſhrubs growing from their tops, and the roots hanging down in a groteſque manner. In ſome places, they almoſt meet, and intercept the view; in others they open, and diſcover rocks beyond rocks, in long perſpective up the valley, in a moſt beautiful profuſion.

## CHAP. VIII.

*Fall in with a muſical party.*

THE French horns, which were blown by two ſervants, placed in the oppoſite woods, now ceaſed; and upon their approaching, out of curioſity, to the edge of the precipice, the two Pilgrims were ſurprized to hear (ſeemingly about half way down the hill) an angelic voice, accompanied by two German-flutes, ſinging a ſong from the Maſque of Comus:

"On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
"Along the margin of each ſtream;
"Dear, conſcious ſcenes of former love!
"I moan; and Damon is my theme.
"The hills, the groves, the rocks remain;
"But Damon there I ſeek in vain."

Wildgooſe was filled with rapture at the ſound: and, when the ſong was finiſhed, could not forbear repeating to himſelf (yet loud enough for his fellow-traveller to hear) theſe beautiful lines from Shakeſpeare, with whom

whom (as we obſerved) he had formerly been converſant:

" I thought that all things had been ſavage here——
" But, whate'er you are
" That, in this deſert inacceſſible,
" Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
" If ever you have liv'd in better days;
" If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church——

" Ah!" ſays Tugwell, " I wiſh I could hear " our *bells knoll to church* this very moment! " I would ſoon be at home again in my own " ſtall: I am quite tired with this *vaggibond* " life. But, come, Maſter, let us go and en- " quire our way to the next town, and not " wander about this wilderneſs country all " night."

Jerry then looked about, and found a ſheep-track, that led winding down the hill; but they were forced to deſcend above a quarter of a mile, before they could diſcover the place from whence the muſic proceeded; when they beheld a lofty arch, or natural cavity, in the ſide of the rocks, to which there was an artificial aſcent, by near an hundred ſteps, guarded by a ſlight rail: at the mouth of this grotto, there was a broad ſpace, like a balcony; from which there appeared a genteel party

party of nine or ten people well-dreſſed; ſome with muſical inſtruments; others with books in their hands; and one or two with bottles and glaſſes before them; amuſing themſelves as was moſt ſuitable to their ſeveral taſtes and inclinations.

Upon Tugwell's appearing in ſight, a ſervant came to him; and, in a ſurly tone, demanded, "what he wanted there?"—Jerry anſwered, "that they did not come to beg, "or to ſteal; that (he thanked God) his "wallet was well ſtored, and his Maſter had "money in his purſe: but that they had loſt "their way upon the moors; and deſired him "to direct them to the neareſt town, or place "of entertainment for travellers."

The ſervant aſked him, "who, and what "the Devil, he and his Maſter were?"—"Why," ſays he, "my Maſter is a Gen-"tleman of four or five hundred pounds a "year (but no matter for that); he is a good "Chriſtian, and travels about the country, "to *convart* people from their wicked ways, "and *ſich* like."

"Well," ſays the ſervant, "I can tell thee, "for thy comfort, there is no town, nor "hardly an houſe, within theſe five miles;

"except the village which we live at: but, "if thou wilt ſtay till we go home (which "will not be long), I will direct thee to a "public-houſe, where there are good quarters "and good liquor: and what would'ſt have "more?"

When the ſervant had given Jerry his anſwer, and was returning, a young Lady (whoſe curioſity was very impetuous) ran down a few ſteps, to inquire what thoſe men wanted; and, having ſatisfied herſelf, ran and told the company, "that there were two droll *creachers*, "who had loſt their way; and one of them "pretended to be a Gentleman of fortune, "but ſhe ſuppoſed (by the ſervant's account) "he was a Methodiſt Preacher."

This company conſiſted of Sir William and Lady Foreſter (who lived in the neighbourhood), and ſome friends that were with them in the houſe; who came to enjoy a fine evening in this romantic ſcene, which Sir William had a little decorated, as above deſcribed.

CHAP.

## CHAP. IX.

*Characters of Sir William and Lady Foreſter.*

SIR William Foreſter was a Gentleman of fine ſenſe; and (what is not always a conſequence) of fine taſte, not only in the polite arts, Muſic, Painting, Architecture, and the like; but in life and manners. He had the art of making every company happy; and the greater art of making himſelf happy in every company. Some of his wiſe neighbours, indeed, were a little ſcandalized, at his admitting people of inferior rank ſo frequently to his table: but Sir William (like Swift's Virtuoſo, who could extract ſun-beams from cucumbers) had the ſkill of extracting entertainment from the moſt inſipid companions; of diſcovering humour in the moſt phlegmatic Divine; or ſolid ſenſe in (the moſt trifling of all characters) a country Dancing-maſter.

Lady Foreſter was a woman of uncommon merit, conſidering the peculiar circumſtances attending her education. She was the daughter of Lord ——, who was a profeſt Infidel, and

abſolutely forbid thoſe who were about his children to inſtill any religious *prejudices* (as he called them) into their tender minds, by teaching them their catechiſm, or by ſuffering them to read any books on religious ſubjects. Nay, he ſeverely puniſhed his favourite child, of ten years old, for preſuming to look into a Bible.

He was of Lord Shaftſbury's opinion, "that "there is no neceſſary connexion between "Religion and Virtue; and even that people "may be good moral men, and good mem-"bers of ſociety, without the belief of a God." And he conſidered himſelf as an inſtance of his aſſertions; as he lived a tolerably ſober life, and performed ſeveral generous and charitable actions, without the pretence of any religious motive; though it is well known that, for want of an uniform principle, he was frequently guilty of the moſt flagrant inſtances of vice and immorality.

Lady Foreſter's mother, however, (who was a very pious and a very ſenſible woman) had taken care to inſtill ſome ſhort principles of Religion into her daughter; but, dying whilſt Lady Foreſter was very young, ſhe underwent a trial of a different kind, from the capricious

indulgence of her father; who ſettled her, when ſhe was juſt ſixteen, in a houſe in town, with an equipage and ſuitable domeſtics and attendants entirely at her own command. Her Ladyſhip's good ſenſe, however, ſupported her, without the leaſt cenſure, in this critical ſituation; and the utmoſt indiſcretion, which the ſevereſt critic could ever charge her with, was of a romantic kind; the rambling once or twice into Hyde-park, at a diſtance from her equipage and attendants; and reading under a tree (accompanied only with a female friend) with all the ſecurity of rural innocence.

Lady Foreſter was now, however, the mother of ſeveral children; whom ſhe bred up in the ſtricteſt principles of Religion and Virtue, which will probably make them ornaments to the riſing generation; though her Ladyſhip herſelf was a little inclined to the myſtic, or rather the ſeraphic, Theology; being a great admirer of Fenelon's, Norris's*, and other works of the ſame kind.—But to return to our Story.

* The author does not intend the ſlighteſt reflection on the general character of theſe excellent writers.

## CHAP. X.

### *Character of Colonel Rappee.*

MISS Kitty Foreſter (who, though much younger, was ſiſter to Sir William, and the Lady whoſe voice they had heard) having made her report, "that the travellers had loſt "their way;" the company voted, by way of fun, "to ſend for them up to *Reynard's hall*;" which was the name given to this natural grotto, or cavity in the rock, where the company was ſitting.

As Wildgooſe, though in his travelling diſhabille, had a gentleman-like appearance, he was deſired to ſit down amidſt this *belle aſſemblée*; and Tugwell, with his wallet, was turned over to the care of the ſervants. After ſome little converſation with Wildgooſe upon his journey, and the like, the company ſate down to (what in romance would be called) a cold collation; which, in plain Engliſh, was a good quantity of cold ham and fowls, cold tongue, orange

orange cheeſe-cakes, and other portable proviſions of the beſt kinds.

Wildgooſe, having made an hearty meal at Aſhbourn, eat little; but drank two or three glaſſes of Rheniſh wine. The evening was now extremely fine; the heat of the day being ſucceeded by an agreeable *fraicheur:* the parting ſun gilded the ſummit of the mountains; and the river Dove ran murmuring at their baſe. The French-horns, at proper intervals, enlivened the ſcene; and, in ſhort, by the politeneſs of Sir William and Lady Foreſter, Wildgooſe found himſelf much at eaſe and very happy, notwithſtanding the ſneers and ſtifled titterings of ſome of the company.

Among the reſt, there was a Colonel Rappee, an Officer in the Guards, who was upon a viſit at Sir William Foreſter's. The Colonel had made a very *ſhining* figure in the army, during a thirty years peace; and had behaved with the greateſt courage and magnanimity, in above twenty engagements and reviews—on Hounſlow-heath, or Hyde-park.—But, at the battle of Preſton-pans (in the year forty-five), he was one of thoſe Gentlemen who retreated with ſo much precipitation, as to outride the Expreſs,

and bring to London the firſt news of their own defeat.

The Colonel, however, appeared by no means deficient in perſonal valour; for, though he had never fought any duel in form, he had frequently given the look of defiance; and kicked two or three impertinent fellows, who were diſmayed at the ferocity of his countenance and his military dreſs.

The Colonel's perſon, indeed, gave him the advantage over any common antagoniſt; and alſo recommended him to the notice of people of rank; for he was near ſix feet high, and,

"Tho' lambent Dullneſs play'd about his head,"

had an air of ſagacity and importance, which commanded reſpect from the leſs diſcerning part of mankind; nay, and having "a little "kind of an odd ſort of a ſmall wit" (as Congreve ſays), and uttering now and then a tolerable thing with a deciſive air, he even paſſed for a man of ſenſe; and, by a diſcreet management, was received upon a decent footing in many families of diſtinction.

Upon being much in company alſo, the Colonel had picked up a few common-place maxims and topics of ridicule, upon Matrimony, Religion,

Religion, Scotch-men, Parſons, and Old Maids; which he applied indiſcriminately upon all occaſions: but frequently with ſo little propriety, as could not but ſhock the delicacy of Sir William and Lady Foreſter: who accordingly rather *endured*, than *enjoyed* his company; and conſidered his *viſits*, or rather his *viſitations*, as afflictions from Heaven, to which they were in duty obliged patiently to ſubmit.

## CHAP. XI.

*A Converſation on Religion, and other Subjects.*

THE Colonel then looked a little ſour upon Mr. Wildgooſe; and having too much pride, or rather too little penetration, to diſcover what was really valuable in his character, conſidered him as a common ſtroller; and was quite affronted at Sir William's preſuming to introduce ſuch company to a man of his conſequence. He began, therefore, to ſay rude things, upon Impoſtors and Hypocrites, and to give hints "how much Sir William "was the dupe of Parſons and Buffoons."

Lady Foreſter, however, contrived to change the diſcourſe, and to introduce ſome religious topic; upon which ſhe gave Wildgooſe an opportunity of diſplaying his knowledge of the ſubject in ſuch a manner, that Rappee was afraid to interpoſe, for fear of diſcovering his own ignorance.

By way of venting his ſpleen, however, the Colonel began throwing out commonplace invectives againſt Religion in general, and Chriſtianity in particular, from the conſtant feuds and animoſities it had accidentally occaſioned amongſt the different ſects, and the like; and ſaid, "if people "would but live according to Nature and "Reaſon, it would be better if there were no "ſuch thing as Religion in the world."

Sir William ſaid, "he was glad that was "only Rappee's private opinion, unſupported "by any reaſons:" but begged the Colonel, "if he had diſcovered any new arguments "againſt Religion, which he thought of any "force, he would keep them a ſecret from "his wife, his children, and his ſervants; as "he was convinced it was for the good of "mankind, that they ſhould not be undeceived "in

"in that particular, ſuppoſing Religion to be "all a cheat, or a political invention.

"But, Colonel, (continues he) "you "are frequently uttering complaints of this "kind; notwithſtanding the King your "Maſter is the Defender of the Faith, and "Chriſtianity is at preſent the Religion of "your country by Law eſtabliſhed. If you "find yourſelf aggrieved by it, why do not "you, or ſome of your wiſe aſſociates, draw "up the heads of a bill, and join in a petition "to the Parliament (and I will undertake to "preſent it to the Houſe) for the redreſs of "thoſe grievances which this oppreſſive inſti-"tution has brought upon mankind?"

The Colonel ſaw the abſurdity of his uſual complaints againſt Religion, when ſet in ſo ſtrong a light; and was ſtruck ſilent for a few minutes. But ſoon raillying his ſpirits, he ſhifted the diſcourſe in his turn; and (with a more placid air) contrived to bring another ſubject upon the carpet, and, at the ſame time, to diſplay his own importance, by mentioning "a magnificent entertainment, to which he had "lately been invited by a noble Lord."

Bob Tench, a ſporting companion of Sir William's, and a near relation of the famous

Will Wimble—who was waiting till the firſt ſickle was put into the corn, in order to go a partridge-ſhooting—Bob ſaid, "he never de-"ſired to be entertained better than he was "this morning at Sir Harry Hotſpur's; "where was a cold veniſon-paſty, and ſome "excellent ſtrong beer; which he was ſorry "to ſee baniſhed, to make way for tea and "chocolate, and other hot liquors, unknown "to our ſporting anceſtors."

The converſation now turned upon genteel or on magnificent entertainments in general, which any of the company had either been preſent at, or had read of in hiſtory.

Miſs Foreſter ſaid, "ſhe could never ſuf-"ficiently admire Cleopatra's gallantry, in her "entertainment of Mark Anthony; and was "particularly pleaſed with her diſſolving a "pearl of immenſe value, and preſenting it "in a golden cup of rich wine." Colonel Rappee ridiculed this, by mentioning ſome modern Wh—re, who had been ſuffered by her fond Keeper to ſwallow an hundred pound bank-note, between two ſlices of bread and butter, at breakfaſt. Somebody mentioned the Roman Emperor (I think), who preſented each of his

gueſts

gueſts with the gold cup which they drank out of.

But Sir William Foreſter ſaid, "he never "read a more polite reception, than what "Vokeèr, the rich Augſburgh Merchant, gave "the Emperor Charles V. He had lent that "Emperor a very conſiderable ſum of money, "for which his Majeſty had given him a pro-"miſſory note, or order upon his exchequer, "or ſome written ſecurity of that kind. Soon "after, the Emperor, on his march, (by way "of doing honour to his friend) lay at his "houſe in Augſburgh. The Merchant gave "him a moſt magnificent ſupper; and, when "the Emperor retired to his chamber, there "was a fire laid of cinnamon-wood; which "Vokeèr himſelf ſet fire to with the Emperor's "note of hand, or order for the money; and "then wiſhed his Majeſty a good night."

"Well, Sir William," (ſays a young Templar *, who was of the party), "you have "told us how a ſubject entertained an Em-"peror of Germany: I will tell you an enter-"tainment, or rather a family-dinner, that "was given by the Emperor of Morocco to "an Engliſh ſubject, Dr. Shaw, who has

* Now at the top of his profeſſion.

"lately

"lately publiſhed his Travels into Africa and "Egypt.

"At the top, there was a diſh of fiſh, con- "ſiſting of a young whale boiled, and a few "ſturgeons and porpuſes fried round it. At "the bottom, was the hind-quarter of an "elephant. On one ſide, a brace of lions, "fricaſſeed: on the other, the neck of a "camel, made *kabab* (as the Doctor calls it), "or, in plain Engliſh, *cabob'd*.

"The ſecond courſe, a brace of oſtriches "roaſted, at the upper end, with the ropes on "a toaſt; at the lower end, a griffin: on one "ſide, a diſh of cranes and ſtorks; on the "other, a potted crocodile.

"There was no Butcher's meat, but a roaſted "buffalo at the ſide-table.

"The Doctor ſays, he only picked the ſhort "ribs of a lion; which (to uſe his own ex- "preſſion) was *a delicious morſel*.

"His Majeſty aſked the Doctor, whether he "ſhould help him to the *leg* or to the *wing* of "the griffin? which, being half bird and half "beaſt, his Majeſty thought facetious.

"You muſt obſerve, griffins are looked "upon as great rarities, even in Africa."

"I ſuppoſe,"

"I ſuppoſe," ſays Sir William, "this is "ſome piece of humour, upon the *marvellous* "in the Doctor's Travels; though I have heard "them ſpoken of as very learned, as well as "entertaining; and that the Doctor has recti- "fied ſeveral errors in the geography of the "countries which he paſſed through."

"I have heard" (ſays the young Templar), "when the Doctor was introduced to the "King, on his return from his travels, that "he told his Majeſty, amongſt other things, "he had really eaten the ſhort ribs of a lion, "and that it was a *delicious morſel.*"

"Well," (ſays Wildgooſe, ſmiling, and looking round upon the proſpect, and pointing to the French-horns, which were placed in the woods, at ſome diſtance from them,) "I have no idea of a more agreeable enter- "tainment, than that to which Sir William "has done me the honour to admit me."

The company having finiſhed their collation, Miſs Foreſter was deſired to favour them with another ſong; which Sir William and the young Gentleman from the Temple again accompanied with their German-flutes. After which, the ſun being now ſetting, the Ladies were taken up in a carriage, which came to the edge

edge of the hill; and the Gentlemen walked to Sir William Foreſter's, which was not above a mile acroſs the plain; only, the noble Colonel thought it beneath his dignity to march with the infantry: he had, therefore, ordered his ſervant to bring his horſes; and, mounting his iron-grey, with his *demi-pique* and furniture, flanked the coach upon the *grand pâs*; and Wildgooſe, with his fellow-traveller, at Sir William's requeſt, joined the cavalcade.

## CHAP. XII.

### *A Scene in the Nurſery.*

SIR William had by this time fully diſcovered Mr. Wildgooſe's intention of preaching to the ſubterraneous race of Lead Miners in the High-peak; and, as he was ſenſible, from their ſituation and conſtant employment, they could have but ſlender means of inſtruction, either in the principles of Religion or Morality, he by no means diſcouraged Wildgooſe from purſuing ſo diſintereſted a project. He deſired him, however, "to halt a day or "two at his houſe; and he would make ſome "proper

"proper inquiries where his inſtructions might "be applied to the beſt advantage." He told Wildgooſe, moreover, "that Lady Foreſter "was herſelf very religiouſly diſpoſed, and "would be pleaſed to have him talk to her "children and her domeſtics upon that ſubject."

When they came to Sir William's houſe, which was a venerable pile of Gothic building, fitted up in an elegant modern taſte; Lady Foreſter, who paid great attention to Wildgooſe, told him, "ſhe always went into "the nurſery as ſoon as ſhe came home (eſpe-"cially in an evening), to viſit her little folks, "and hear them their prayers." She likewiſe invited Wildgooſe to attend her thither. At the nurſery-door, Mrs. Molly, her Ladyſhip's maid, met her, with a little boy of about a year old in her arms, as the moſt agreeable ſervice ſhe could perform to her Lady; for he, being the leaſt, and the moſt helpleſs, poſſeſſed of courſe the largeſt ſhare in Lady Foreſter's affection. She claſped him in her arms, kiſſed him, and gave him her bleſſing; and then went round to three or four more, heard them their prayers, and made them aſk a bleſſing; and then, wiſhing them a good night, returned to the company.

Wildgooſe

Wildgooſe was ſtruck with Lady Foreſter's affectionate care of her amiable progeny; which ſhe obſerving, "You ſee, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "where my treaſure is, there will my heart "be alſo. I am afraid, indeed," continues her Ladyſhip, "you will think theſe dear children "engroſs too much of my affection. But, "I aſſure you, Sir, they are the moſt infallible "pledges of my devotion to Heaven. Their "health is ſo dear to me, and I have ſo conſtant "a ſenſe of their depending for every pulſe of "life upon the good-will of Providence, that "my whole life almoſt is one continued prayer "for their preſervation."

Wildgooſe anſwered, "nothing could be "more amiable than the tenderneſs her Lady-"ſhip expreſſed for the welfare of her offspring. "He only wiſhed (in his way), that ſhe did not "love that little child in the Nurſe's arms "more than the *holy child* Jeſus; through whoſe "mediation alone" (ſays he) "we are entitled "to the favour and protection of Providence."

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIII.

*Family Prayers; followed by Repartees.*

THEY now came into the great hall; and Wildgooſe was not a little ſurprized to find the whole company (except the Colonel) aſſembled; and Sir William waiting for Lady Foreſter, with a large quarto Common Prayer book on the table, in order to read prayers to the family.

This would have appeared more extraordinary, if he had known that Sir William, before his marriage, had lived a remarkably gay life, and had even been tainted with many of the faſhionable opinions of the age; but his regard for Lady Foreſter, and a ſenſe of the importance of religious principles to every individual of ſociety, had made Sir William ſo much a domeſtic man, as (even when in town) to read prayers every evening (unleſs any thing very extraordinary prevented it), and a ſermon every Sunday night, to his family.

As ſoon as prayers were ended, Colonel Rappee again made his appearance; but was raillied

raillied by Miſs Sainthill (a very ſenſible maiden Lady, a friend and companion of Lady Foreſter's), on "his fondneſs for private meditation, and the care he took to avoid all appearance of hypocriſy." — Rappee ſaid, "he knew no reaſon, why a man could not ſay his prayers as well in private as in public, in a walk upon the terrace as well as in a cloſet; that Religion was a mere perſonal affair, and the like." He hinted, however, "that he might have as much true devotion, as thoſe who were always canting about Religion, and pretended to ſet up for Reformers."

Miſs Sainthill replied, "that, to be ſure, people might ſay their prayers in any place, or in any poſture, and even in a warm bed; but ſhe could not but think, there was a natural decency of behaviour due to the Supreme Being, as well as to our fellow-creatures; and ſhe was afraid" (ſhe ſaid) "thoſe who deferred their prayers till they lay down upon their pillows (as ſhe fancied the Colonel did), very frequently fell aſleep without ſaying them at all."

"Well," ſays the Colonel, "there is one part of my devotions, which I never forget; and

"that

"that is, thankſgiving. I have always thanked "God for three things."—"Pray let me hear "thoſe curious particulars," ſays Miſs Sainthill: "I ſuppoſe the firſt is, that you are "not an old maid."—"No," ſays Rappee; "the firſt is, that I was not born in Ruſſia."—"What! becauſe you are afraid of the cold, "I ſuppoſe?" ſays Miſs Sainthill.—"No," ſays the Colonel, "becauſe I am afraid of the "knout, and do not like arbitrary Govern-"ments."—"Well, and what is the ſecond "particular?"—"Why, that I was not bred "a Cheeſe-monger."—"What! becauſe you "do not love the ſmell of cheeſe!" ſays Miſs Sainthill; "but, for a like reaſon, you "ſhould not have been bred a Soldier," continued ſhe.—"Why ſo?" (ſays the Colonel.)—"Why, becauſe you do not love the ſmell of "gun-powder."

Rappee bowed, and ſmiled; but ſaid, "he "was moſt thankful for the third particular."—"And, pray, what may that be?" ſays Miſs Sainthill.—"Why, that I have not a very *long* "*noſe*," cries the Colonel.——Miſs Sainthill courteſied, and took a long pinch of ſnuff, being conſcious how liberal Nature had been to *her* in that reſpect; and being willing to give Rappee

pee a ſhort triumph, by inviting a laugh in his favour at her own expence; of which he was not a little conceited. Miſs Sainthill, however, retorted, and ſaid, "a long noſe "would certainly be very inconvenient to the "Colonel in the day of battle, eſpecially if he "ſhould ever *face* the Highlanders again; as "it would be more expoſed to the ſtroke of a "broad-ſword."—"Well fought, Miſs Saint-"hill," ſays Sir William. "Colonel, leave "off, whilſt you are well. *Cedant arma togæ:* "Let Heroes to the Gown give place."

There was now a ſide-board laid, with ſome anchovies, olives, and a few trifling things, for thoſe that choſe to eat again, after their collation amongſt the rocks in Dove-dale.

The company now appearing diſpoſed to retire to their ſeveral apartments, candles were brought in by the Butler, attended by Mrs. Molly with a wax-light for her Lady. Molly was a very pretty girl; and had a pair of eyes moſt perniciouſly piercing, which ſhe played off upon Mr. Wildgooſe, as thinking him a gueſt not much above her own level. As the eyes are known to have a faſcinating power, Wildgooſe could hardly avoid returning Mrs. Molly's amorous glances; which was perceived by the jealous

jealous eyes of Mr. George, the Butler, who was her admirer.

Mr. George was ordered to wait on Mr. Wildgooſe to his apartment; which office he performed with tolerable civility. But Mrs. Molly officiouſly enquiring, "whether there "was a bottle and baſon carried into the Gen- "tleman's room," Mr. George (with a ſurly air) bid her "mind her own buſineſs." He then proceeded with his charge up the grand ſtair-caſe, and wiſhed him a good night.

## CHAP. XIV.

*A Morning Converſation on the Back Stairs.*

IT was now eight o'clock in the morning, when Betty, the Houſe-maid, was ſweeping the back-ſtairs; but ſuſpended the motion of her bruſh, and leaned againſt the rails, to make way for Mrs. Molly, who now made her firſt appearance, with a ruffle half-hemmed in one hand, and a volume of Pamela in the other.

"So, Mrs. Molly, you were up late again "laſt night, I ſuppoſe!"—"Yes, pretty late," ſays

ſays Mrs. Molly.—" Ah! Mrs. Molly," (cries Betty) " *I wou'dn't not* do it, no, not for the beſt " Miſtreſs that ever trod upon ſhoe-leather." —" Why, Betty," (replies ſhe) " to be ſure, " my Lady is a very good Lady; and we are ſo " fond of each other's company, that we never " know when to part. We were talking till " after twelve o'clock about this ſtrange Gen- " tleman. To be ſure, the Gentleman is very " much of a Gentleman, for that matter, if he did " not travel about on foot, like a Scotch Pedlar." —" Why what trade is the Gentleman then?" —" What trade! you fool! Why, he is a " Gentleman, I tell you; and has got a good " eſtate of his own; but he is going to preach " to the poor Miners in the High-Peak."— " Why, I thought nobody could preach but " Parſons," quoth Betty.—" No more they " could, in former times," ſays Mrs. Molly; " but people are more *cute* and *cleverer* now- " a-days, than they were formerly. Why " there is our George, the Butler, can read " a play, or a ſermon, better than our Curate." —" Oh," ſays Betty, " I thought you and George " would have *fit* laſt night about this Gen- " tleman."—" George indeed!" (ſays Molly) " a jealous-headed *cretur!* if *any body* does but

" ſpeak

« ſpeak to *a body*, *a body* muſt be called to an ac-
« count by him, forſooth! What is the Gentle-
« man to me? The Gentleman never ſpoke a
« word to me, nor I to him; only wiſhed me
« a good night."—"Well," ſays Betty, "Mr.
« George ſwears he will be a match for him
« and the Cobler his fellow-traveller, if my
« Miſtreſs keeps them here another night."

Here my Lady's bell rang, and put a ſtop to the dialogue; and Mrs. Molly and Betty haſtened to their ſeveral departments.

## CHAP. XV.

*On the Expediency of a regular Ordination.*

THOUGH Mr. Wildgooſe had of late been very negligent of his perſon, yet, being now in a genteel family, by the time the bell rang for breakfaſt, he had got himſelf ſhaved, his hair rubbed up with pomatum, and had ſupplied himſelf with clean linen from Tugwell's wallet; ſo that, when he joined the company in the bow-window, he made no deſpicable appearance.

After the uſual compliments of the morning, Lady Foreſter again introduced the ſubject of Wildgooſe's preaching to the Miners; and ſaid, "his intention was certainly very laudable; but wondered, as ſhe found he had had an Univerſity education, that he did not get into regular orders, before he engaged in an undertaking of that kind."—"Yes," ſays the Colonel; "Don Quixote himſelf (mad as he was) would not enter the liſts, nor undertake any atchievement of conſequence, before he was dubbed a Knight: and, though I hate all preaching, I am for a proper ſubordination, and would have people keep to their *ranks* in life. A Commiſſary, or a Quarter-maſter, might as well pretend to rule an army, or to give the word of command in an engagement, as a Layman to interpoſe in the Parſon's trade, and mount the roſtrum."—"Why," ſays Wildgooſe, "if the Commanding Officers neglected their duty, it were better ſure that a Quarter-maſter, or any body elſe, ſhould give the word of command, than that a whole army ſhould be cut to pieces."

"I ſhould think," ſays Sir William, interpoſing, "the caſes are by no means ſimilar; for,

"for, though the life of a Chriſtan be juſtly "compared to that of a Soldier, yet to make "the caſes parallel in the preſent view, you "muſt ſuppoſe that the Officers neglect their "duty, not merely in a ſingle engagement, "but during a whole campaign; in which "caſe, there would be room for complaint "to be made to the ſuperior powers, and get "them puniſhed, or removed from their "commands. So, if a Clergyman is neg-"ligent of his duty, not in one or two ſingle "inſtances, but in the general conduct of his "life, the Officers of a pariſh are bound, "by oath, to preſent and make complaint of "him to the Biſhop of the dioceſe; but the "Church-warden, for that reaſon, has no "*right*, ſuppoſe he had *abilities*, to exerciſe "the ſacerdotal function, mount the pulpit, "and harangue the people. Such a conduct "would neceſſarily be productive of diſorder "and confuſion."

Wildgooſe replied, "that, in a political "view, thoſe regulations might be of ſome "conſequence; and that, in general, he did "not think it right to break through the re-"ſtraints of ſociety; but that, upon extra-"ordinary occaſions, thoſe formalities were

"to be diſpenſed with: and I cannot but "think," continues he, "that Providence "approves of the proceeding of Mr. Weſley "and Mr. Whitfield, by the extraordinary "ſucceſs he has given to their labours."

"That is a very fallacious way of arguing," cries the young Templar, "becauſe Provi-"dence often brings about good ends by very "bad means."

"Well," ſays Sir William, "if ſuch irre-"gular proceedings can be proper upon any "occaſion, they are ſo in the preſent inſtance, "which Mr. Wildgooſe has determined upon, "that of preaching to our poor Miners in the "Peak, who are properly as ſheep without a "ſhepherd." Sir William then ſaid, "they "intended, the next day, to go upon a ſcheme "of pleaſure to Matlock, and to ſhew ſome "young people the wonders of the Peak (as "they are called); and that, if he choſe it, "Mr. Wildgooſe might accompany them in "their expedition."—Wildgooſe promiſed to attend them; but it proved otherwiſe in the event.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XVI.

*A Lecture in the Servants Hall.*

AFTER breakfaſt, the company began to ſeparate, and amuſe themſelves as ſuited their inclinations. As Bob Tench and his party propoſed to angle upon the river Dove, they aſked Wildgooſe to accompany them. But Lady Foreſter ſaid, "ſhe would be glad "of his company, to attend her and Miſs "Sainthill in their walk into the Park, after "ſhe had viſited her young people in the nur-"ſery, and diſpatched ſome domeſtic affairs "which required her attendance."

Whilſt his Maſter was thus entertained in the parlour, Tugwell was entertaining the ſecond-rate gentry in the ſervants hall. The Butler had given Jerry an horn of ſtrong-beer with his breakfaſt, which opened his heart, and looſened his tongue. Jerry, therefore, diverted the company with the adventures they had met with in their travels; how well they had fared at Alderman Culpepper's, Juſtice Aldworth's, and Parſon Griſkin's; and alſo

what perils they had gone through, by land and by ſea. He gave them likewiſe a ſketch of his Maſter's private life; the credit he had lived in at home, and the converts he had made in his travels; but gave hints, at the ſame time, "that he thought him a little crack-brained "ſometimes; and that he himſelf was fool "enough to leave his wife and a good trade, "and ramble about the country upon ſuch a "*wildgooſe* chace."

Whilſt Tugwell was yet ſpeaking, Mr. Wildgooſe was come (at Lady Foreſter's requeſt) to the ſervants hall, to examine and inſtruct her domeſtics in the principles of Religion; and, hearing Tugwell prating full-ſpeed about himſelf and his adventures, he ſhook his head: "Ah! Jerry," ſays he, "I was in hopes you "were edifying theſe good people with ſome "religious diſcourſe, inſtead of entertaining "them with your carnal buffoonries. I find, "thou haſt not yet put off *the old man*, with "his affections and luſts."—"Well, well, "Maſter," (ſays Jerry, being a little pot-valiant) "if I am an *old man*, that is my misfor-"tune, rather than my fault; we ſhall all be "old men (or old women), if it pleaſe God "we live long enough."

Mr.

Mr. Wildgooſe then addreſſed himſelf to the ſervants (who had not quite finiſhed their breakfaſt), and ſaid, "he was ſure, they had "a very good Maſter and Miſtreſs."—"That "we have" (cried all of them with one voice), "the beſt in England."—The Butler however ſaid, "he had one complaint againſt "Sir William; that, if he ſhould diſmiſs him "from his ſervice, he had ſpoilt him for any "other place; as he could never ſubmit to the "arbitrary and capricious treatment which "ſervants met with from too many maſters."—Mrs. Molly, who ſtood at the door with her work in her hand, ſaid, "ſhe had a complaint "of the ſame kind againſt her Lady."—Wildgooſe replied, "if that was all their complaint, "he hoped they would not, like too many ſervants, make it their whole buſineſs, when "they got together in the hall, to abuſe their "Maſter and Miſtreſs, to waſte their victuals, "damage the furniture, notch the tables, and "do all the little miſchief in their power.

"But," continued Wildgooſe, "we have "all one greater Maſter, of whoſe favour we "ought to be more ambitious; and with a view "to whoſe approbation, we ought to ſerve our "earthly maſters with fidelity and care."

Wildgooſe then proceeded to aſk each of them ſome queſtions about the principles of Religion; and found Lady Foreſter had taken great pains in inſtructing them: but, as he thought them yet ignorant of the true Faith, and the doctrine of the New Birth (as he and Mr. Whitfield underſtood it), he began to talk to them a little myſteriouſly on that ſubject; when, ſome of his expreſſions being neceſſarily capable of a double meaning, Mrs. Molly caſt down her eyes, but gave Mr. George a ſide-look, with a wanton archneſs; who, being apprehenſive that the ſame tender glances might be directed where he would not wiſh them to be, told her, with a jealous ſurlineſs, "that ſhe had better go to her "Lady's dreſſing-room, or to the nurſery, "which was her proper ſphere."

Lady Foreſter, indeed, now rang the bell; on which the ſervants all diſperſed to their ſeveral ſtations: and, after her Ladyſhip had given the Houſe-keeper her neceſſary orders, ſhe ſummoned Mr. Wildgooſe to attend her and Miſs Sainthill in their morning walk.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XVII.

### *Lady Foreſter's Morning Engagement.*

LADY Foreſter always made it a rule, to anſwer every demand of *duty*, before ſhe indulged herſelf in any kind of amuſement; and accordingly went her circuit, almoſt every morning, amongſt the poor people in the village, however ſhe might be engaged the remaining part of the day. Having made up ſome linen for a poor woman that was near her time, her Ladyſhip's firſt viſit was made to *her*, to whom ſhe delivered the bundle. As the woman had generally a child every year, Lady Foreſter had got the linen made of a ſtrong new cloth, that it might ſerve for more than one child. The poor woman turned it about, and ſurveyed it with ſome attention; and, upon Lady Foreſter's aſking her, "how "ſhe liked it;" ſhe ſaid, "it was pretty "coarſe, but ſhe believed it might do."

Miſs Sainthill aſked the woman, "if ſhe "did not thank her Ladyſhip for her trouble?"—The woman replied, "Ah! my Lady has,

" ſo many maidens to work for her, it is no " great trouble to *ſhe*."

Wildgooſe ſhook his head; and Lady Foreſter ſmiled, and proceeded to another cottage, where lived a poor woman with ſeven or eight ſmall children, almoſt naked, and who appeared to be half-ſtarved.

Lady Foreſter enquired, " why ſhe had not " ſent for ſome broth for her children, as ſhe " uſed to do?"—The woman replied, " Why, " to tell you the truth, my Lady, the broth is " not ſo good as it uſed to be, ſince this new " Cook came."—" I am ſorry for that," ſays my Lady; " but what is the matter with it " now?"—" Ah!" cries the woman, " Mrs. " Filch, the old Cook, uſed to give a poor " body a bit of meat now and then with one's " broth. Mrs. Filch had ſome charity, and " was very good to the poor."

" I am afraid not," ſays my Lady: " ſhe " was good to ſome of them (when ſhe was in " the humour for it), and bad to others: ſhe " would give what was very improper to thoſe " that were her favourites, and ſend others " away with reproaches and empty pitchers, " juſt as the whim ſeized her: and that was a " principal reaſon for my parting with her."

In

In the next houſe which they came to, lived a poor man, that had had an ague for ſome time; to whom Lady Foreſter had ſent a cordial infuſion of the Bark. She enquired, "how it "agreed with him, and whether he had yet "got rid of his ague?"—The man replied, "the ſtuff had done him no good at all."—"Perhaps you did not take it regularly?" ſays my Lady.—"Ah! no," replies the man; "it "was ſo *bitter*, I could not bear the taſte of it."—Lady Foreſter told him, "all the virtue of "it conſiſted in its bitterneſs; and, if he would "not take that, there was no other remedy "for an ague."—The man ſaid, "then it "muſt be as it pleaſed God; for he could not "take *Doctor's ſtuff*, if he died for it."—And ſo they left him.

They now met a poor miſerable-looking old fellow, who ſeemed to be juſt ſlipped out of an ale-houſe, which ſtood by the road-ſide, near the end of the village. "Well, John," cried Lady Foreſter, "I am glad to ſee you abroad "again; I thought your lameneſs had ſtill "confined you. How do you like the book "which I ſent you to read in your confine-"ment?"—"I don't know, my Lady; to be "ſure, it is a very good book; but I have been

" ſo buſy, I have not had time to read a word " of it."

Wildgooſe could not but obſerve, " that her " Ladyſhip had been rather unſucceſsful in her " endeavours to do good amongſt her poor " neighbours;" but added, " that ſhe would " not loſe her reward."

Lady Foreſter replied, " ſhe was ſufficiently " rewarded, in the conſciouſneſs of having " diſcharged her duty."—Wildgooſe added, " if " her Ladyſhip could but bring them to have a " true Faith, ſhe would ſee the effects of it, " in bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit, " Meekneſs, Humility, Sobriety, and every " Chriſtian virtue."

" Well," replied Lady Foreſter, " that you " may not think all my efforts entirely fruit- " leſs, I will take you to one of my more pro- " miſing inſtitutions."

## CHAP. XVIII.

*A Scene more agreeable than the laſt.*

LADY Foreſter now took Wildgooſe to a more neat, or rather an elegant, habitation, on a little eminence near the Park-wall. There was a ſmall court before it, planted with

with ſweet herbs, ſhrubs, and flowers. On their approach, the door immediately opened to them, and diſcovered near twenty little girls and boys, working or reading; and a genteel elderly woman in the midſt of them, inſtructing them in their needle-work, or in their books.

The moment Lady Foreſter entered, one of the little girls threw herſelf upon her knees before her, and begged her Ladyſhip, "not to "ſend her home; and ſhe would never be "guilty of ſtubbornneſs any more." This, it ſeems, was a piece of diſcipline obſerved by the Matron of the ſchool, that, when any of the children were refractory, and a ſlight puniſhment proved ineffectual, ſhe turned them over to her Ladyſhip's viſitatorial authority; which kept them more in awe, than the ſevereſt corporal chaſtiſement would probably have done.

The children were all clean and neat; and their dreſs was reduced to a kind of uniform, by a ſort of band, or handkerchief, with which they were preſented when they came to the ſchool: and, as the children were employed part of the day in weeding the garden, or other neceſſary buſineſs about the houſe, ſeveral uſeful ſervants had been ſent out from this ſeminary,

nary, within the nine or ten years that Lady Foreſter had been in the neighbourhood.

Wildgooſe aſked the School-miſtreſs, "what "religious books ſhe taught the children; and "whether ſhe had met with any of Mr. "Weſley's excellent tracts for that purpoſe?" —She replied, "that ſhe had taught them the "Church-Catechiſm, and a ſhort Expoſition of "it; and endeavoured, from thence, to incul- "cate into them their duty to God, their neigh- "bour, and themſelves: but did not think "children of that age capable of any ſpeculative "notions, or any of the myſterious doctrines "of Chriſtianity."

Wildgooſe replied, "that there had been of "late many inſtances of children at five or ſix, "nay, even at three years old, who had had "great *experiences*, and had *aſſurance* of their "ſins being pardoned, and had alſo been fa- "voured with viſions and revelations of an "extraordinary nature*; and that we had no "reaſon to doubt, that even now, as well as in "times of old, God could make even babes and "ſucklings inſtruments of his glory."

The School-miſtreſs expreſſed ſome ſurprize at this diſcourſe; as being ignorant of Wild-

* Mr. Weſley's Journals, *paſſim*.

gooſe's

gooſe's peculiar character. But Lady Foreſter ſaid, "they were going to take a walk in the "Park;" and ſo put a ſtop to the dialogue.

## CHAP. XIX.

### *A ſlight Alarm.*

THEY were now come to one of the Park-gates, to which Lady Foreſter had a key. The Park had a fine ſylvan appearance; and they were beginning to admire the proſpect, when they heard at ſome diſtance a moſt diſmal outcry, of "Help! help! murder! murder! "I ſhall be murdered." Wildgooſe deſired Lady Foreſter and Miſs Sainthill to retreat back again to the Park-gate, and ran full ſpeed to the aſſiſtance of the perſon in diſtreſs. Paſſing round a thicket of oaks, he ſaw, with aſtoniſhment, his friend Tugwell lying upon the ground, rolled up as round as a wood-louſe, with his head between his knees, and guarding himſelf with his elbows; but could diſcover no viſible cauſe of this terrible vociferation. At the ſame inſtant Mr. Bob Tench, who (not getting any body to angle with him) had been poaching about the Park with his gun, was running alſo to Jerry's aſſiſtance.

aſſiſtance. Upon their calling to him once or twice, Jerry ventured to look up, and began to give an account of what had befallen him.

The caſe was, Tugwell being ſo little verſed in the natural hiſtory of animals, as not to diſtinguiſh a Stag from a Jack-aſs (which ſufficiently appeared at his firſt ſetting out on his travels), he had rambled into the Park, to ſee the deer; where meeting with a large herd, one of them (which had been bred up as a tame fawn) advanced before the reſt, and offered his forehead to be ſcratched; with which inſtance of familiarity Tugwell was at firſt highly delighted. But the young deer, who was now above a year old, waxing wanton, began by degrees to be more familiar than Jerry approved of; who therefore poking him off with his ſtaff, the deer began to be in earneſt, and, drawing himſelf up, attacked Tugwell in front with great vehemence, and ſoon overſet him; and, when down, battered him with his young horns ſo furiouſly, that Jerry had good reaſon to cry out for aſſiſtance. The young pricket, however, at ſight of Bob Tench, had made off, and joined the herd; ſo that Wildgooſe thought his friend had again been alarmed (as he was at Cardiff) by the vain terrors of imagination.

Wild-

Wildgooſe now returned, to find out the Ladies, and acquaint them with the cauſe of the outcry they had heard: but they were ſo terrified, that they had run home and alarmed the whole family, many of whom were by this time come to the Park-gate; and, being informed of the truth of the affair, were greatly diverted with the baſtinado Jerry had received from the tame deer, and only lamented that they had not come ſoon enough to be witneſs to the ludicrous operation.

But though Tugwell was not much damaged in his perſon by this accident; Sir William, for fear of the ſtag's becoming more miſchievous as his horns became more capable of doing miſchief, ordered the poor animal to be ſhot the firſt opportunity.

## CHAP. XX.

### *The Lawfulneſs of eating a good Dinner.*

IT being now dinner-time, moſt of the company were aſſembled in the dining-parlour; where (as Sir William kept a conſtant table) the cloth was laid, and the ſide-board ſet out with ſome degree of ſplendor. Wildgooſe could not

not forbear making a compariſon between the elegance with which Sir William lived, and the ſcenes of miſery which they had juſt been viewing amongſt the poor people in the village: and, addreſſing himſelf to Lady Foreſter, ſaid, "he "ought not to indulge himſelf in *faring ſumptuouſly*, whilſt the poor Miners were periſhing "for want of that ſpiritual food with which he "had undertaken to ſupply them."—"Well," ſays Lady Foreſter, "but there is a time for all "things; we will not detain you when you have "fixed upon a plan of operation."—"Why, "I think," ſays the young Templar, "it would "be a proper act of mortification, for the "Gentleman to ſet out upon his miſſion immediately, now dinner is coming upon the table: "as I have heard Mr. Weſley and his friends "(when they firſt ſet up this ſcheme of reformation in the Univerſity) uſed frequently to "beſpeak an handſome dinner, and, as ſoon as "it was brought in, ſend it immediately to the "priſoners in the caſtle; and dined themſelves "upon dry bread and green tea."—"Yes," ſays the Colonel, "but they know better, I believe, "by this time; and are not often guilty of "thoſe Popiſh auſterities. They love feaſting, "as far as I can ſee, as well as other people."

"Why,

"Why," ſays Sir William, "I do not ap-
"prehend it at all unlawful for the beſt Chriſ-
"tians to frequent, occaſionally, the feſtival
"entertainments of their friends and ac-
"quaintance. If that were the caſe, our Sa-
"viour, inſtead of giving us prudential rules
"for our behaviour on thoſe occaſions ('when
"thou art bidden to a wedding, go and ſit
"down in the loweſt room'), would probably
"have ſaid, 'when thou art bidden to a
"wedding, do not go!"

"Pray," ſays Lady Foreſter, "now you
"are talking divinity, what is become of our
"Chaplain to-day, the Parſon of the pariſh?"
"—Oh!" ſays Mr. Tench, "I can tell your
"Ladyſhip; he is gone to the Bowling-green
"club. I promiſed to attend the Doctor thither;
"but forgot it till it was too late."—"Ah!
"Mr. Wildgooſe," ſays Lady Foreſter, "thoſe
"are things that I diſapprove of as well as
"you."—"Madam," replies Wildgooſe, "I
"diſapprove of thoſe things, becauſe I have
"really no reliſh for them; and it would be as
"great a penance to me, if I were obliged to
"play a whole afternoon at bowls, cards, or
"back-gammon, as it was to the primitive
"Saint,

"Saint*, to ſtand all night upon a pillar forty "feet high. And, I ſuppoſe, your Chaplain has "no more taſte for books or ſpiritual joys, than "I have for thoſe carnal amuſements."

"Sir," ſays Bob Tench, "the Doctor is a "very learned man, and *publiſhes* ſomething "almoſt every month."—"In the Magazine, "I preſume?" ſays Wildgooſe.—"No, in the "Church," replies Mr. Tench; "he *publiſhes* "the banns of marriage between the lads and "laſſes, who want to be joined together in holy "matrimony."

As dinner was now upon table, all converſation began to grow inſipid. Wildgooſe indeed ſtill kept harping upon the ſame ſtring for ſome time; and ſaid, "that no one, who had *taſted* "the pleaſures of a divine life, could any longer "reliſh ſuch traſh as the amuſements of this "world generally were."—"Mr. Wildgooſe," ſays Lady Foreſter, "let me help you to ſome "of this haſhed calve's head."—The ſavoury ſmell of this diſh ſoon put to flight Mr. Wildgooſe's ſpiritual ideas. He accepted the calve's head, and began to fancy himſelf in the land of promiſe; and, with a true patriarchal appetite, he feaſted moſt devoutly.

* Simon Stylites.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXI.

*Proteſtant Nunneries. The diſconſolate Widow.*

DINNER being ended, Lady Foreſter's favourite topic, Religion, was again brought upon the carpet; upon which ſubject, ſhe and Miſs Sainthill talked with pleaſure. The Colonel, however, could not bear with patience the compliment which he thought was paid to a mere vagabond in this reſpect; and, at laſt, ſaid with ſome wrath, "that he was of the ſame "opinion, in regard to the Methodiſts, which "Charles the Second was in regard to the "Preſbyterians—that there never was a *Gen-* "*tleman* of that Religion, ſince the firſt pro- "pagation of it."

Sir William Foreſter replied, "that he had "always conſidered that obſervation of King "Charles (if he really made it) as a compli- "ment to the Diſſenters of that reign; when the "word *Gentleman* meant a fellow of a *genteel* "addreſs perhaps, and polite accompliſhments; "but who would drink, whore, or debauch the "wife of his friend or companion; and, when

"called

"called to an account for it, run him through "the body without any more ceremony."

Miſs Sainthill, out of oppoſition to the Colonel, took the part of the Methodiſts with ſome ſpirit—to all which the Man of war only replied in the words of Hamlet—

"Get thee to a Nunnery, Ophelia; get thee "to a Nunnery."

"So I would," ſays Miſs Sainthill, "if there "were in England any ſuch thing as a Pro-"teſtant Nunnery: and I could ſpend my life, "in ſuch a ſituation, with great ſatisfaction."

"Why," ſays Rappee, "I ſhould think it a "very proper way of diſpoſing of ſome part of "your ſex—of the old and the ugly; of old "maids, and of young women who were too "homely to get themſelves huſbands."—"And, "I aſſure you," ſays Miſs Sainthill, "I ſhould "think it a very happy refuge from the impertinence of fools and coxcombs, with which "the world abounds."

"Why," ſays Lady Foreſter, "jeſting apart, "Miſs Sainthill and I have often been laying a "plan for an aſylum of this kind: and I can-"not think, if there were ſuch an inſtitution "in every county, under proper regulations, "it would be attended with any bad effects. I

"do not mean to draw in young thoughtleſs "creatures, upon every diſappointment in love; "or young women, who might be uſeful in "the world, as Servants, Milleners, or Mantua-"makers, and other neceſſary employments: "but as a refuge for young Ladies of good "families and ſmall fortunes, who are now "forced to live in a dependent ſtate, or perhaps "to take up with matches of mere convenience, "which make them miſerable their whole "lives.

"There ſhould be a proper ſucceſſion of "working, reading, and amuſement. They "ſhould enter voluntarily into them, and not "before a certain age; as thirty or forty, ſup-"poſe: yet, to guard againſt the caprice and "inconſtancy of human nature, they ſhould be "under ſome little reſtraint; and not be releaſed "from their engagement, without ſome con-"ſiderable forfeit for the good of the ſociety. "The number ſhould be limited: and, to make "it an honourable ſituation, the Queen perhaps "for the time being, or ſome of the royal "family, would vouchſafe to patronize theſe "inſtitutions; who ſhould alſo have a power "of viſiting them, and be the judges of the "qualifications of perſons to be admitted, and

"of

"of the cauſes for which they might plead to "be releaſed."

"Well," ſays the young Templar; "but, "by a Statute of the 27th year of Harry the "Eighth, all Monaſteries, Nunneries, and Re-"ligious Houſes, are for ever diſſolved; and I do "not imagine any thing of this kind could be "eſtabliſhed without an act of Parliament."

"Ah!" ſays the Colonel, in his common-place way, "and beſides,

"Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
"Too oft they're broke, tho' in a *convent* made.

"There was a Widow in ——ſhire, the other "day, who was ſo diſconſolate upon the loſs "of her good man, that ſhe made a *vow*, not "only to live ſingle, but abſolutely to renounce "the world, and never to behold the face of a "man again.

"To ſoothe her melancholy, ſhe ſat con-"ſtantly in her dreſſing-room, with her curtains "half-drawn; and, with folded hands, kept con-"templating a miniature picture of her huſband, "fixed in the pedeſtal of a little pyramid, or mau-"ſoleum, formed of her jewels (which ſhe had "gotten worked up into that form, and placed "upon her toilette) from morning to night.

"After carrying on this farce for near three "months, ſome affairs reſpecting her jointure, "which was very large, made it abſolutely "neceſſary for her to go to London. When "ſhe took coach for that purpoſe, her men "ſervants were ordered to be out of ſight; and "ſhe was handed in, veiled, by her own "maid.

"A friend of mine, in the Guards, who, "though not perſonally known to her, was (by "means of a ſervant that had lived in the "family) acquainted with every circumſtance "of her fortune and the preſent ſtate of her "mind, (by a few half-crowns properly "applied) got intelligence of her intended "journey, and of all her motions. My friend "therefore contrived to meet her equipage at "the firſt ſtage: and, taking his ſtation in the "bar, as ſoon as the Dowager's Maid ſtepped "out of the coach, he flies to the ſtep, "thruſts the Abigail aſide, and, with a gallant "yet ſubmiſſive air, ſeized the Lady's hand, "and offered to conduct her to the parlour.

"At the ſight of a man, even through her "veil, ſhe gave a faint ſcream, and affected to "be extremely angry with her Maid for deſert-"ing her in ſuch a manner. She felt ſome-

"thing contagious, however, in the touch of an "handſome young fellow in his regimentals; "and, though ſhe charged her ſervant to be "more careful for the future, her curioſity "prompted her to enquire, 'whether ſhe knew "who the Gentleman was?' then repeated her "charge, 'to make ſure that the coaſt was clear, "at the next inn they came to, before ſhe got "out of the coach.'

"My friend ſtayed and dined at the inn, as "the Lady alſo did; and ſuffered the carriage "to ſet out before him; but ordered his ſer-"vant (by means of a bowl of punch with "which he treated the Lady's Coachman) to "get ſtrict information where and at what inn "they were to lie that evening.

"Nay, as her ſervants had no idea of the "Lady's delicate diſtreſs on the loſs of her "ſpouſe, they conſidered her behaviour as "mere affectation: and, as that ſort of gentry "are always pleaſed with ſuch chearful events "as promote feaſting and jollity, they were "much inclined to facilitate a good under-"ſtanding between their Lady and ſo generous a "Lover. They contrived, therefore, a ſtratagem "to overcome the Dowager's reſerve, and to "lay her under a neceſſity of another interview

"with

"with the Captain, by looſening ſome of the "traces of the carriage, and, when my friend "overtook them, by alarming the poor Lady "with an outcry of danger; which forced her "to get out of the coach, whilſt they pre-"tended to ſet matters to rights. At this in-"ſtant the Captain made his appearance, leaped "off his horſe, and again handed the Lady out "of her carriage. She could not avoid ad-"mitting him to converſe with her, whilſt they "ſtood waiting for her equipage in the public "road. The Captain made the beſt uſe of his "time; ogled, ſighed, and played all the ar-"tillery of love ſo effectually, that the Lady "condeſcended at length to thank him for his "civilities; and added, 'if he *happened* to go "to the ſame inn, ſhe would be glad of his "company to ſup with her.'

"In ſhort, there was ſo cloſe an intimacy "commenced from that evening, that, when "the poor Dowager came to town, ſhe found "her affairs ſo perplexed, and herſelf (a poor "helpleſs woman) ſo little able to conduct "them, that ſhe began to conſult with her "Maid, whom ſhe had beſt call in to her "aſſiſtance. Mrs. Abigail had ſeen too much "of the rapid progreſs of her Lady's paſſion, to

"heſitate on the choice; and immediately de-
"termined, 'that the Captain was the only
"man in the world for her purpoſe.'

"In ſhort, the exigence of her affairs was
"ſuch, and her *diſtreſs* ſo urgent, that ſhe
"thought any longer delay would be quite im-
"prudent: ſo that, in leſs than ſix months,
"ſhe laid aſide her weeds, had her *jewels new*
"*ſet*, married the Captain, and was as fond
"of her ſecond ſpouſe as ſhe had been of her
"firſt."

## CHAP. XXII.

### *Frailty not confined to Females.*

"WELL," ſays Lady Foreſter, "and what
"do you infer from this goſſiping tale?
"That women are poor frail creatures, and do
"not thoroughly know their own hearts; but
"frequently act contrary to their beſt-formed
"reſolutions?"

"Yes," ſays Wildgooſe, "and we are all
"equally frail and impotent, without the aſſiſt-
"ance of the Divine Spirit. This Lady indeed
"ſeemed ſenſible of her own weakneſs, by her
"firſt

"firſt reſolution to avoid the very ſight of a "man for the future; for there is no ſecurity, "but by guarding every avenue of the ſoul "againſt the approach of our ſpiritual adver-"ſary!"

"I am afraid, however," ſays Sir William, "there are as many inſtances of frailty to be "met with in ours, as in that which is called "the *ſofter* ſex. The Lady, whom the Colo-"nel has mentioned, was guilty of a very com-"mon, and, I ſuppoſe, a very innocent frailty. "She buried one huſband, and married ano-"ther. But there has lately happened a very "ſhocking inſtance of frailty, or rather of an "irregular indulgence of the paſſions, in one of "our ſex; the particulars of which (as I be-"lieve it was in his neighbourhood) Mr. Wild-"gooſe perhaps may be able to inform us of; "I mean, the dreadful ſtory of Sir W. K. who, "in a fit of jealouſy, as I have heard, burnt "himſelf and a magnificent houſe, which he "had built to pleaſe the fancy of an imperious "Miſtreſs, whom he kept; though he had "really been as fond of his own Lady, as the "Dowager (Colonel Rappee talks of) was of "her huſband."

Wildgooſe replied, "that the particulars of "that affair were known to all the neighbour-"hood in which *he* lived. But the cataſtrophe "was too tragical to entertain ſo chearful a "company. Yet," ſays he, "if Sir William "deſires it, I will take ſome opportunity of "relating the whole progreſs of that affair."

The Ladies, according to a laudable cuſtom, now leaving the Gentlemen at liberty to enjoy a more licentious converſation, and to drink bumpers; and neither Sir William nor his company being diſpoſed to make uſe of that indulgence; they alſo ſoon after diſperſed. And Sir William invited Mr. Wildgooſe to accompany them to a very romantic place (which he was going to ſhew to the young Templar), being the ſeat * of a Gentleman in the neighbourhood; where the river Manifold, after running three or four miles under ground, burſts forth from a hollow rock in the garden, which is laid out with grottoes and caſcades, ſuitable to ſo groteſque a ſcene.

Wildgooſe would have declined this gratification of his curioſity, but for the ſake of a ſmall Lead-mine, which Sir William told him they

* Ilam, the ſeat of Mr. Porte, now well known to people of taſte in moſt parts of the kingdom.

ſhould

ſhould paſs near in the walk thither; where, he thought, he might reconnoitre the ground, in order to begin his operations the firſt opportunity.

The Colonel, conſcious of the advantageous figure he made on horſe-back, choſe to ride, attended only by his ſervant. But Bob Tench accompanied them, for the ſake of throwing his fly by the way, and angling for trout in the river Dove. And one or two of the ſervants took Tugwell as far as the lead-work, notwithſtanding his bruiſes from the tame deer in the morning, in hopes of having ſome ſport with him when they came thither.

## CHAP. XXIII.

### *Wonders of the Peak.*

ONE of the ſervants that attended Tugwell in his walk was the old Gardener, who was a man of ſome humour; and had read many books of Travels and of Natural Hiſtory, as well as thoſe which more immediately related to his own profeſſion. He entertained Jerry, as they went along, with ſome account of the

wonders of the Peak; "which," he ſaid, "they would ſee, if he and his Maſter went "with the company to-morrow, as he found "his Lady intended they ſhould."

The Gardener told him, "there was an hill "called Mam-torre (as big as any of the Welſh "mountains which he had been talking of), "that was continually mouldering and ſhiver-"ing down earth and parts of the rock; and "yet neither was the hill viſibly diminiſhed, "nor the valley beneath raiſed up, in the me-"mory of man.

"There is alſo a perpendicular chaſm, or "opening into the very bowels of the earth, "called Elden-hole, above fifty feet wide; "and which has been fathomed above eight "hundred yards, and no bottom diſcovered.

"Then there is Chatſworth, the fineſt houſe "in England, belonging to the Duke of De-"vonſhire. The frames of the windows are "all gilded with gold; and the gardens are the "moſt beautiful that can be conceived."

"Well! but where is the D-vil's A-ſe o'Peak, "which they talk ſo much of?" ſays Tugwell.— "Why that is the greateſt curioſity of all," ſays the Gardener. "It is a monſtrous cavern, "as high as the inſide of a cathedral church,

"at

"at the bottom of a prodigious mountain. "In the mouth of the cavern are ſeveral cotta- "ges, where the poor people make pack-thread, "&c. And acroſs it run three different ſtreams, "which are loſt under ground. Two of them "you may paſs over in a flat-bottomed boat. "But the rock cloſes almoſt entirely over the "third; ſo that it is generally thought to be "impaſſable. This, however, a man of great "curioſity once ventured to paſs over, laying "himſelf flat on his face in the boat, and being "ſhoved over by his companions; but he was "near a whole day before he returned."

"And what, *the dickins!* did he ſee," ſays Tugwell, "when he got thither?"

"Why," ſays the Gardener, "as ſoon as "he landed, he came into a fine *green* meadow, "not covered with graſs, but paved with green "Emeralds; at the extremity of which was a "large city, inhabited by people about a ſpan "long. Upon inquiring the name of the coun- "try, he found they underſtood his language, "and did not ſeem much ſurprized at his ap- "pearance; having often ſeen and converſed "with the inhabitants of this outward ſurface "of the globe, in the remoter parts of their "dominions. For, you muſt know, the place

" where he landed was the Mineral Kingdom;
" and the town which he ſaw, the capital city
" of the King of Diamonds. They are a race
" of Fairies, that preſide over the different pro-
" ductions of the Mines: not only Gold, Sil-
" ver, Copper, Lead, and all the uſeful metallic
" ore; but alſo the precious ſtones which mor-
" tals are ſo fond of, Diamonds, Rubies, Eme-
" ralds, Sapphires, and the like: which they
" cryſtallize, ripen, purify, and refine, by in-
" ceſſant chemical operations, in the bowels of
" the earth. Their city was ſurrounded with
" walls of common Agate or Cornelian; the
" gates were either Braſs or Iron; their houſes
" were built of different-coloured precious
" ſtones; regard being chiefly had to their ſeveral
" ranks or profeſſions. The Royal Palace was
" of Rubies and Garnets, the doors of Gold and
" Silver. The Biſhops houſes were of purple
" Amethyſts, the inferior Clergy of blue or
" Sapphires, and ſo on: though moſt of them
" were lined with Cornelian, or ſome ſtone
" that was not tranſparent, to keep out the
" ſcorching rays of the ſun, and to prevent the
" inſpection of their impertinent neighbours.
" They ſet no great value upon Diamonds, on
" account of their want of colour; but prepared

" them

"them chiefly for traffic. They had plenty of "the fineſt liquors: their conduits ran with a "liquor called Nectar, Honey-water, and Eau-"de-luce; and their ſprings with the moſt ſpi-"rited mineral waters, ſuch as Spa or Pyrmont "produce. But, it being very hot weather, "our poor adventurer would rather have had "one quart of ſmall-beer, than all the gold "and precious ſtones in the univerſe."

"Well," ſays Tugwell, "but how, the "Deuce! did he get back again?"

"You ſhall hear," ſays the Gardener. "He was going to pocket a few looſe Dia-"monds, with which the highways were "mended, and to pluck up an old Silver gate-"poſt, when he found himſelf pinched all over "his body, and received a great blow upon his "back with a ſtone; and the boat was driven "down the ſtream to a good landing-place, "where he returned to his companions: being "uncertain whether he had not fallen aſleep "in his paſſage, and whether what he ſaw "was a dream or a reality."

The ſtrange deſcription put Jerry in mind of the Utopia of ſchool-boys; who ſaid, "he had "rather have gone into the country which he "had heard of, where the houſes are built with

" plumb-cake or ginger-bread, and thatched " with pancakes; the ſtreets paved with apple- " dumplins; and where the roaſt pigs ran about " with knives and forks ſtuck in their buttocks, " crying, 'Come, eat me! Come, eat me!' " Though I ſhould like to ſee the *Mineral* " *Kingdom* too," ſays Jerry, " if I could ſee " it without croſſing the water."

## CHAP. XXIV.

### *View of a Lead-mine.*

THEY were now come to the Lead-mine, at the bottom of an high hill; where they ſaw only three Miners, who were winding up a baſket of ore: but the Gardener told Jerry, " There were probably twenty more under " ground; and that he had better go down and " preach to them, or at leaſt prepare them a " little for what his Maſter had to ſay to them " when he came. And then you will ſee ſome- " thing of the Mineral Kingdom into the bar- " gain."

As Jerry had heard Wildgooſe harangue ſo often on the ſame ſubject, he was a little conceited

ceited of his own proficiency, and really fancied he could almoſt equal his Maſter; and ſeemed at firſt well enough pleaſed with the compliment that was paid him. But, when he approached the ſhaft or mouth of the Mine, he was greatly terrified at the appearance; and ſaid, "For his part, he did not pretend to preach: "that God had not beſtowed upon him the gift "of utterance, and of underſtanding hard "words; but that he only went with Mr. "Wildgooſe for company's ſake; who, he did "not doubt, would ſome time or other pay him "for his trouble."

"Well," ſays the old Gardener, "but, as "your Maſter may not come in time, you "would not ſuffer ſo many poor ſouls to periſh, "for want perhaps of what little inſtruction "you can give them?" — Tugwell replied, "He was nothing but a poor Cobler; and it "was not his buſineſs to *ſave ſouls*." — "That's "true," ſays the Gardener, "as you are a Cob-"ler; but, as you pretend to be a Methodiſt, "you ought to preach, in ſeaſon and out of "ſeaſon, above ground or under ground, "wherever you have an opportunity."

"'Sblood!" cries Jerry, with a licentious air, "I am no Methodiſt, I tell you; and would "not

"not go down into ſuch a hole as this, to ſave "all the ſouls in Purgatory."

The ſervants, however, as ſoon as the Miners had emptied their load, winked upon them, and made ſigns to put Tugwell into the baſket; which two of them very dextrouſly performed (notwithſtanding Jerry laid about him, and made great reſiſtance); and the third got into the baſket with him, and held him faſt; whilſt the other two, by means of the windlaſs, let them ſeveral fathoms down the ſhaft; Tugwell roaring out like a mad bull, as he deſcended into the horrid chaſm.

Juſt at that inſtant Mr. Wildgooſe, attended by Bob Tench, (having left the company as ſoon as they had taken a ſlight view of the romantic gardens at Ilam) came to the Lead-mine; and, hearing the out-cry, enquired with ſome eagerneſs, "What was the matter?"—The Gardener told them, "that they had perſuaded Mr. Tug-"well to go down and preach to the Miners; "but that, now he was got into the ſhaft, he "ſeemed a little frightened at the manner of "going down."

Wildgooſe, being no ſtranger to Jerry's want of courage in adventures of that unuſual kind, was apprehenſive of ſome bad conſequences: he therefore

therefore deſired them to wind him up again; which, upon Bob Tench's likewiſe inſiſting upon it, they immediately performed: ſo that Jerry ſaw but little of the Mineral Kingdom.

As ſoon as Tugwell was ſafely landed again, he began rubbing his fiſts and ſpitting in his hands, and challenged to fight any two of the Miners who had treated him in that treacherous manner; when, perceiving his Maſter (who attempted to moderate his reſentment), Jerry fell foul upon him with bitter complaints; and ſaid, "if Mr. Wildgooſe had a mind to preach to "the Miners, he ſhould go by himſelf: for he "would not be buried alive upon other people's "buſineſs; and I am ſure," adds Jerry, "if I "had gone much lower, the cold damps would "have taken away my breath." — "Well," ſays Wildgooſe, "I don't deſire you to run "any riſque; but I myſelf will immediately "go down amongſt theſe poor people, and open "my commiſſion; and they ſhall not remain "one night longer under the dominion of "Satan."

Wildgooſe then deſired the Miners "to let "him down the ſhaft, as he underſtood there "were ſeveral more of their fellow-labourers "under

"under ground."—But the Miners then told him, "that there were no more than them-"ſelves there; and that the Mine had been un-"der water for this week paſt; and that they "had been employed to bring away ſome ore, "that was left in a cavity about half way "down the ſhaft; and that they only took the "other honeſt man" (meaning Tugwell) "to "frighten him a little, by way of diverſion." Wildgooſe, therefore, having aſked them ſome few queſtions more; he, Mr. Tench, and the reſt of the company, returned towards Sir William Foreſter's.

Tugwell, by not ſubmitting to his fate with Chriſtian patience, had got a broken head in the ſcuffle; which, though he did not perceive it at firſt, bled pretty freely. But, as Bob Tench was never at a loſs for expedients; and had always a little phial of Fryars Balſam in his pocket, ſome gold-beaters ſkin and court-plaiſter, as well as his cork-ſcrew and mohock; he ſoon ſet Jerry's ſkull to rights, and ſtopped the bleeding.

Upon Wildgooſe's lamenting his diſappoint-ment in not finding any number of people at the Lead-mine, the old Gardener told him how precarious thoſe operations were: "that a

"great

"great Copper-mine in that neighbourhood, "which had brought in ſix thouſand pounds a-"year, was now under water, and would pro-"bably be the ruin of a very worthy family *: "that one gentleman had ſpent eight or nine "hundred pounds in queſt of a vein of ore; "and was then obliged (for want of money) "to deſiſt: another gentleman purſues the ſame "work—and, within two feet of the ſpot where "the former adventurer had left off, diſcovers "a rich vein, and makes a fortune of ten thou-"ſand pounds."—"Ah!" ſays Wildgooſe, "I "wiſh people would ſeek after righteouſneſs, "as they do after ſilver; and ſearch after true "religion, as they do after hidden treaſures."—"Troth!" (ſays Tugwell) "I had rather work "for eight-pence a day above ground; than "venture down into a Mine, for all the hidden "treaſure in the world."

As they went along, Bob Tench left them for an hour, to angle upon the Dove for trout; and it being a fine calm evening, he ſoon caught a brace and a half, which he brought home in triumph; and ſaid, "that was the "fineſt proſpect he had ſeen to-day."

* Gilbert Cowper, Eſquire.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXV.

### *Beauties of Nature.*

SIR William and the young Templar, and the other parties, all came to the rendezvous pretty near the ſame time. When they were come into the parlour and ſat down, Mr. Wildgooſe appearing rather more ſerious than uſual; Lady Foreſter ſaid, "He ſeemed tired with "his walk;" and aſked him, "how he liked "Ilam?" Wildgooſe anſwered, "it was cer-"tainly a moſt romantic place; and he enjoyed "proſpects of that kind as much as any one, "formerly. But—"—"But what?" ſays Miſs Sainthill, with ſome quickneſs. "Why, to be "ſure," replies Wildgooſe, "the natural man "cannot but be delighted with theſe terreſtrial "beauties; yet, conſidered in a religious light, "theſe ſtupendous rocks and mountains appear "to me as the ruins of a noble palace, deſigned "for man in a ſtate of innocence; and, I own, "it makes me ſerious, when I reflect on the "fallen ſtate of mankind, and that the whole "creation ſuffers for our guilt, and groaneth "for redemption."

"Well,"

"Well," ſays Lady Foreſter, "all this may "be true; but you don't think it any ſin to be "charmed with the beauties of Nature? You "ſay; the *natural man* is delighted with them; "that is, every thing great, beautiful, or un-"common, is *naturally* agreeable to the imagi-"nation: and I can never think it unlawful to "enjoy (under proper reſtrictions) what Provi-"dence has formed us for enjoying."

"No," ſays Miſs Sainthill: "if it were, "David muſt have been a very wicked man; "who always ſpeaks with rapture of the beauties "of Nature; of the magnificence of the hea-"venly bodies—the Moon and Stars, which "thou haſt created! the variety of ſeaſons "thou haſt made! ſummer and winter; the "ſweet approach of even and morn! Thou "that makeſt the out-goings of the morning "and evening to praiſe thee! O Lord! how "manifold are thy works! (ſays he)—in wiſ-"dom haſt thou made them all."

"Well played! Miſs Sainthill," cries the Colonel. "Why Lady Foreſter has no occa-"ſion for a Chaplain; you quote chapter and "verſe, as well as the beſt Divine in Chriſten-"dom."

Supper

Supper now appeared; and the *natural man* again reſuming his place in Mr. Wildgooſe, he ate as heartily as the beſt of them. After ſupper, when they had taken a glaſs or two round, Sir William put Mr. Wildgooſe in mind of the promiſe he had made, to give them the particulars of Sir William K——'s unhappy affair.

Wildgooſe replied, "that he could not without ſome reluctance recollect ſo tragical a "ſtory, which concerned a family for whom "he had a great regard. But," ſays he, "as "the thing is public, and ſhews in a ſtriking "light the dreadful conſequences of irregular "indulgences, and alſo how corrupt the *na-*"*tural man* is when deſtitute of divine grace, I "will relate the particulars, with as much "brevity as I can.

## CHAP. XXVI.

### *Narrative of a licentious Amour.*

"SIR William K——te was a Baronet of "very conſiderable fortune, and of an an-"cient family: and, on his return from his "travels,

"travels, had ſo amiable a character, and was "reckoned (what the world calls) ſo fine a "gentleman, that he was thought a very de-"ſirable match for a worthy Nobleman's "daughter in the neighbourhood, of great "beauty, merit, and a ſuitable fortune.

"Sir W. and his Lady lived very happily "together for ſome years, and had four or five "fine children; when he was unfortunately "nominated (at a conteſted Election) to repre-"ſent the Borough of W—r—k; in which "county the bulk of his eſtate lay, and where "he at that time reſided. After the election, "as ſome ſort of recompence to a zealous par-"tizan of Sir W.'s, Lady K———te took an "Inn-keeper's daughter for her own maid. "She was a tall, genteel girl, with a fine com-"plexion, and an appearance of great modeſty "and innocence.

"Molly I——n (which was her name) had "waited on Lady K—te for ſome time, before "Sir W. appeared to take the leaſt notice of "her; though Lady K——te (perhaps from "ſome ſparks of jealouſy, and to try how Sir "W. ſtood affected) would frequently ob-"ſerve, 'what a fine girl Molly I——n was "grown!' To which Sir W.'s uſual reply

"was,

" was, ' That he ſaw nothing extraordinary in
" the girl :' and even affected to ſpeak ſlight-
" ingly of her perſon, and to cenſure her auk-
" wardneſs and her vanity ; for which as there
" was not the leaſt foundation, Sir W. pro-
" bably intended it to conceal his real ſenti-
" ments.

" After ſome time, however, the ſervants in
" the family began to entertain ſome ſuſpicions,
" that Molly I——n was too highly in her
" Maſter's favour. The Houſe-keeper in par-
" ticular (who in the courſe of forty years
" had been actually engaged in at leaſt for-
" ty intrigues) ſoon perceived there was too
" much foundation for theſe ſuſpicions. Know-
" ing, therefore, that the Butler had himſelf
" made overtures to Molly, ſhe ſet him to
" work, whoſe jealouſy made him ſo vigilant,
" that he ſoon diſcovered the whole of the affair,
" and that it had proceeded much further than
" was at firſt apprehended. The Houſe-keeper
" (as that ſort of gentry are apt to triumph in
" the indiſcretions of young people) made uſe of
" the Butler's *name*, as well as his intelligence,
" to her Lady: and this threw every thing into
" confuſion.

"Lady K——te's paſſion ſoon got the better "of her diſcretion. For if, inſtead of reproach- "ing Sir W. with his infidelity, ſhe had "diſſembled her reſentment, till his firſt fond- "neſs for this new object had abated (which, "for her own ſake as well as that of her child- "ren, ſhe ought to have done), ſhe might pro- "bably have reclaimed her huſband; who, "notwithſtanding this temporary defection, was "known to have a ſincere regard and eſteem "for his Lady.

"The Butler's officious ſedulity, however, "had like to have been fatal to the poor fellow. "For his name being mentioned, as having "made the diſcovery; and Molly I——n "having told Sir W. 'that he was only "piqued at her rejecting his addreſſes;' Sir W. "went up into the ſervants apartment the "very next night, and ran his ſword ſeveral "times through the bed where the Butler uſed "to lie; who had (for ſome reaſon or other) "changed his lodging, and happily eſcaped his "deſtruction. And this raſh proceeding of Sir "W. ſhews how true it is, that whoever "offends againſt the laws of God in one point, "is often (in a literal ſenſe) guilty of violat- "ing the whole law.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXVII.

*The Narrative continued.*

"THE affair being now publicly known in "the family; and all reſtraints of ſhame, "or fear of diſcovery, being quite removed; "things were ſoon carried to extremity be- "tween Sir W. and his Lady, and a ſepara- "tion became unavoidable: Sir W. left Lady "K——te, with the two younger children, in "poſſeſſion of the manſion-houſe in W—ſhire; "and retired himſelf, with his Miſtreſs (and "his two eldeſt ſons), to a large farm-houſe "on the ſide of the Cotſwold-hills. The ſitua- "tion was fine; plenty of wood and water; "and commanded an extenſive view of the vale "of Eveſham. This tempted him to build an "handſome box there, with very extenſive gar- "dens, planted and laid out in the expenſive "taſte of the age. And, not content with "this, before the body of the houſe was quite "finiſhed, Sir W. added two large ſide- "fronts (if I may ſo expreſs it) for no better "a reaſon, as I could hear, but that his Miſ-

"treſs

"treſs happened to ſay, 'What is a kite with-
"out wings?'

"I mention theſe particulars, becauſe, I be-
"lieve, the expence of finiſhing this place
"(which was at leaſt ten thouſand pounds) was
"the firſt cauſe of Sir W.'s encumbering his
"eſtate: and the difficulties in which he was
"involved making him uneaſy, he (as is too
"natural) had recourſe to the bottle for relief.
"Sir W. kept what is called an hoſpitable
"houſe; and too many people being fond of the
"freedom and jollity which is uſually found at
"a table where no Lady preſides*, he was
"ſeldom without company; which brought on
"a conſtant courſe of diſſipation and want of
"œconomy: by which means Sir W.'s affairs,
"in a few years, became almoſt deſperate:
"though, it muſt be confeſſed, Mrs. I—n, in
"her ſituation, behaved with great care and
"frugality.

"Well; Sir W. was now turned of fifty;
"and his eldeſt ſon (the preſent Sir J—s) being
"grown up, and returned from the Univerſity;
"Sir W. inſtead of ſending him abroad, or

* It was a point of decency, at this time, not to bring a Miſtreſs amongſt ſtrangers. I believe the cuſtom is now altered.

"giving him the advantages which a young "man of his rank might have expected; kept "him at home, and made him a witneſs, and "in ſome meaſure a partaker, of his de- "baucheries: and, what is moſt to be lamented "(in a temporal view), drew him in, by ſome "plauſible pretence or wrong indulgence, to "part with his reverſionary right to his mother's "jointure, which was very conſiderable, and "almoſt the only part of the eſtate which had "not been already mortgaged for its full "value.

## CHAP. XXVIII.

### *Its fatal Event.*

"BUT to haſten to the cataſtrophe of my "tale. There was taken into the family, "about this time, a freſh-coloured country "girl, in the capacity of a Dairy-maid, with "no other beauty than what ariſes from the "bloom of youth: and, as people who once "give way to their paſſions, and are unre- "ſtrained by grace, know no bounds; Sir W. "(in the decline of life) conceived an amorous "regard for this girl, who was ſcarce twenty. "This event produced ſtill further confuſion in

"the family. Mrs. I—n ſoon obſerved this "growing paſſion; and, either from reſent-"ment, or from the apprehenſion, or perhaps "the real experience, of ill uſage, thought "proper to retire to a little market town in the "neighbourhood, where ſhe was reduced to "keep a little ſewing-ſchool for bread."—"Aye, and good enough too for ſuch huſſies!" cried ſome of the Ladies.

"Well," continued Wildgooſe, "young Mr. "K—te, whether ſhocked at this unparalleled "infatuation of his father, or (as was com-"monly ſaid) finding himſelf conſidered as a "rival in the affections of this poor creature, "ſought an aſylum, and ſpent moſt of his "time with Lord L——, a friend of his, in "W—ſhire.

"Sir W. though he had now a proſpect "of being ſucceſsful in this humble amour, "and of indulging it without moleſtation; yet "began at length to ſee the deluſive nature of "all vicious purſuits: and though he endea-"voured to keep up his ſpirits, or rather to "drown all thought, by conſtant intoxication, "yet in his ſober intervals he became a victim "to gloomy reflections. He had injured a "valuable wife; which he could not even now

"reflect upon without ſome remorſe: he had "wronged his innocent children, whom he "could not think upon without the tendereſt "ſentiments of compaſſion. His ſon, who had "been a ſort of companion to him for ſome "years, had now left him, through his ill "uſage. And, as ſhe had been for ſome time "uſeful to him, he was ſhocked at being de-"ſerted even by the woman for whoſe ſake he "had brought this diſtreſs upon his family: "and he found himſelf almoſt alone, in that "magnificent but fatal manſion, the erecting "and adorning of which had been the prin-"cipal cauſe of ruining his fortune.

"Tormented by theſe contending paſſions, "he had, for a week paſt, raiſed himſelf, by "conſtant inebriation, to a degree of frenzy; "and had behaved in ſo frantic a manner, that "even his new favourite, the poor Blowſelinda, "could bear it no longer, and had eloped from "him.

"On the morning of the day on which he "executed his fatal reſolution, Sir W. ſent "for his ſon, and for his new miſtreſs; with "what intention can only be conjectured: but "luckily neither of them obeyed the ſummons. "Early in the evening (it being in the

"month

"month of October, I think) the Butler had "lighted two candles, as uſual, and ſet them "upon the marble table in the hall. Sir "W. came down, and took them up him-"ſelf, as he frequently did. After ſome time, "however, one of the Houſe-maids ran down "ſtairs in a great fright, and ſaid, 'the lobby "was all in a cloud of ſmoke.' The ſervants, "and a Tradeſman that was in the houſe upon "buſineſs, ran immediately up, and, forcing "open the door whence the ſmoke ſeemed to "proceed, they found Sir W. had ſet fire "to a large heap of fine linen (piled up in "the middle of the room), which had been "given by ſome old Lady, a relation, as a "legacy to his eldeſt ſon. Whilſt the atten-"tion of the ſervants was entirely taken up "with extinguiſhing the flames in this room, "Sir W. had made his eſcape into an ad-"joining chamber, where was a cotton bed, "and which was wainſcoted with deal, as moſt "finiſhed rooms then were. When they had "broke open this door, the flames burſt out "upon them with ſuch fury, that they were all "glad to make their eſcape out of the houſe; "the principal part of which ſumptuous pile "was in a few hours burnt to the ground:

"and no other remains of Sir W. were "found the next morning, than the hip-bone, "and the *vertebræ*, or bones of the back; with "two or three keys, and a gold watch, which "he had in his pocket.

"This was the dreadful conſequence of a "licentious paſſion, not checked in its infan-"cy: or rather, thus may every unregenerate "man expect to be drawn on from one degree "of wickedneſs to another, when deſerted by "the Spirit, and given up to his own imagina-"tions."

## CHAP. XXIX.

### *A Remedy againſt Suicide.*

"WELL," ſays Colonel Rappee; "we "are obliged to the Gentleman for "his ſtory—and for a ſermon into the bargain." —"Why, it is a very ſerious affair," ſays Sir William, "for a man to deſtroy himſelf; and "ruſh into the preſence of his offended Judge, "with all his ſins and follies unrepented of "about him."—The Colonel replied, "if life "was given as a bleſſing; when it ceaſed to be "ſuch, he thought a man might reſign it again, "without

"without offence to any one."—"Yes, yes," ſays Sir William, "if he were under no obliga-"tions to any law, either of Nature, or Reaſon, "or Society: not to mention the Revealed Will "of God, by which all murder is forbidden. "But I would deſire no other argument againſt "ſelf-murther," continues Sir William, "than "its being contrary to the very firſt law of na-"ture, ſelf-preſervation; and its ſhocking the "natural feelings and common apprehenſions "of all mankind."

The young Templar ſaid, "that, as ſuicide "was the moſt horrid of all murders, a friend "of his propoſed to have the offender puniſhed "as other heinous murders are."—"How is "that?" ſays the Colonel.—"Why, by being "hanged in chains," ſays the Templar.—"Oh!" ſays Sir William; "but that would be "rather a puniſhment to his ſurviving family, "than to the deceaſed offender."—"Yes," ſays the Templar; "and that is the very thing "propoſed; as the thoughts of bringing ſuch a "reproach upon his innocent wife and children "would probably reſtrain many a man from ſo "raſh an action, who was deaf to every other "conſideration."—"Well," ſays Miſs Saint-hill, "but this penalty would be no reſtraint "upon you and me, Colonel—upon old Maids

" and old Batchelors. And a man that *burns* " himſelf (like Sir W. K.) would evade the " law."

The Colonel was going to make ſome reply, when the attention of the company was attracted by a burſt of loud laughter from the ſervants hall; and a ſort of riotous mirth, not uſual in Sir William's family. Miſs Foreſter, attended by Mr. Bob Tench, took upon her to go and enquire into the cauſe of this boiſterous merriment. When they came to the door of the ſervants apartment, they found it was Tugwell who had " ſet the table on a roar," by getting up on the end of it, and holding forth in imitation of his Maſter and Mr. Whitfield.

The truth was, Jerry being pretty thirſty, after his long walk and the numerous perils he had undergone that day, the Butler plied him with ſtrong beer, till he began to wax mellow; in which ſtate of things, Jerry thought proper to mount the table, and harangue in praiſe of *temperance*; and, in ſhort, proceeded ſo long in recommending *ſobriety*, and in toſſing off horns of ale, that he became as drunk as a piper. This inconſiſtency of conduct expoſed our Orator (as it has done more reſpectable characters) to the ridicule of his audience: ſo that the Cook had made ſo free with the Preacher,

Preacher, as to pin a diſh-clout to his rump; and the other ſervants, in their different ways, had offered Jerry many indignities. Nay, they proceeded ſo far at laſt, as to give him the ſtrappado, or ancient diſcipline of the boot, with no feeble arm, upon his poſteriors; and then conveyed him hand and foot (like a dead pig) decently to bed.

When Miſs Foreſter returned into the parlour, ſhe laughed to herſelf, and whiſpered Lady Foreſter in the ear.—Sir William aſked Bob Tench, "what was the cauſe of all that noiſe "below ſtairs?"—Bob caſt a ſneering look at Wildgooſe (as if he were anſwerable for the abſurdities of his comrade); and ſaid, "Mr. "Wildgooſe's friend was entertaining the com-"pany with a diſſertation upon *ſobriety*; but "his long walk, and an horn or two of ale, "were a little too much for him."

Wildgooſe could not forbear bluſhing at the indiſcretion of his fellow-traveller; being ſenſible that he muſt rather injure the cauſe than promote it, as his zeal was probably much greater than his knowledge or his abilities.

## CHAP. XXX.

*Love triumphant over Senſuality.*

IT being now bed-time, Mrs. Molly brought candles for the Ladies; and, in alluſion to what had paſſed in the ſervants hall, ſimpered upon Wildgooſe. But there was ſomething ſo laſcivious in her ſmiles, that he conſidered it as almoſt an act of ſenſuality to return them; which yet it was almoſt impoſſible to avoid.

The Gentlemen ſate talking near half an hour after the Ladies were gone; and then retired to their ſeveral apartments. When Wildgooſe was got to his chamber, had ſhut the door, and was going to his devotions by the bed-ſide; he was ſurprized with the ſight of a pink petticoat, a cotton gown, a pair of white ſtockings, and ſome green ſtuff-ſhoes, thrown careleſsly upon the floor; and, upon looking within the curtains, ſaw a girl, as he thought, in a laced night-cap, her face turned from him, and (as he ſuppoſed) faſt aſleep. Wildgooſe was ſtruck ſilent with aſtoniſhment at firſt: but imagining that Mrs. Molly, who had ogled him ſo frequently ſince he came, had laid this ſnare for his virtue, he broke

broke out into this kind of ſoliloquy: "Ah! "wretch that I am! I have brought this poor "creature to the very brink of deſtruction, by "my own carnal concupiſcence. I have en- "couraged her amorous wiſhes, by returning "her wanton glances; inſtead of nipping her "hopes in the bud, by a ſeverity of counte- "nance, as I ought to have done. But how "ſhall I reſiſt ſuch a temptation? The ſpirit "is willing; but the fleſh is weak. I can re- "nounce the world, and defy the Devil.—But "the fleſh—oh! the fleſh is weak.—Heaven "protect me!"—Whilſt he was uttering this rhapſody, he, by an almoſt involuntary motion, pulled Miſs Townſend's cambrick handkerchief out of his pocket; the ambroſial ſcent of which immediately revived her agreeable idea, and the tender ſentiments which Mr. Wildgooſe entertained for that Lady; and gave a new turn to his thoughts. "But oh! wretch that I am!" continues he, "how can I forget the kind "looks and modeſt bluſhes of the incomparable "Miſs Townſend; and be guilty of any act of "infidelity to ſo amiable a Lady?—Avaunt, "Beelzebub! Get thee behind me, Satan!" ſays he, with a vehement emphaſis; which threw the counterfeit Mrs. Molly into a fit of laughter: and out leaped Tom the Stable-

boy (whom the Butler had got to act this farce), and, running to the chamber-door, joined Mr. George and ſome others of the ſervants who were in the ſecret, and who were waiting in the lobby for the event of their ſtratagem.

Mr. Wildgooſe ſtared with ſurprize; and was at firſt a little angry at the joke which was put upon him. But, immediately recollecting that he had invited this inſult by his own indiſcretion, he thought it beſt to take no further notice of it. He therefore went to bed; but was kept awake an hour or two, by his vexation at this incident, and other meditations of various kinds.

## CHAP. XXXI.

### *More nocturnal Perils.*

MR. Wildgooſe was juſt compoſing himſelf to ſleep, however, when he heard his door open again, and was afraid of ſome real attack upon his chaſtity; when, to his aſtoniſhment, he heard the lamentable voice of his friend Tugwell. "Maſter Wildgooſe! Maſter "Wildgooſe!" ſays he, "for God's ſake, awake: "I will

"I will not ſtay a moment longer in the "houſe."—"Why; what is the matter?" ſays Wildgooſe.—"Why," quoth Jerry, "the "houſe is haunted, and the bed-cloaths are "bewitched; and I would not go to bed again "for an hundred pounds."—"I am afraid," replies Wildgooſe, "thou art not ſober yet, "Jerry; for I hear thou gotteſt fuddled to-night "in a moſt ungodly manner."—"Ah! Maſter," cries Jerry, "I am as ſober now as ever I was "in my life, and have had two or three hours "good ſleep. But, I am ſure, the bed is bewitch-"ed: for there was not a ſoul in the room "beſides myſelf; and a witch, or a ſpirit, kept "pulling the bed-cloaths off me, twenty times, "as faſt as I could pull them on me again. "And I am certain it could be nothing but "witchcraft."

The caſe was, the Cook and the Houſe-maid, by a common contrivance amongſt girls who love to be playing tricks with young fellows, had tacked the bed-cloaths together; and, by a long packthread fixed under the quilt and brought under the door, as they went up to bed, had played off this piece of fun, to the terror and annoyance of poor Tugwell.

Mr.

Mr. Wildgooſe deſired Jerry, "to go to bed "again till the morning; when he himſelf," he ſaid, "intended to depart: as he found "the ſervants, inſtead of minding the things "which belonged to their ſalvation, were all "in a conſpiracy to put tricks upon them, and "to defeat their pious intentions."

"Yes," ſays Jerry, "and ſo are the Miners "too, as far as I can ſee; and I am for getting "out of this heatheniſh country as faſt as we "can."

"Why," ſays Wildgooſe, "Sir William and "Lady Foreſter are very good people; but we "have done wrong, to entangle ourſelves in the "pleaſures of this world: and though I had "promiſed to accompany them into the Peak "to-morrow; yet the ſervants perhaps may "prejudice the Miners againſt us. In ſhort," ſays he, "I am afraid, the hour is not yet come "for their converſion. Therefore, Jerry, go "you and lie down for an hour or two longer; "and at dawn of day, we will leave this "place."

Tugwell, however, could not be prevailed upon to return to his own bed, which he conſidered as haunted by ſome inviſible being or evil ſpirit; but, putting on his cloaths, and laying his

his wallet under his head, ſlept upon the carpet in his Maſter's room.

As for Wildgooſe, he compoſed himſelf for a few hours; but awaking between three and four o'clock, he rouſed his fellow-traveller, and they ſet out before any of the family was ſtirring.

Wildgooſe left a note upon the table, expreſſing his obligations to Sir William and Lady Foreſter, and making an apology for his abrupt departure: but ſaid, "God had called him elſewhere; and, "the end for which he had come into the "Peak being (as he thought) fruſtrated by "ſome unexpected incidents, he would defer "his viſitation of the Miners to ſome more "favourable opportunity; when he hoped again "to pay his reſpects to his worthy friends Sir "William and Lady Foreſter."

## END OF BOOK X.

THE

# THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

## BOOK XI.

### CHAP. I.

*The two Pilgrims decamp, without Beat of Drum.*

THE two Pilgrims ſet out from Sir William Foreſter's (as was related) about four o'clock in the morning; and, as Tugwell did not know what his Maſter's intentions were, he was much pleaſed to ſee him turn his face towards the South. He was ſurprized, however, to find him ſo eaſily give up his project of preaching to the Miners in the Peak; with which view they had travelled ſo many tedious miles.

But the truth was, that, beſides his apprehenſions leſt the ſervants might make a ludicrous uſe of the adventure of the Stable-boy whom the Butler had put into his bed,

Mr.

Mr. Wildgooſe had a more powerful motive for haſtening his departure towards the South. Mr. Bob Tench, in their walk from Ilam, had told him, by way of converſation, "that "he had promiſed to attend Sir Harry Hotſpur "to Warwick races, which," he ſaid, "were "within two or three days at furtheſt."—Mr. Wildgooſe, therefore, having determined (as a *coup d' eclat)* to bear his teſtimony againſt thoſe ungodly meetings, thought no opportunity could be more proper than the preſent; when he could have a good chance for an interview with Miſs Townſend, for which he ſo eagerly longed.

Mr. Wildgooſe now travelled on for two or three hours in profound ſilence; reflecting on the diſgrace he ſhould probably bring upon himſelf and the cauſe in which he was embarked, if the ſervants ſhould maliciouſly miſrepreſent the ridiculous adventure above-mentioned.

At length, however, Jerry ventured to aſk his Maſter, "What o'clock it was?"—Wildgooſe, looking at him with a ſerious air, anſwered, "Ah! Jerry, do not be ſo anxious "to know the times and the ſeaſons: for my "part," continues he, "I am reſolved, for "the

"the future, to know nothing but my duty as "a Chriſtian; nor, as far as I can anſwer for "myſelf, ever to laugh again as long as I live, "that I may not, by any levity of behaviour, "inſpire any weak Chriſtian with wanton "thoughts, nor give occaſion for any ſuſpici-"ons to the prejudice of my own character."

"I will tell you what, then, Maſter; if "you are reſolved never to *laugh again*, you "muſt never do two things more—you muſt "never read Scoggan's Jeſts, nor ever hear "the Merry Andrew at Eveſham fair—for "they will make you burſt your belly with "laughter, in ſpite of your reſolution."—Wildgooſe had almoſt broken his vow at firſt ſetting out; and could not but *ſmile*, at leaſt, at Jerry's idea of wit and humour.

About eight o'clock, our travellers came to a public-houſe, at a ſmall diſtance from a Nobleman's ſeat; where they thought it proper to halt and refreſh themſelves. There were two ſmart ſervants, with guns and pointers, in the kitchen, who, as well as the neighbouring ſeat, they found, belonged to Lord B ——, Lady Foreſter's father. The ſervants were going a partridge-ſhooting; and, as ſoon as they marched out of the houſe, my Landlord

ſhook

ſhook his head, and ſaid, "It was a ſhame, to "turn their pointers into the corn, before the "Farmers had begun harveſt."—"Yes," ſays my Landlady, "they are a ſad pack of them; "they have debauched the whole country: "there is hardly a ſober man, or an honeſt "woman, within ten miles of my Lord's houſe. "I do not deſire their company here; for I "know they only want to ruin my daughter, "if they could have their will of her."

Wildgooſe thought this a melancholy contraſt to the character of Lady Foreſter; the force of whoſe good example had diffuſed a ſpirit of Religion and Virtue as widely round, as her Father's vicious principles had extended their baleful influence.

Wildgooſe anſwered mine Hoſteſs, "that "he imagined my Lord B——— was a good "moral man; though he knew he was no "great friend to Religion."—"Yes," ſays ſhe, "my Lord does ſome generous things, "to be ſure; but then there is no depending "upon him: he will be very charitable to a "poor man one day; and, if he happens to "affront him, ſend him to gaol the next.

"He almoſt ſtarved our whole market-town "laſt winter, to be revenged upon them for

"an

"an affront which they had put upon his "Lordſhip."—"How was that?" ſays Wildgooſe.—"Why," ſays my Landlady, "he "went and bought up three or four thou-"ſand pounds-worth of coals (for my Lord "is very rich, you know); ſo that there was "not a bit of coal to be got at any of the "pits for ten miles round the place."—This account confirmed Wildgooſe in his opinion of the precarious nature of mere human virtues, when unſupported by principles of Religion, or (as he called it) when void of Faith or Divine Grace.

## CHAP. II.

*A learned Inn-keeper. Mr. Wildgooſe meets an old Acquaintance.*

MR. Wildgooſe and his fellow-traveller having had but little reſt the preceding night, they made a ſhort ſtage that day, lodging at a ſmall public-houſe on the edge of the foreſt of Nedwood; and the next morning reached Litchfield again about eleven o'clock. They obſerved upon a ſign there a *Greek* motto *, to

* Ἢ πίθι, ἢ ἄπιθι.

this

this purpoſe, *Either drink, or depart about your buſineſs*; which they imagined to have been ſupplied by ſome learned Prebend, who either frequented or patronized the houſe. They complied with the firſt part of the precept, and *were drinking* a pint of ale upon a bench in the yard; when my Landlord, who was a genteel ſort of man, vouchſafed to ſpeak to them; and, ſoon finding that Wildgooſe had had a liberal education, ſate down by them, and began to inform them, "that he himſelf had been bred "at Cambridge as a Phyſician, and had actu- "ally practiſed at Litchfield; but, finding the "fees but ſmall, and that (ſuch as they were) "they came in but ſlowly, he had married a "young widow, who kept the inn. And here," ſays he, "I ſee a good deal of genteel com- "pany; I am *Maſter* of a good houſe; have "the moſt amiable woman in the world for "my wife; and live as happy as a King."

Whilſt my Landlord was thus diſplaying the felicity of his ſituation, the amiable Mrs. Brewer (his wife) rang the bar-bell with ſome vivacity; and, with no very melodious voice, cried out, "Dr. Brewer, where are you? what "the Devil are you about? why *don't-chee* "come, and ſhell ſome peaſe? Here's a Fa-

"mily

"mily coming in; and you ſit prating to "your Foot-paſſengers, who are drinking "three-halfpenny-worth of mild-ale, for-"ſooth!"

The Doctor moved like clock-work at the ſound of the bell and Mrs. Brewer's voice; and told the travellers, "he would wait upon them "again immediately."

The caſe was—juſt at that inſtant, there rode in, at the back-gate, a young man in a ſilver-laced hat and a blue great-coat, and called the Hoſtler with great authority.—"Here, Maſter; here am I," ſays the Hoſtler; "who's a coming?"—"Who's a coming! "why, I am coming, you puppy," ſays the young man.—"Yes, Maſter, I ſee you be," returns Robin: "but what Family, what equi-"page, have you got? and how many ſtands "ſhall you want for your horſes?"

My Landlady, hearing the Hoſtler aſk theſe queſtions, took it for granted ſome grand Family was at hand. But the Gentleman, who cauſed all this uproar, turned his horſe into the ſtable, bade the Hoſtler bring in his *ſaddle-bags*, and ordered a mutton-chop for his dinner.

As he paſſed by our two Pilgrims upon the bench, Mr. Wildgooſe thought it was a face which

which he had ſeen before (and indeed it was a pretty remarkable one); yet, being engaged with his own thoughts, he did not on a ſudden glance recollect him. But, the young man having got rid of his great-coat (which, though in the midſt of the dog-days, he had chiefly worn to conceal his ſaddle-bags on the road), he again exhibited himſelf at the door; when Wildgooſe immediately knew him to be Mr. Rouvell (or Beau Rueful), whom he had remembered at College, and met with at Bath.

As there were now no *perſons of diſtinction* in the caſe, Rouvell did not diſdain to recognize his old acquaintance. Wildgooſe being now an Itinerant by profeſſion, Rouvell expreſſed no ſurprize at meeting him there. But Wildgooſe aſked Rouvell, "what had brought "*him* to Litchfield?"—"Why, buſineſs of "conſequence," replies Rouvell; "and, if "you will dine with me here, I will explain "the affair to you; and, indeed, ſhould be "glad to conſult with you upon the ſubject."

Though Wildgooſe was rather impatient to get into Warwickſhire; yet, as the races did not begin till the day following, he had time enough upon his hands. He therefore accepted of Mr. Rouvell's invitation.

CHAP.

## CHAP. III.

*The laſt Efforts of expiring Vanity.*

WHEN Mr. Wildgooſe and Rouvell were alone together, Rouvell acquainted him with his preſent ſituation: "that, having "been jilted by a woman of fortune, whom he "thought himſelf upon the brink of marry- "ing, he had, in a fit of diſappointment, "married an agreeable woman, with a few "hundreds, who was really the widow who "kept the houſe where he had lodged at Bath; "that he was now determined to live a more "retired and regular life; and, in order to "that, had accepted of a preſentation to a "living, given him by one of the Members "for Coventry; and that he was now going "to the Biſhop for orders."

"To the Biſhop for orders!" cries Wildgooſe; "what! in a laced hat!"—"Oh," ſays Rouvell, "that is only to gain a little "reſpect upon the road, as I could not conve- "niently bring my ſervant with me; but I "ſhall immediately get that piece of finery "ripped

"ripped off before I wait upon the Biſhop. I "muſt confeſs, however," continues he, "I "have been ſo long accuſtomed to the gaiety "of the world, and to dreſs like a Gentleman, "that I do not at all reliſh the peculiarity of "the Clerical habit. Indeed, I can ſee no "reaſon why a Clergyman ſhould be diſtin-"guiſhed from the reſt of the world, by ſuch "a funeral appearance; nor what connexion "there is between Religion and a black coat; "as if Chriſtianity were ſuch a gloomy affair, "and ſo fatal an enemy to all kind of enjoy-"ment."

"Why," ſays Wildgooſe, "I do not ima-"gine there is any virtue in a black coat; but "it ſeems proper, by ſome external mark, "to put the Clergy in mind of the gravity "and importance of their function: as alſo, "to prevent their following the vain faſhions "of the world, and changing their dreſs ac-"cording to the caprice of mankind, it ſeems "adviſeable to confine them to ſome one "particular habit; which, I have heard, "was the common dreſs about the time of the "Reformation."

"Well," ſays Rouvell, "I can aſſure "you, I think it a great act of mortification,

"for a young fellow of eight and twenty, to "give up ſo material an article as that of "dreſs; and could not forbear expreſſing my "ſenſe of this hardſhip, t'other day, in a "ludicrous advertiſement, which I will ſhew "you." Rouvell then pulled out a ſmart Morocco-leather pocket-book, and read the following advertiſement:

"Whereas, on Sunday laſt (being Trinity-"Sunday), between the hours of ten and "twelve, two or three ill-looking fellows, diſ-"guiſed in *crape* (expreſsly contrary to the "*black* act), did lay violent hands on a poor "young Gentleman, near the Biſhop's palace "at B—d—n; putting him in *bodily fear*, by "bidding him *ſtand*, and *anſwer* them ſeveral "odd out-of-the-way queſtions; and did inſiſt "upon his taking ſeveral horrible oaths, and "extort from him ſeveral unreaſonable con-"ceſſions; particularly, that they, and all the "Gentlemen of their profeſſion, were very "honeſt, civil Gentlemen (contrary to his "real ſentiments and their known practices), "and had a right to treat in that manner, and "impoſe their opinions upon, all that fell un-"der their clutches; and, moreover, did rob "him of twelve and ſix-pence in money;

"and

"and did ſtrip him of all his wearing ap-
"parel, namely, a ſmart coat with a red ſilk
"lining, a laced waiſtcoat, and a pair of red
"breeches, with about half-a-dozen ruffled
"ſhirts, and as many pair of white ſtockings;
"and did even rip the ſilver button and loop
"off his hat:—Now this is to give notice,
"that whoever will bring any of the ſaid of-
"fenders to the two-faced pump in Oxford, or
"to any of the pumps, or horſe-ponds, in Ox-
"ford or Cambridge, ſo that they may be
"brought to condign puniſhment, ſhall re-
"ceive an handſome reward.

"*N. B.* The Head of this gang is an old
"offender, and has followed theſe practices
"for many years; and has brought up ſeveral
"of his ſons in the ſame *idle* way, who deſired
"to follow ſome genteel trade, and to get their
"bread in ſome honeſt gentleman-like way of
"life."

"Well, Sir," ſays Wildgooſe, "there is
"no great harm in this piece of humour; I
"only think it a ſort of *jeſting* which, (as St.
"Paul ſays) is not quite ſo *convenient* or *decent*,
"eſpecially in a man that is going to the
"Biſhop for Holy Orders. Many a man has
"paid dearly for his jeſt. A Candidate for

"the Conſulſhip at Rome, you know, loſt his "election, by jeſting upon a poor Mechanic "for the roughneſs of his hand. However, I "ſhould think, the change of character, which "is expected in a Clergyman, a more weighty "conſideration than the mere change of dreſs; "and that it is a greater ſacrifice in a young "man, to give up the gay amuſements of life, "than to lay aſide his laced waiſtcoat or white "ſtockings."

"Why," ſays Rouvell, "I ſhould ima-"gine it would be no diſadvantage to Reli-"gion, or to the Clergy in particular, if "they were to remit a little of that ſolemnity "of character, which has expoſed them to "the imputation of hypocriſy, and the ridicule "of the world; and to mix a little more of "the Gentleman, both in their dreſs and in "their deportment, which frequently pre-"judices people againſt very worthy and in-"genious men. And, now my pocket-book "is out, I will ſhew you another ludicrous "compoſition, which a friend of mine gave "me, when I firſt talked of taking the gown."

—Wildgooſe ſaid, "he did not approve of "that ſort of buffoonry;" but, as he would hear all the objections Rouvell had to the profeſſion

profeſſion he was now engaging in, Rouvell read the following parody on Shakeſpeare's celebrated deſcription of the ſeven ſtages of human life.

## CHAP. IV.

### *A Parody on the Speech of Jaques, in Shakeſpeare's* As you like it.

"AS this parody is put into the mouth of "a Fop," ſays Rouvell, "it is rather "a compliment to the Clergy, than any re-"flection upon them.

"——— Sir Plume,
"——————— Religion's all a farce;
"And Parſons are but men, like you or me.
"They have their foibles, and their fopperies:
"And one ſees amongſt them ſundry characters.
"To mention only ſeven.——And firſt—the Curate,
"*Humming* and *bawing* to his drowſy herd.—
"And then the Pedagogue, with formal wig,
"His night-gown and his cane; ruling, like Turk,
"All in his duſty ſchool.—Then the ſmart Prieſt,
"Writing extempore (forſooth!) a ſonnet
"Quaint, to his Miſtreſs' ſhoe-ſtring.—Then the Vicar,
"Full of fees cuſtom'ry, with his burying gloves;
"Jealous of his rights, and apt to quarrel;

" Claiming his paltry penny-farthing tithes,
" E'en at the Lawyer's price.—Then the Rector,
" In ſleek ſurcingle with good tithe-pig ſtuff'd;
" With eyes up-ſwoln, and ſhining double-chin;
" Full of wiſe nods and orthodox diſtinctions:
" And ſo he gains reſpect.—Proceed we next
" Unto the old Incumbent at his gate,
" With ſilken ſkull-cap tied beneath his chin;
" His banyan, with ſilver claſp, wrapt round
" His ſhrinking paunch; and his ſam'd, thund'ring voice,
" Now whiſtling like the wind, his audience ſleeps
" And ſnores to th' lulling ſound.—Beſt ſcene of all;
" With which I cloſe this reverend deſcription,
" Is your Welſh Parſon, with his *noble living*,
" *Sans* ſhoes, *ſans* hoſe, *ſans* breeches, *ſans* every thing."

" Why," ſays Wildgooſe, " this parody " might be characteriſtic of the Clergy of the " laſt age: but, I am apt to think, the de- " ſcriptions are now obſolete; and the Clergy " of theſe times are rather too polite than " too aukward, and have more of the Gentle- " man than either of the Chriſtian or the " Pedant, in their characters. They read " more Plays and Pamphlets, than Sermons " or Commentaries on the Bible; they are " rather witty in converſation, than wiſe unto " ſalvation;

" Polite apoſtates from God's Grace to Wit.

" But

"But I am moſt ſincerely of opinion," continues Wildgooſe, "that the only way for "the Clergy to eſcape the ridicule of the gay "world, and to keep up their credit, is, not "to join in its fopperies, but to revive the "primitive manners, and to preach up the "genuine doctrines of the Reformation. And "I cannot but hope, Mr. Rouvell, that, what-"ever levities you may have hitherto indulged "yourſelf in, you will lay them aſide, with "your ruffles and your laced hat."

Rouvell replied, "that he had ſeriouſly re-"ſolved to do every thing in his power to re-"deem his loſt time; and that, although he "might not be able to do much *good* by his "learning or eloquence, he was determined "not to do any miſchief by an immoral or "indecent behaviour."

This ſerious converſation was now interrupted, by the appearance of a leg of lamb and cauliflowers, and a cuſtard-pudding, which Rouvell had ordered for dinner; and, though they differed ſomething in their theological opinions, the two travellers were unanimous in their approbation of Mrs. Brewer's cookery, and ate very heartily.

After dinner, Rouvell called for a bottle of port, and ſaid, "he would take a decent "leave of the Laity;" but, as Wildgooſe did not chuſe to drink his ſhare, they propoſed inviting Dr. Brewer, in the character of mine Hoſt, to partake with them; who graciouſly condeſcended to honour them with his company, and aſſiſt them in the arduous taſk of diſpatching a bottle of his own manufacture: as pleaſant a revenge, as making a Phyſician ſwallow his own preſcription!

Wildgooſe having reſumed the ſubject of Rouvell's taking orders, and having earneſtly exhorted him "to conſider the importance of "the office which he was going to take upon "him;" the afternoon was far advanced, before they parted; Rouvell ſetting off for the Biſhop's palace at Eccleſhall; and Wildgooſe, attended by his truſty friend, purſuing his journey towards the borders of Warwickſhire.

CHAP.

## CHAP. V.

### *Trifling Difficulties.*

OUR ſpiritual adventurers, having ſufficiently refreſhed themſelves, travelled at a good rate; Wildgooſe being deſirous to reach Sutton-Cofield, in his way to Warwick, that night; ſo that little converſation paſſed between them. Tugwell, however, could not but expreſs his ſurprize, that the Gentleman, whom he had ſeen to-day in a laced hat, and whom he had taken for a Gentleman's ſervant, was to be a Parſon to-morrow.

As it was now ſome time paſt the ſummer-ſolſtice, night overtook them ſooner than they expected; and, when they came into the foreſt, or chace, near Sutton, it was quite dark, and they had wandered conſiderably out of the great road. At length, however, they came to what they took for a direction-poſt; when Wildgooſe told Jerry, "if he "could but climb up the poſt, and trace out "with his finger the firſt letter upon either "of the hands, he could tell which way to

"turn; as, he took it for granted, one road "led to Birmingham, and the other to War-"wick."—"That I can do then, Maſter," ſays Jerry; "for, when I was a young fellow, "there was not a boy in the pariſh could climb "a crow's neſt ſo well as myſelf."

Tugwell, therefore, deſiring his Maſter to take care of his ſtaff and his wallet, ran up the poſt like a cat; but, when he was got about ſeven or eight feet high, he made a ſudden pauſe; and, ſquelch, he came down again, bawling out, with great conſternation, "Lord "have mercy upon us! as ſure as I am alive, "there is a dead man hanging up."—Which, indeed, was partly true; for a Highwayman, who had committed a murder, was hanged in chains there two or three years before; but, the body being decayed, only part of the ſkeleton remained, for a terror to theſe honeſt men, rather than to thoſe hardened wretches for whoſe edification it was intended.

They now travelled on, therefore, under the direction of Providence; and in half an hour more ſaw ſome lights at a diſtance; which proved to be Sutton-Cofield, whither they were bound.

The

The two Pilgrims, coming in late, ſoon retired to reſt, without meeting with any incident worth recording: only, finding a drunken Blackſmith in the houſe, whom mine Hoſt pretended he wanted to get rid of, Wildgooſe began preaching to him about the New-birth; which ſoon put him to flight, and ſent him home to his wife and family.

## CHAP. VI.

*Tugwell is under a Neceſſity of drinking Strong-beer inſtead of Small.*

WILDGOOSE having been aſſured, by my Landlord, "that the races did not "begin at Warwick till the next day;" notwithſtanding the ſtrong attraction which he felt in his heart towards the reſidence of Miſs Townſend, they did not ſet out till near nine o'clock. After travelling three or four hours in the heat of the day, about one o'clock they paſſed near ſome corn-fields; where they ſaw a company of Reapers, who had juſt begun harveſt, ſitting at dinner under a ſhady oak,

and laughing and ſinging with great glee and alacrity.

As making converts was the game which Wildgooſe had conſtantly in view, he fancied he had a call to give a word of exhortation to theſe honeſt people, whom he conſidered as indulging a culpable feſtivity.

When they came up to them, therefore, Jerry introduced himſelf, by aſking, "whether "they could give a poor man a draught of "ſmall-beer, this hot weather?"—"Aye, and "of ſtrong-beer too," ſays one of them, "as much as thou canſt drink: it coſts us "nothing; and we give it as freely as we re-"ceive it."

This hoſpitable invitation encouraged Tugwell to ſit down by them without any more ceremony; and he began to rummage out a cruſt of bread and a piece of cheeſe, which he had ſtowed in his wallet. But a young Farmer told him, "he ſhould not eat bread and cheeſe "there;" and, taking up a baſket, he cut him off a good ſlice of ſome boiled beef, and a piece of plumb-pudding; of which, at Tugwell's requeſt, Mr. Wildgooſe vouchſafed to partake. After eating pretty heartily, and drinking a draught or two of ſtrong-beer out of a leathern

a leathern-bottle; one of the company deſired the young Farmer (who appeared in a genteeler ſtyle than any of the reſt) to entertain them with a ſong, as he was going to do when he was interrupted by the arrival of Tugwell and his Maſter. "Mr. John," ſaid one of them, "can ſing in the Playhouſe faſhion; for he "has lived two or three years with my Lord "in London."—"But what muſt I ſing?" ſays he.—"Why, the Harveſt-home ſong, that "your brother made laſt year," replied the other.—"Well," ſays he, "I have got a ſad "cold; but I will ſing it as well as I can: "though we have many a weary day to come "yet, before our harveſt-home."——He then ſang, with a tolerable grace, the following ballad.

## THE TRIUMPH OF CERES:

OR,

## THE HARVEST-HOME.

To the Tune of, *What beauteous Scenes enchant my Sight!*

"WHAT chearful ſounds ſalute our ears,
"And echo o'er the lawn!
"Behold! the loaded car appears,
"In joyful triumph drawn;

"The

" The nymphs and ſwains, a jovial band,
" Still ſhouting as they come,
" With ruſtic inſtruments in hand,
" Proclaim the Harveſt-home.

" The golden ſheaves, pil'd up on high,
" Within the barn are ſtor'd;
" The careful hind, with ſecret joy
" Exulting, views his hoard.
" His labours paſt, he counts his gains;
" And, freed from anxious care,
" His caſks are broach'd; the ſun-burnt ſwains
" His rural plenty ſhare.

" In dance and ſong the night is ſpent;
" All ply the ſpicy bowl:
" And jeſts and harmleſs merriment
" Expand the artleſs ſoul.
" Young Colin whiſpers Roſalind,
" Who ſtill reap'd by his ſide;
" And plights his troth, if ſhe prove kind,
" To take her for his bride.

" For joys like theſe, through circling years
" Their toilſome taſk they tend:
" The hind ſucceſſive labours bears,
" In proſpect of the end;
" In Spring, or Winter, ſows his ſeed,
" Manures or tills the ſoil;
" In Summer various cares ſucceed;
" But Harveſt crowns his toil."

When

When the young Farmer had finiſhed his ſong, Wildgooſe ſaid, "it was rather better "than the common ballads;" and inquired, "whether his brother really made it, as the "Reapers hinted?"—The Farmer aſſured him, "he did; for that his brother had been bred "at Cambridge; and though his father would "have been glad to have had him aſſiſt them in "the field, when he came home in the long "vacation, yet, inſtead of binding up the "ſheaves, or making hay, he would ſit half "the day under a tree, and make verſes."

Mr. Wildgooſe was now going to exhort them "to ſanctify their labour, by ſinging hymns "and ſpiritual ſongs, inſtead of thoſe ungodly "ballads;" when Tugwell, obſerving a company of women who were gleaning in the field, wiſhed "his old wife Dorothy were amongſt "them, for that ſhe would make a better hand "at leaſing than any of them."

"She would hardly make a better hand of "it," ſays the young Farmer, "than a "young woman did here laſt harveſt, and to "whom we are obliged for our good cheer to-"day."—"How much might ſhe earn in a "day, then, by her leaſing?" ſays Jerry.—"Why, more than this field and the next

"to it will produce theſe ten years," ſays the Farmer.—Tugwell expreſſing ſome ſurprize, the young Farmer ſaid, "the ſtory was re-"markable; and, if they would give him leave, "he would tell it them." Accordingly, he began the following narration.

## CHAP. VII.

### *The fortunate Iſabella.*

"THIS manor (the greateſt part of which "my father rents) was purchaſed by "our Squire's father, a great Counſellor in "London, who died before he had taken poſ-"ſeſſion of it. The young Squire, being fond "of the country, came and ſettled here about "two years ago. He took a ſmall part of the "eſtate into his own hands, for his amuſement; "and, having a few acres in tillage, uſed to "ride out moſt days in the harveſt-time, to "view his Reapers at their work.

"Amongſt the poor people who came to "glean in the field, there was a young woman, "whoſe mother came a ſtranger into the pariſh, "and had lived there for nine or ten years,

"with

"with no other family than this one daughter,
"who was now about ſixteen, and ſo hand-
"ſome, that ſeveral young Farmers in the
"neighbourhood admired her; and, if ſhe had
"had a little money, would probably have
"been glad to marry her. She dreſſed, like
"our other pariſh-girls, in a coarſe ſtuff-gown,
"ſtraw-hat, and the like; but, ſomehow
"or other, ſhe put on her cloaths ſo cle-
"verly, that every thing became her. Her
"caps and her handkerchiefs, which were
"of her own making, were in a better taſte
"than thoſe of our other country girls; and,
"when her gown was pinned back, an
"under-petticoat appeared, with a border of
"flowers of her own work.

"The young Squire could not but take no-
"tice of her genteel ſhape and elegant mo-
"tions; but ſhe was ſo baſhful, that he could
"hardly get a ſight of her countenance. He
"inquired who ſhe was; and, as nobody
"could give much account of her (becauſe
"neither ſhe nor her mother went out
"amongſt their neighbours), he one evening,
"as ſhe returned home, followed her at a
"diſtance, up a winding valley, to the cottage
"where ſhe and her mother lived. It ſtands

"by

"by a wood-ſide, at a diſtance from our vil-
"lage, near a lonely farm-houſe; which is the
"only neighbour they have.

"The Squire hung his horſe to the gate,
"and went in; where he found the old Gen-
"tlewoman (for ſo we all thought her)
"knitting ſome fine ſtockings, and ſurveying
"with pleaſure the produce of her daughter's
"labour. The houſe was very plainly fur-
"niſhed: but the Squire was ſurprized to ſee
"an handſome harpſichord, which took up
"half the room, and ſome muſic-books lying
"about, with other books proper for young
"Ladies to read.

"Iſabella (which was the name the young
"woman went by) bluſhed up to the ears,
"when ſhe ſaw the Squire come in; and,
"making a courteſy, retired into another
"room.

"He made a ſhort apology to the mother,
"for his intruſion; but ſaid, 'he was ſo
"ſtruck with her daughter's appearance, that
"his curioſity would not ſuffer him to reſt till
"he had made ſome inquiries about her; as
"there was ſomething in her manner, that
"convinced him ſhe muſt have had a different
"education from what uſually falls to the lot

"of

"of young women in that humble ſphere of "life.'

"The mother told him, 'they had lived "better formerly, but had been reduced by "misfortunes; that, however, by her daugh-"ter's induſtry, and her own work, they con-"trived to live very comfortably in their preſent "ſituation.'

"As ſhe did not ſeem inclined to be more "communicative, the Squire took his leave, "but not without offering her an handſome "preſent of money; which, to his ſurprize, "ſhe abſolutely refuſed.

## CHAP. VIII.

### *Further Account of Iſabella.*

"THE next day Iſabella appeared again "in the field, and was as intent upon "her leaſing as uſual. The Squire could "not keep his eyes off her; and, having now "a pretence for inquiring after her mother, "entered into ſome further diſcourſe with her; "and found ſhe expreſſed herſelf ſo properly, "and diſcovered ſo much good ſenſe and de-

"licacy,

"licacy, that her perſonal charms appeared to "much greater advantage, by the beauty of "her mind; and, in ſhort, the Squire became "quite enamoured of this rural damſel.

"After two or three days, he went again "to her mother, and begged, with the moſt "earneſt importunity, 'to be further informed "of her ſtory, and by what accident ſhe had "been brought to ſubmit to her preſent obſcure "way of life; for that he was greatly in-"tereſted in her's and her daughter's welfare, "and hoped it might be in his power (if "ſhe would give him leave) to make their "ſituation ſomewhat more agreeable to them, "than it could poſſibly be, whilſt both ſhe and "her daughter were forced to work ſo hard for "a ſubſiſtence.'

"There appeared ſo much ſincerity and "modeſty in our young Gentleman's manner, "that the mother could not avoid gratifying "his curioſity. She then told him, 'that "her huſband had enjoyed a genteel place "under the Government, and, by his care and "frugality, had ſaved a conſiderable fortune; "but that, not being in the ſecret, he had "loſt the whole in the iniquitous project of "the South-ſea; the ſhock of which had

"proved

"proved fatal to his health; and he died a "few years after, leaving her and this one "daughter (who was then about ſix years "old) without any ſupport, but what ſhe "could raiſe by the ſale of a few jewels, "which did not amount to three hundred "pounds. To avoid the ſlights of my former "acquaintance (continued ſhe), I retired "into this part of the country, where I was "pretty ſure I ſhould not be known, and "have taken the name of Fairfax; for my "real name is ——.'

"The young Squire heard this ſhort ac- "count with an eager attention; but, upon "hearing the name of ——, 'Good hea- "vens! cries he, is it poſſible you ſhould "be the widow of that worthy man Mr. ——, "to whom our family is under the greateſt ob- "ligations? as I have often heard my father "declare; who always lamented, that he never "could hear what was become of you and "your daughter; and, I am certain, would "have been extremely happy in an opportunity "of ſhewing his gratitude to the family of his "worthy friend. I hope, however, that hap- "pineſs is reſerved for me. But (continued "the Squire) did not you know that my

"father had purchaſed this manor, and "that he was the friend of your late valuable "huſband?"—'Why, (replies Mrs. Fairfax) "my time is ſo conſtantly taken up with the "inſtruction of my daughter, and with the "buſineſs neceſſary for our ſupport, that I "converſe but little with our neighbours; and "though I may have heard, that a Mr. —— "had purchaſed the manor, and know that "my dear Mr. Fairfax (ſo I call him) had a "friend of that name, yet I never thought that "your father was under any further obligations "to aſſiſt his friend's diſtreſſed family than "many others were, from whom I never re-"ceived the leaſt act of friendſhip, though I "knew they had it in their power to alleviate "our diſtreſs.'

"The Squire then told Mrs. Fairfax, 'that "he hoped there were various ways by which "he could render their ſituation more happy "than it ſeemed to be at preſent: but that "there was only one way by which he could "do it with complete ſatisfaction to himſelf; "which was, with her permiſſion, by laying "himſelf and his fortune at her daughter's "feet; which he ſhould do with the greateſt "pleaſure.'

"Mrs.

" Mrs. Fairfax was aſtoniſhed at ſo generous " an offer; but deſired the young Gentleman, " 'not to engage raſhly in an affair of ſo much " importance, and to conſider thoroughly how " he could ſupport the raillery of his acquaint- " ance, and perhaps the reſentment of his " friends; which he might reaſonably expect " from ſo *imprudent* an alliance.' The young " Squire replied, 'that he was his own " maſter; that he was ſufficiently acquainted " with Iſabella's perſonal charms; and would " rely upon Mrs. Fairfax's care of her edu- " cation, for every other accompliſhment; and " ſhould think himſelf completely happy, if " the propoſal proved agreeable to the young " Lady's inclinations.'

" In ſhort, the fair Iſabella was immediately " ſent for; and the Squire left the mother to " propoſe it to her daughter; who, after a de- " cent parley, with gratitude ſurrendered her " charms to ſo generous a lover. They were " married in a fortnight's time; and are now " as happy as the day is long.

" The old Lady will not be prevailed upon " to forſake her little cottage by the wood-ſide; " but has enough allowed her to keep a maid-

" ſervant;

"ſervant; and the coach is ſent almoſt every "day, to carry her to the great houſe.

"As a compliment to his Lady, the Squire "intends every year to give us a dinner, out in "the field, on the day we begin harveſt; and "another, at the hall, by way of harveſt-home; "on which occaſion, laſt year, my brother made "the ſong which I have now ſung."

"Well," ſays Tugwell, when the young Farmer had finiſhed his ſtory, "this is right "now, to take care of the old Gentlewoman; "and, I dare ſay, ſhe now makes three meals "a day, and a ſupper at night. Why, this is "juſt for all the world like a ſtory in a hiſtory-"book."—"Yes," ſays Mr. Wildgooſe, "it "is like a ſtory in the Book of books, the "ſtory of Boaz and Ruth."—"Well," ſays Tugwell, "the Squire is a man after my own "heart; and I will drink his health in another "draught of ſtrong-beer, if you will give me "leave."

The leathern bottle then went round, and Jerry began to talk apace; when Mr. Wildgooſe endeavoured to give the converſation a religious turn; and, amongſt other things, obſerved, in alluſion to their preſent employment, "that the harveſt, indeed, was great; but the "labourers

"labourers (meaning the true Miniſters of the "Goſpel) were few."—The Reapers, not underſtanding his allegory, ſaid, "they were "enough of them to cut down that field, and "as much more, in a week's time." But, conſidering Wildgooſe's ſpeech as an hint that it was time for them to reſume their labour, they leaped up, and fell to work with great chearfulneſs and alacrity, leaving the two travellers to purſue their journey at their leiſure.

## CHAP. IX.

### *A curious Inſcription.*

ABOUT eight in the evening, Mr. Wildgooſe and his humble friend came to a public-houſe near Meriden, on the Cheſter road; whoſe ſign being ſuſpended in a ſhady elm, it has obtained the name of, The George in the Tree. Wildgooſe, during this peregrination, had adopted a laudable cuſtom, though attended with ſome little expence as well as trouble; which was, when he came to an inn, to read whatever he found written either on the walls or in the windows; and, where-ever

there was any thing obſcene or immoral, either to write under it ſomething by way of antidote; or, if it were very ſhocking, he would intirely eraſe it, if written upon a wall; or, if in a window, break out the pane, and pay the damage.

As he was examining the parlour-windows in this little hotel (which, affording entertainment for horſe as well as man, *might* be called an inn) he obſerved the following remarkable inſcription:

"J. S. D. S. P. D. HOSPES IGNOTVS,
"PATRIAE (VT NVNC EST) PLVSQVAM VELLET
"NOTVS,
"TEMPESTATE PVLSVS,
"HIC PERNOCTAVIT,
"A. D. MDCCXXVI."

"Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's in "Dublin, here a ſtranger unknown, but in "his own country (ſuch as it now is) better "known than he would wiſh to be, being "driven by a ſtorm, lodged here all night, in "the year of our Lord 1726."

Mr. Wildgooſe, having at preſent little curioſity of that kind, did not take out the pane; as he probably might have done for three halfpence, and as was done ſoon after by ſome more curious traveller.

He then went into the kitchen, according to cuſtom, to give ſome little ſpiritual inſtructions to the family, or to any one that he might accidentally meet with; where he ſaw two travelling women, who ſeemed much fatigued, as they had ſufficient cauſe, having travelled on foot that day above twenty miles. One of them ſeemed a pretty genteel woman, but had a melancholy dejected look; which attracted Wildgooſe's particular attention: and he addreſſed himſelf to her as a perſon under affliction, applying the common topics of conſolation for the evils of life. But, the poor woman making little reply, Wildgooſe ſoon left her, without ſatisfying his curioſity for the preſent, and went early to reſt.

## CHAP. X.

### *Mr. Wildgooſe makes a new Acquaintance.*

AS they had but a ſhort ſtage to Warwick, and the races were not to begin till the afternoon, the two Pilgrims did not ſet out very early; but, travelling a good pace, they ſoon overtook the two women whom they had ſeen

the preceding night, though they had ſet out ſome time before them. As they were to travel half a mile further the ſame road, Tugwell aſked them, by way of converſation, "whether they were going to London, or not?"—One of them anſwered, "No; but into "——ſhire."—The afflicted Lady then aſked Mr. Wildgooſe, "if he knew any thing of "one Squire Townſend in that county?"—"Squire Townſend!" replies he, with ſome ſurprize, "yes, I know ſomething of the "family."—She then inquired, "if he knew "whether either of the daughters were married lately, or likely to be married?"—Wildgooſe anſwered, "that he did not know that "they were; and that he could venture to "aſſure her to the contrary; though I have "heard," continued he, "that an half-pay "Iriſh Officer had made pretenſions to one of "them: but her father, I am pretty ſure, will "never liſten to the propoſals of ſuch an "empty coxcomb, and one who has no viſible "fortune to ſupport his daughter."

The poor woman turned pale as Wildgooſe was ſpeaking; and all on a ſudden burſt into a flood of tears. Wildgooſe expreſſing great aſtoniſhment, the other woman (who was the Lady's

Lady's Maid) ſaid, "that Iriſh Officer was the "vileſt of men; that he was this poor Lady's huſ- "band, with whom he had had a good fortune, "and by whom he had three fine children; but "he had gone to England, under a pretence of "ſoliciting better preferment in the army, and "left her deſtitute of any other ſupport than "what ſhe could meet with from her own "friends; and, what was more baſe, (if their "intelligence was true) he was going to draw "in another young Lady of family and for- "tune, by a marriage which muſt neceſſarily "be invalid."

This intelligence greatly alarmed Mr. Wildgooſe; as he did not know what impreſſion this Iriſh hero might have made upon the object of *his* affections. But when the Lady, finding him ſo well acquainted with the family, produced the letter which ſhe had received upon that ſubject, he was ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment; for the perſon who gave the intelligence, and who had been a ſervant to the late Captain Townſend, mentioned Miſs *Julia* Townſend as the Lady to whom Captain Mahoney was going to be married: ſo that Wildgooſe began to ſuſpect, either that Miſs Townſend had not been ſincere in the contempt

which ſhe expreſſed of Captain Mahoney; or that, ſince he had ſeen her, ſome ſcheme of that kind might have been brought about by the widow Townſend's influence over her father.

Mr. Wildgooſe, however, carefully concealed how much he was intereſted in the affair; and, knowing how whimſical Mr. Townſend was in giving Roman names to his children, he told Mrs. Mahoney, "that the perſon who "wrote the account muſt certainly have miſ-"taken Miſs Julia Townſend for Miſs Lucia; "as, to his knowledge, the former had been "ſome months from her father, and was now "with a relation near Warwick; and that he "himſelf was in hopes of ſeeing her there, "either that very night (or the next morning "at furtheſt) after he had diſpatched ſome "buſineſs which he had upon his hands that "afternoon." He added, moreover, "that "the neareſt way ſhe could go to Mr. Town-"ſend's was, to leave the great London road, "and go through Warwick, whither he him-"ſelf would conduct her."

Mrs. Mahoney and her companion thought themſelves very fortunate in meeting with a man who ſeemed capable of aſſiſting them in the

the affair which had brought them to England, and gladly joined them. This droll party, therefore, united by an odd occurrence of intereſts, trudged on very amicably together, and about dinner-time arrived at the borough of Warwick.

Mr. Wildgooſe was at firſt inclined to go immediately to Dr. Greville's, and inform Miſs Townſend of the diſcovery he had made: but, thinking it ſinful to prefer the temporal felicity of one family to the immortal happineſs of thouſands, which, he flattered himſelf, depended upon his preaching, he rejected with horror that deſign.

## CHAP. XI.

### *At Warwick.*

MR. Wildgooſe took his company to the firſt inn that preſented itſelf. They found every one in motion, and preparing to ſet out for the courſe, which was ſome little diſtance from the town. They got ſome dinner, however, and all ſate down together: during which, Tugwell obſerved, "how comical

"it was, that they ſhould happen to meet with "the Lady ſo cleverly;" and ſaid, "if he "could but meet with his ſon Joſeph again, "he ſhould think his time well beſtowed. "It was but laſt night," added Jerry, "that "I dreamed about him: I thought *as how* "they were going to let me down in the Lead-"mines again; and *as how* our Joe came and "drew his ſword, and beat the Miners off, "and *drawed* me up again. But I ſhall "never ſee poor Joe any more; if he had been "alive, we ſhould certainly have heard from "him in five years time: but, perhaps, one "reaſon why Joe has never wrote to us is, be-"cauſe he can neither write nor read."

As the company had more important concerns of their own to engage their thoughts, they paid little attention to Jerry's diſquiſition. But, as ſoon as they had made a ſhort meal, and Mr. Wildgooſe had ſafely depoſited Mrs. Mahoney and her companion, under a promiſe to wait at the inn till his return, he ſet out with his friend Tugwell, conducted by an intelligent lad belonging to the inn; who, as they walked together, promiſed, at Mr. Wildgooſe's requeſt, to furniſh him with a table, or joint-ſtool, from their booth; for, the lad taking

Wildgooſe

Wildgooſe for a Conjurer, the poor boy imagined he ſhould by that means ſee his legerdemain performances, or ſlight of hand, for nothing.

## CHAP. XII.

### *Olympic Honours.*

THE two Pilgrims approached the ſcene of action juſt as the horſes were going to ſtart. Their ears were ſaluted with variety of ſounds: the trumpet had juſt given the ſignal to prepare for the firſt heat; a recruiting party, with drums and fifes, were beating up for volunteers; and, in every part of the field,

"Steed anſwer'd ſteed in high and boaſtful neighings,"

as Shakeſpeare expreſſes it. The whole courſe was in motion; the coaches and chariots whirling towards the ſtarting-poſt, or other convenient ſtands; the horſemen ſcampering different ways, according as they imagined they ſhould get the beſt view of the ſport; in another part, the knowing ones, with great compoſure, though with horrid oaths and imprecations,

were ſettling the bets, and, with profound ſkill, deciding the fates of the different horſes.

Wildgooſe was moved with compaſſion, or (to uſe his own expreſſion) his bowels yearned for his poor brethren, to ſee with what thoughtleſs eagerneſs and vain curioſity they ſcowered acroſs the plain, in purſuit of they knew not what; each miſerable Mechanic apparently as ſolicitous about the conteſt, as if his ſalvation depended upon the event. Amongſt other objects, he could not but take notice of a young man of fortune, an old Oxford acquaintance, exalted in the ſtand, or balcony, of the ſtarting-poſt; who looked down with the utmoſt contempt upon all below him; fancying himſelf ſuperior to a Roman General in his triumphant car, or even to Mr. Whitfield, when he preached from the ſtarting-poſt at Northampton.

Wildgooſe's zeal for the cauſe he was engaged in was raiſed almoſt beyond controul. He thought it beſt, however, to defer his harangue till after the firſt heat; when the people would be more inclined to liſten to his admonitions, than in the preſent tumultuous agitation of their ſpirits.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIII.

*Mr. Wildgooſe's Farewell Sermon.*

ACCORDINGLY, the heat being now over, and people a little compoſed from their eager attention to the ſport, Mr. Wildgooſe applied to his young friend at the booth that belonged to the inn where they had dined, who procured a table, which Tugwell placed upon a little eminence; by which means his Maſter was ſufficiently exalted above the crowd; who, with ſeveral chariots and horſemen, ſoon gathering round him, Mr. Wildgooſe, without more ceremony, began to harangue them with great vehemence, both of language and geſticulation.

Though Wildgooſe inſiſted ſtrenuouſly upon the unlawfulneſs and bad tendency of theſe Paganiſh diverſions, and the bad effect they had upon the mind of a Chriſtian; yet his principal intention was, to make uſe of this opportunity to inculcate his peculiar tenets, and to make proſelytes to true Chriſtianity, or,

what he always thought equivalent, the doctrines of Mr. Weſley and Mr. Whitfield.

But, whilſt Wildgooſe was enumerating the evil conſequences of theſe ungodly aſſemblies, and, amongſt the reſt, graphically deſcribing the ſad effects of drunkenneſs and intemperance; a young fellow on horſeback, who was drinking with ſome more company, having a glaſs decanter in his hand, before it was quite empty, hurled it with great vehemence at the Preacher's head, bidding him, "drink, and be "d—mn'd!"

The decanter ſtruck Wildgooſe juſt above the left temple; and (being, in order to deceive the cuſtomers in the meaſure, fluted and crumpled into various angles) not only brought him ſenſeleſs to the ground, but alſo cut a branch of the temporal-artery, from which the blood iſſued forth in great abundance, and alarmed all the company, who thought Wildgooſe killed upon the ſpot.

Poor Tugwell, ſeeing his Maſter ſtruck down, and, for aught he knew, mortally wounded, broke out into doleful lamentations; being equally concerned, both for his friend and for himſelf. He ſaid, "he ſhould "be hanged, for enticing Mr. Geoffry from "home;

"home;—or, at leaſt, ſhould loſe Madam "Wildgooſe's cuſtom, and be forbidden the "houſe."

Jerry, however, thruſt away and ſhoved off the crowd, in order to aſſiſt his Maſter; and was ſo angry with every body about him, that he gave one a blow in the face, another a punch in the guts, and another a knock on the pate with his ſtaff; which brought three or four ſurly fellows upon Jerry's back; and he would probably have ſuffered as much in the ſcuffle as his Maſter had done, had not a young fellow in a military habit, with a knapſack on his back, and a cutlaſs by his ſide, puſhed through the crowd very opportunely, and come to his aſſiſtance.

Jerry, in his hurry, could hardly forbear ſtriking even his deliverer; but, ſeeing an hanger by his ſide, he was kept a little in awe, and made a bow to the Gentleman Soldier, for his friendly aid. The Soldier, catching hold of Tugwell with both his hands, cried out, "Dear father! do not you know me? Give "me your bleſſing. How does mother do?"

Tugwell ſtood ſtaring for ſome time, before he knew his ſon Joſeph; who (as the Reader may, or perhaps may not, remember) has

been mentioned more than once, as being ſent for a Soldier, and ſuppoſed to have died in America. Jerry threw his arms about his ſon's neck, expreſſing the utmoſt joy and ſurprize; and ſaid, "Now his dream was out!" and began to aſk twenty queſtions in a breath; which, Joſeph ſaid, "he would anſwer at a "proper time."

They now therefore aſſiſted in carrying young Wildgooſe, whom Tugwell had announced to his ſon, into the booth, that proper care might be taken of their friend in this unhappy ſituation.

## CHAP. XIV.

### *Work for the Doctor.*

AMONGST the horſemen whoſe curioſity had drawn them to hear Wildgooſe, was a well-booted Grecian, in a fuſtian frock and jockey cap, who ſeemed greatly affected with this accident, and rode immediately with great trepidation in queſt of a Surgeon. This was no other than the benevolent Mr. Bob Tench, who (the Reader may recollect) became

came acquainted with Mr. Wildgooſe at Sir William Foreſter's in the Peak, and ſaid, "he was to attend Sir Harry Hotſpur to War-"wick races." Bob was directed by ſome of the company to Dr. Slaſh, an elderly Surgeon, who was ſmoaking his pipe over a tiff of punch, by himſelf, in the next booth. Bob ſummoned him, with great authority, "to come imme-"diately to the wounded Itinerant, who," he ſaid, "would bleed to death."

The Surgeon continued ſmoaking on with great compoſure; and aſked, "who was to "pay him for his trouble?" obſerving, that "he could not work for nothing; that their "education was very expenſive; that, beſides "ſerving ſeven years apprenticeſhip, they were "obliged to walk the hoſpitals, to attend ana-"tomical and pharmaceutical lectures, and the "like."

"D—mn your *anno-domical*, *farta-ſhitical* "lectures," cries Bob; "why, the man is dy-"ing, and, if you don't come immediately, "will bleed to death. Come along; I myſelf "will ſee you paid."

Dr. Slaſh then beat out his pipe; took ano-ther glaſs of punch; and, with a very impor-tant air, roſe up, and went to attend the wounded

wounded Orator, who by this time was carried into the other booth, and was come a little to himſelf again. The Doctor, however, ſhook his head; magnified the danger of the contuſion; and took ſeveral ounces of blood from the Patient, notwithſtanding what he had loſt from the wound. While the Doctor was preparing his bandages and dreſſings, the company, according to cuſtom, were very officiouſly giving their advice. Bob Tench was for applying only ſome Fryars Balſam, and ſome Goldbeaters ſkin; which (as we obſerved) he always carried in his pocket. Jerry Tugwell wiſhed, "that his nameſake, Dr. Tugwell, "the great Boneſetter of Eveſham, was there; "who," he ſaid, "would cure his Worſhip "in the twinkling of an eye."—Young Tugwell ſaid, "*if ſo be* the Surgeon of their Regi-"ment were there, he would cut off a leg, "and tie up the arteries, and ſtop the blood, "in the firing of a piſtol."—My Landlord belonging to the booth, putting in his verdict, ſaid, "a little *permacetty* and a dram of brandy "was the *ſovereigneſt* thing in the world for an "inward bruiſe."

Dr. Slaſh (you may ſuppoſe) did not look very pleaſant during theſe wiſe inſtructions.

On

On the contrary, he gave himſelf no ſmall airs; and ſaid, "if they made ſuch a noiſe, and "the Patient could not be kept more quiet, "the Devil might dreſs the wound; for he "would have no more to do with it."

## CHAP. XV.

*An old Gentleman in Black arrives.*

JUST as Mr. Slaſh had mentioned the Devil, a tall elderly Gentleman in black came into the booth; and, applying himſelf to Slaſh, inquired, "whether the Patient "might be removed without any danger, as "he could not have proper care taken of him "in ſuch a place as that?"—The Surgeon, bowing with great reſpect, anſwered, "that, "to be ſure, there would be ſome danger in "removing him; for, if the artery ſhould "bleed again, he did not know how it would "be ſtopped; but, however, with great care," he added, "he *might* be removed."

Wildgooſe himſelf ſaid, "he ſhould be glad "to be conveyed, if poſſible, to the inn at "Warwick; as ſome company waited for "him

"him there, with whom he had buſineſs of "great conſequence." He then called Tugwell to him, and told him, "he would have "him go, that very night, with a note which "he would write, to Miſs Townſend, to ac-"quaint her with the diſcovery which they "had made in regard to Captain Mahoney." He then pulled out his pen and ink, and ſome paper out of his letter-caſe, and wrote a ſhort note, which he ſealed, and directed it, "To "Miſs Townſend, at Dr. Greville's, at ———, "near Warwick." This direction he ſhewed to Mr. Slaſh; and aſked him, "whether he "could inſtruct his fellow-traveller how to find "out the place?"—"Why," ſays Slaſh, with ſurprize, "this Gentleman in black is Dr. "Greville himſelf."—He then informed the Doctor of Mr. Wildgooſe's requeſt.—Wildgooſe, who was agreeably ſurprized at this unexpected interview, deſiring to ſpeak with Dr. Greville in private; the Doctor replied, "that "they would get into his chariot, and then "they might converſe without interruption." —Wildgooſe, therefore, taking leave of Bob Tench, and directing Tugwell, with his ſon Joſeph, to meet him at the inn at Warwick, was lifted into the chariot; and he and Doctor Greville

Greville (who gave the Surgeon orders where to ſee his Patient the next day) ſet off together.

## CHAP. XVI.

### *Character of Dr. Greville.*

DOCTOR Greville was a Clergyman, in whom the ſacerdotal character appeared in its genuine dignity; not in an aſſumed ſolemnity of aſpect, or formal grimace, and a pompous perriwig as big as Dr. Sacheverell's; but in a ſerious, yet affable, behaviour; the reſult of a ſincere piety, ſanctity of manners, and goodneſs of heart. He had a conſiderable independent fortune; which enabled him to obey the impulſe of a generous and humane diſpoſition. And it was a maxim with him, "that, "while a ſingle perſon in his neighbourhood "wanted the neceſſaries of life, he had no "right to indulge himſelf in its ſuperfluities."

He undertook the care of a large and populous pariſh; but with no other motive than that of doing good, the ſtipend being hardly ſufficient to maintain a reſident Curate.

Dr.

Dr. Greville really was what Mr. Weſley and his aſſociates ought to have been, and what (I ſincerely believe) they at firſt intended to be. He revived the practice of primitive piety in his own perſon, and in his own pariſh; and, by his examples and admonitions, excited many of the neighbouring Clergy to be more vigilant in the diſcharge of their duty. He had a *Faith*, which worked by *Love*; or, in modern language, his belief of the truths of the Goſpel made him conſider as an indiſpenſable duty thoſe acts of beneficence which his humanity prompted him to perform.

If Dr. Greville had ſeen the poor man who fell amongſt thieves, he would not, like the Prieſt and the Levite, have paſſed by him on the other ſide; but, like the good Samaritan, would have ſet him upon his own horſe, would have bound up his wounds, and poured in *oil* and *wine*, which (if the modern practice had adopted ſo excellent a balſamic), upon ſo good authority, I ſhould think (by the way) at leaſt equal to Fryars Balſam or Opodeldoc.

Dr. Greville, then, would have been the firſt to have run to the aſſiſtance of poor Wildgooſe, had not his attention been engaged by an object nearer home: I mean, a young Lady in the chariot

chariot with him, who, upon the ſight of Wildgooſe's accident, had fainted away, and who, the Reader will eaſily gueſs, was no other than Miſs Julia Townſend.

When Mr. Wildgooſe firſt began his harangue, Miſs Townſend told Dr. Greville, "that ſhe had ſeen him at Glouceſter; and "that he was a young man of a pretty good "fortune:" which partly induced the Doctor to drive up, and make part of the audience; though he was glad of this opportunity of ſeeing young Wildgooſe, on account of what had happened previouſly to this, and which it is proper to explain.

Wildgooſe had written to Miſs Townſend a letter from Glouceſter (as was mentioned), which ſhe received, and carefully preſerved in her Morocco-leather pocket-book; but which ſhe had accidentally left upon her toilette, one morning, whilſt ſhe was gone with Dr. Greville to take a walk in the fields. Mrs. Greville going into Miſs Townſend's room, female curioſity got the better of the point of honour, and ſhe could not forbear examining the contents of this letter; which, indeed, was a liberty that Miſs Townſend's ſituation, ſince her imprudent elopement, ſufficiently warranted ſo good a friend to take.

This

This letter was written in ſo ambiguous a ſtyle, that it was difficult to determine whether Mr. Wildgooſe were more ſolicitous for Miſs Townſend's happineſs, or his own. And there was ſuch a mixture of the amorous and the devout, that it might be taken either in a ſpiritual or in a carnal ſenſe; though, to any one that knew human nature ſo well as Dr. Greville did, there could be no difficulty in what ſenſe ſuch a correſpondence between two young perſons of different ſexes ought to be interpreted. Dr. Greville was not diſpleaſed, therefore, at this opportunity of making ſome obſervations upon Miſs Townſend's behaviour on ſuch an occaſion; and the violent effect which Wildgooſe's accident had upon this young Lady left Dr. Greville no room to doubt of the tender regard which ſhe entertained for him.

Dr. Greville was greatly alarmed at Miſs Townſend's fainting away, and ſent the Footman, in a great hurry, to procure ſome water from the next booth; who, ſeeing the Lady of their Manor in her coach with her two daughters, acquainted them with the accident. She immediately ſent one of her daughters to Miſs Townſend's aſſiſtance; and, by Dr. Greville's permiſſion,

permiſſion, took Miſs Townſend into her coach for the reſt of the afternoon; which left him at liberty to make proper inquiries after the wounded Pilgrim, and to take him into his chariot, as has been related.

## CHAP. XVII.

### *Dr. Greville and Mr. Wildgooſe.*

AS ſoon as they were alone together in the chariot, Wildgooſe related to Dr. Greville the circumſtances of his getting acquainted with Miſs Townſend at Glouceſter; and then his accidental meeting with Mrs. Mahoney, and the diſcovery he had made of Captain Mahoney's villainous deſign upon ſome one of Mr. Townſend's daughters; which greatly alarmed Dr. Greville, though he ſaid, "that "all Mr. Townſend's friends had a very bad "opinion of the Widow Townſend, whom he "had taken into his houſe.

"It is very lucky, however," added Dr. Greville, "that Mr. Townſend will be at our "houſe this very evening, if he is not yet ar-"rived; in expectation of which, Mrs. Gre-

"ville

"ville ſtayed at home to-day. And for that "reaſon (and becauſe, I believe, you will "be better taken care of at my houſe than at "an inn), I would have you by all means go "home with me to my parſonage-houſe."—Wildgooſe found no great reluctance in complying with ſo kind a propoſal; which would give him the opportunity, he ſo long wiſhed for, of ſeeing and converſing with Miſs Julia Townſend. After a decent apology, therefore, for giving ſo much trouble to ſtrangers, he told the Doctor, "he would gladly accept of "his offer."

They now arrived at the inn at Warwick; where they found Mrs. Mahoney waiting with patience for Wildgooſe's return. She was not only ſurprized, however, to ſee him return in that manner; but his pale look, and the bandage about his head, diſguiſed him ſo much, that ſhe could hardly be perſuaded he was the ſame man. But, when that point was cleared up, and ſhe was informed of Dr. Greville's connexion with Mr. Townſend's family, ſhe confirmed what ſhe had ſaid to Mr. Wildgooſe; and alſo produced the letter which ſhe had received upon the ſubject.

When

When Dr. Greville, however, found Miſs Julia Townſend mentioned, he laid but little ſtreſs upon this intelligence. But, after talking the affair over, they concluded there would be no harm in ſhewing Mr. Townſend the letter, who would be able to judge what regard was to be paid to it. And then, adviſing Mrs. Mahoney to reſt contented at the inn till the next morning, Dr. Greville and Wildgooſe took their leave.

As they travelled gently along, Dr. Greville took the liberty to expoſtulate a little with Wildgooſe, about his preſent romantic and irregular undertaking; and his eloping from his Mother, without, and even contrary to her approbation; who, he found, from Miſs Townſend was greatly affected by his extravagant and enthuſiaſtic proceedings.

Wildgooſe replied, "he was ſorry for that "accidental conſequence of his performing his "duty; but," ſays he, "whoſoever loves "father, or mother, more than Chriſt, is not "worthy of him. And, in ſhort," adds Wildgooſe, "a neceſſity is laid upon me; yea, "woe unto me, if I preach not the Goſpel!"

Dr. Greville ſmiled at Wildgooſe's application to himſelf of what was only applicable

to St. Paul and the primitive Apoſtles, who certainly had a *divine call*; and wondered "that a young man of ſo much good ſenſe, "as he ſeemed to be in other particulars, "ſhould be ſo ſtrangely impoſed upon by a "ſpirit of enthuſiaſm, that had poſſeſſed his "imagination."—Wildgooſe was going to defend the *call* of the *ſpirit*, "which, he was "convinced, he had received in as ample a "manner as any Apoſtle of them all." But Dr. Greville was afraid of bringing on too violent an agitation of ſpirits, and of renewing the hæmorrhage, or bleeding of the artery; and therefore changed the diſcourſe for ſome other topic, which laſted till they arrived at the parſonage-houſe.

## CHAP. XVIII.

### *At Dr. Greville's.*

MR. Townſend being not yet arrived, they found Mrs. Greville alone. She had been ſo much uſed to Dr. Greville's acts of humanity, that ſhe was leſs ſurprized at ſeeing a perſon in Wildgooſe's ſituation, than at

at not ſeeing Miſs Townſend in the chariot with them. But ſhe was more ſurprized to find, that this was the very perſon who had written to Miſs Townſend from Glouceſter; and a little wondered at Dr. Greville's conduct, in bringing him into the houſe to Miſs Townſend; with whom ſhe was by no means pleaſed, for admitting a private correſpondence with a mere ſtranger, and (as ſhe found by Miſs Townſend's own account he was) an enthuſiaſtical Itinerant. She ſoon acquieſced, however, in Dr. Greville's private reaſons; who thought he might, at the ſame time, perform an act of humanity, in getting Wildgooſe cured; and, perhaps, a greater act of charity, in reclaiming him from his erroneous opinions; and alſo make proper obſervations upon his general character, or (if he found it worth while) make a more particular ſcrutiny into the circumſtances of his family and fortune.

Dr. Greville would have perſuaded Wildgooſe immediately to lie down upon the bed; but, as he found himſelf very eaſy, and able to ſit up till the evening, Mrs. Greville ordered ſome tea, and ſaid, "the Maid ſhould get "a proper room in readineſs for him, whenever "he ſhould be diſpoſed to retire to reſt."

Before Mrs. Greville had finiſhed the ceremony of the tea-table, Mr. Townſend's ſervant came to the gate; and brought word, "that his Maſter was at the end of the village, "and would be there very ſoon; that he had "met with the old Wood-man as they came "along, who told Mr. Townſend, 'that he "had found ſome other curioſity, as he was "digging in the old camp on the brow of the "hill;' and that his Maſter waited whilſt the "old man fetched it from his cottage."

Accordingly, in a few minutes more, Mr. Townſend arrived, and was met by Dr. Greville at the court-gate: but, not ſeeing Miſs Townſend as he approached the hall-door, which ſtood open, he cried out, "Where is "Julia? what! ſhe has not eloped again, I "hope. Ah!" continues he, ſhaking his head, "I every day hear freſh inſtances of her "imprudence. Captain Mahoney was at "Glouceſter laſt week; where he was aſſured, "that the little ſlut had like to have gone off "from thence with a raſcally Methodiſt "Preacher. Well, the Romans were a wiſe "people; and, in the beſt ages of the Republic, "they gave fathers a power of life and death

"over

"over their children; which kept then under "a proper ſubjection."

Dr. Greville ſaid, "Miſs Julia was very "well, but was not yet come from the courſe; "where ſhe was, in Mrs. Mowbray's coach. "I am ſorry, however," adds the Doctor, "to find you give ſo much credit to Captain "Mahoney's intelligence; who, I believe, is "no friend to any part of the family."

Mr. Townſend was going to reply: but, coming now into the hall, and ſeeing Wildgooſe, he ſtopped ſhort; and paying his compliments to Mrs. Greville, "So, Couſin," ſays he, "you have got a Patient to nurſe, I "ſee, according to cuſtom. Pray, whom "have you here?"—Dr. Greville anſwered, "it was a young gentleman, who had met with "an accident at the race; and whom he had "brought thither in his chariot, till he could "be conveyed to his friends, who lived at ſome "diſtance." He carefully concealed Wildgooſe's name, however, and the nature of his preſent adventure.

Mrs. Greville made ſome freſh tea for Mr. Townſend; and, as it was not thought proper to diſcuſs family affairs before a ſtranger, as Wildgooſe appeared to be, the converſation

became general for ſome little time. "Well, "Couſin," ſays Dr. Greville, "you have "been inquiring after Antiquities, according "to cuſtom, of our old Wood-man?"—"Yes," replies Mr. Townſend, "I thought, "by his account, he had found a Roman "Stylus (which they uſed to write with); "but, I am afraid, it is nothing more than an "old iron ſkewer."—Wildgooſe then obſerved, "that Mr. Townſend had loſt the principal "day's *ſport*, as it is generally *called*."—"Why, that is the very ſalvo which I ſhould "have made," replied Mr. Townſend; "for "what is *called ſport*, I aſſure you, is not ſo to "me: and though I have been uſed, for ſome "years, to make my Couſin Greville a viſit at "this ſeaſon, my principal pleaſure is in view-"ing the noble caſtle and other antiquities "in the neighbourhood of Warwick; which, "I am convinced, was the *præſidium*, or chief "ſtation, of the Romans in Britain, as being "ſeated in the very centre of the iſland; and "I value it more for having been the ſtation of "the *Dalmatian horſe* (as Camden aſſures us), "than for its paltry *horſe-race* here once a "year."

If

If Wildgoose had not recollected Mr. Townsend's person, his conversation would immediately have convinced him that he was the same Virtuoso whom he had met in Lord Bathurst's woods. And Mr. Townsend likewise, after a little time, said, "he had seen "Wildgoose somewhere before: and, though "I cannot recollect your name," says he, "I "know your face as well as I do that of "Marcus Aurelius, or Caracalla."—As Wildgoose did not care to discover too much, he only said, "as he had been rambling about "pretty much of late, very probably Mr. "Townsend might have seen him before, "though, he fancied, he had never been ac-"quainted with his name."

## CHAP. XIX.

### *Mrs. Mahoney's Intelligence canvassed.*

WHEN the servant had removed the tea-equipage, Dr. Greville thought it best not to defer the acquainting Mr. Townsend with Mrs. Mahoney's intelligence, as he did not know how far the affair between Captain

Mahoney and Miſs Townſend, if there was really any truth in it, might have proceeded.

After a proper introduction, therefore, he ſhewed Mr. Townſend the letter that Mrs. Mahoney had received; which when he had read, and ſeen the name with which it was ſubſcribed, and that Miſs Julia Townſend was mentioned as the object of Captain Mahoney's affection; "Pſhaw!" ſays Mr. Townſend; "this is all a contrivance of a raſcally fellow, "who was a ſervant to Captain Mahoney "when he was quartered at Corke; and he "having diſmiſſed him, Captain Townſend "hired him, and brought him into our neigh-"bourhood; where he is married and ſettled, "and, out of a pique, has been endeavouring "to do Captain Mahoney ſome prejudice. "Why, Captain Mahoney is *brother* to the "Widow Townſend, and never was married "in his life."—"Sir," ſays Wildgooſe, "the "Lady who calls herſelf Mrs. Mahoney aſ-"ſured me, he never had any *ſiſter*; and that "very circumſtance looks very ſuſpicious."—"Well, I don't know," ſays Mr. Townſend, "who this pretended Mrs. Mahoney may be; "but I am pretty ſure, that Mrs. Townſend "would not connive at Captain Mahoney's

"making

"making overtures to my daughter without "my approbation, as ſhe muſt know that her "place depends upon her fidelity to me."

"Well," ſays Dr. Greville, "I wiſh this "intelligence may be without any founda- "tion: but the Lady to whom this letter was "written ſeems very ſincere in her apprehen- "ſions, and gives a very plauſible account of "herſelf; and ſo you will ſay when you ſee her, "which you may do to-morrow morning."

## CHAP. XX.

### *Mr. Wildgooſe retires to Reſt.*

IT now began to grow duſk; and, as Wild-gooſe looked very pale and fatigued, Dr. Greville prevailed on him to go to reſt; and himſelf very politely waited on him to his chamber; though he was extremely deſirous of ſitting up till Miſs Townſend came home: for, though we have not yet taken notice of it, we may be ſure, Mr. Wildgooſe could not take Miſs Townſend's place in the chariot (as he found by Dr. Greville he had done), nor be in the very houſe where ſhe was expected every

moment, without very ſenſible emotions of tenderneſs and expectation.

When Wildgooſe was gone out of the room, Mr. Townſend immediately aſked, "who he "was?" obſerving, "that he ſeemed a very "ſober, ſenſible young man."—Mrs. Greville replied, "that he was a young Gentleman of "pretty good fortune in Glouceſterſhire, and, "ſhe believed, an humble admirer of her Cou-"ſin Julia."—"Is he?" ſays Mr. Townſend, with ſome quickneſs: "then, for God's ſake, "let him have her; for I know not who elſe "will, after her imprudent elopement: and, I "believe, the poor girl wants an huſband. I "am ſure, at leaſt, I don't know what to do "with her, for my part."—"Why," ſays Mrs. Greville, "theſe are partly my ſentiments "of the matter; and I fancy (between you and "me) ſuch a ſcheme would be no ways diſa-"greeable to Miſs Julia: and this was Dr. "Greville's chief motive, I believe, for bring-"ing the young man to our houſe."

When Wildgooſe, attended by Dr. Greville and his ſervant with candles, came into his bed-chamber, he was making apologies for the trouble he gave; but the ſervant ſetting down one of the candles upon the toilette, Wild-

gooſe

gooſe immediately eſpied a miniature picture of Miſs Julia Townſend hanging under the glaſs; which fixed his attention ſo entirely, that Dr. Greville wiſhed him a good night, ſmiling to himſelf at this further diſcovery which he had made of Wildgooſe's attachment to his Couſin Julia.

When Dr. Greville returned to the parlour, he found Mr. Townſend and Mrs. Greville in cloſe debate on the ſubject above-mentioned, and added his ſuffrage to the ſcheme propoſed. But, while theſe good people were in the midſt of their deliberations, Mrs. Mowbray's carriage came to the door, to ſet down Miſs Townſend, "whom," Mrs. Mowbray ſaid, "ſhe had brought ſafe home; "though ſhe deſired proper care might be "taken of her, as ſhe had been very languid "and low-ſpirited the whole afternoon."

Dr. Greville made an apology for leaving his Couſin to Mrs. Mowbray's care, "as he was "ſenſible ſhe muſt have been rather a trouble-"ſome companion; but that he himſelf had "been engaged in a charitable office, which "required a more immediate attention."

Miſs Townſend flew with a ſincere tranſport into her father's arms; in whoſe breaſt, not-

withſtanding his ſlight reſentment, Nature reſumed her place; and he received his favourite daughter with great tenderneſs and affection.

## END OF BOOK XI.

THE

# SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

## BOOK XII.

### CHAP. I.

*The Inn at Warwick.*

TUgwell, with his ſon Joſeph, went, as Mr. Wildgooſe had ordered him, to the inn at Warwick: where he found Mrs. Mahoney and her companion; who informed Tugwell, "that "Dr. Greville had taken Wildgooſe to his own "houſe."

As Mrs. Mahoney deſired to have Tugwell's company in a little parlour which ſhe had gotten, adjoining to the kitchen, Jerry deſired to introduce his ſon alſo, with whoſe unexpected return he acquainted her.

When

When Joſeph came into the room, he and Mrs. Mahoney's Maid expreſſed a mutual ſurprize at the ſight of each other: for, though Mrs. Mahoney was too attentive to her own diſtreſs, the Maid immediately recollected that he had come over with them from Dublin to Park-gate in the ſame veſſel.

When young Tugwell heard Mrs. Mahoney's name, he ſaid, "he remembered a Captain "Mahoney at Corke, when he was there two "years ago; and that he was one of the gen-"tlemen who had like to have married the "woman that Captain Townſend married."

This account ſtartled Mrs. Mahoney; as ſhe knew her huſband had been quartered there about that time: and though ſhe could not gueſs what Joſeph meant, by his being likely to marry Mrs. Townſend; yet ſhe ſhook her head, ſuſpecting, with too much reaſon, that it was ſome other inſtance of his infidelity.

Joſeph, however, alluded to what he had told his Father, in the circumſtantial account which he had given him of his five years adventures, as they returned together from the courſe. But, as a great part of them would be unintereſting to the Reader, we ſhall only mention, "that "Joſeph, upon liſting for a ſoldier to avoid "marrying

"marrying a common ſtrumpet (as was men-
"tioned in the beginning of this hiſtory),
"was put on board the tranſports that accom-
"panied the grand fleet upon the ever-memo-
"rable expedition againſt Carthagena.

"All the world knows the diſaſtrous event of
"that expedition. After ſacrificing the lives of
"ſo many brave fellows in forcing the ſtraits
"of Bocca-Chica caſtle; and when the Spa-
"niards were ready to abandon Carthagena
"upon the firſt attack; by the unaccountable
"delays and ſtrange conduct both of the Ad-
"miral and the Commander in chief of the
"Land-forces, the affair was protracted till the
"rainy ſeaſon ſet in; when our troops became
"a prey to ſickneſs; and it was thought adviſe-
"able, after a general council of war, to re-
"imbark them aboard the tranſports: where,
"though there were ſeveral young Surgeons
"aboard the fleet, who longed to aſſiſt their
"periſhing countrymen; yet, the General
"diſdaining to aſk, and the Admiral to offer
"any aſſiſtance, the poor people dropped off like
"rotten ſheep.

"Young Tugwell, however, by good luck,
"got leave to wait on Captain Townſend;
"who, being reduced by ſickneſs to a de-

"clining

" clining ſtate of health; as ſoon as the fleet " returned to Jamaica, got leave to come to " England; and, at his requeſt, got young " Tugwell's diſcharge.

" They landed at Corke in Ireland; where " Captain Townſend, being laid up with the " gout, ſtayed for ſome time: and, amongſt other " Gentlemen, became very intimate with a ce- " lebrated Bar-maid at a Tavern there; and, " thinking a Nurſe of ſome ſort was neceſſary " to a man in his ſituation, he robbed the " public, and married that girl; who was the " identical Widow Townſend that has been " mentioned ſo often in this Hiſtory.

" Amongſt her gallants, Captain Mahoney, " being at that time an handſome young fel- " low, was diſtinguiſhed as her favourite; " which made Joſeph think that he had like to " have married her.

" Young Tugwell, having taken the liberty " to adviſe his Maſter (Captain Townſend) " againſt this match, was of courſe diſmiſſed as " ſoon as it took place. He met, however, " with another Engliſh Officer on the Iriſh " eſtabliſhment, who expected every day to re- " turn to England: but, being diſappointed " from time to time, Joſeph at length left his

" ſervice

"ſervice at Dublin, and happened to embark "in the ſame ſhip with Mrs. Mahoney; and "was now on his way home, to viſit his father "and mother, and his native place."

## CHAP. II.

### *Kitchen-ſtuff.*

AS Tugwell and his company were at ſupper in their little parlour, which was only ſeparated from the kitchen by a deal partition, they heard a fellow holding forth over a pot of ale; and, with the air of a Politician, abuſing all the gentlemen Shoe-makers in the country. Jerry, thinking himſelf concerned in the affair, and fancying likewiſe that he was not entirely unacquainted with the voice, liſtened to the following harangue—"I have looked into their "ſhops, Maſter Criſp; and I don't approve of "their knaviſh proceedings. I might have been "Fore-man to Mr. Cutwell of Coventry. But, "Sir, I aſſure you, they are the moſt *roguiſh-"eſt* ſet of people upon earth. Why, I re-"member when a pair of ſhoes was ſold for "two ſhillings; nay, for eighteen-pence, when

"I was

"I was 'prentice in London."—"Why, were "you 'prenticed in London?" ſays Mr. Criſp. "Yes; that I was, and ſerved ſeven years in "Whitechapel. And I have an Uncle, that "is a topping Shoe-black near the Royal-Ex-"change. Ah! London's the place! and yet "London is not half the place it was formerly "—for *old ſhoes*."

"Well, Cobler," ſays Maſter Criſp, "I "hope you are a better huſband than you "were."—"Yes, thank God; I hope I am. "Indeed, if God Almighty gives one health "and money, one ought to take a chearful "glaſs, now-and-then, with a friend or ſo—"But hang it, what ſignifies money in the "country? If I had a hundred pounds, I "would not ſpend a farthing of it in the coun-"try. In London you have ſomething for your "money. There's liquor! There you may "take a glaſs in a genteel *diſcreet* manner. "There is not a Landlord in the country that "knows common ſenſe."—"Come, come," ſays the Landlord, a little offended at this freedom, "come, pay as you go, Cobler; "you have had two pots, and have paid for "none."

The

The dialogue being now at an end, Tugwell went out into the kitchen, to ſee who this fluent Orator might be; and found (to his ſurprize) it was his old friend Andrew Tipple, who had worked for Jerry, in his proſperity, as a journeyman; but was now become quite an itinerant Cobler and peripatetic Politician. Andrew was as much ſurprized at the ſight of his old Maſter; and cried out, "Ha! Maſter Tugwell! "why, we heard you were ſent to gaol for "horſe-ſtealing. What have you done with "young Mr. Wildgooſe? I was at your town "but laſt week. Your wife Dorothy is very "angry with you, for leaving her; but ſays "'ſhe ſhould not have minded it, if you had "not gone in your beſt waiſtcoat.' And "Madam Wildgooſe threatens to diſinherit "Mr. Geoffry; and has actually taken two "of her grand-children to live with her, ſince "the young Squire took to theſe vagabond "courſes."

Jerry looked a little fooliſh at this account of the ſtate of affairs at home; but, clapping his hand upon his pocket, with a gallant ſhake of the head, ſaid, "they ſhould make matters up "again when they got home."

Jerry

Jerry then called for a pot of ale, with which he and his old friend drank an health to their friends in Glouceſterſhire; and ſo they parted, Tugwell returning to his company.

## CHAP. III.

### *At Dr. Greville's.*

WHEN Mrs. Mowbray's coach came to the door with Miſs Townſend (as was related), Mr. Wildgooſe was juſt going to bed; but flew to the window, like an hawk at his quarry; where, by the light of the moon, he had a full view of Miſs Townſend, as ſhe ran up the court, dreſt, on the occaſion, much more ſplendidly than he had ever ſeen her at Glouceſter. This ſlight glance threw poor Wildgooſe into ſuch a palpitation and hurry of ſpirits, that it was a conſiderable time before he could compoſe himſelf to ſleep: and Miſs Townſend was the prevailing idea in his dreams for the whole night.

It was now eleven o'clock, and Dr. Greville's family were all in bed, when they were awaked by an haſty rapping at the door; and were greatly

greatly alarmed, when the ſervant brought up word, "that a man was come out of ——ſhire, "with a letter for Mr. Townſend." This meſſenger proved to be the old Coachman, who was mentioned to have aſſiſted Miſs Townſend in her elopement to London; and who, partly to atone for his imprudent conduct in that affair, and partly out of regard to the family, had taken his horſe, and rode thirty miles after five o'clock that evening, to bring a letter, which his wife had intercepted, addreſſed to Miſs Lucia Townſend, from Captain Mahoney. This letter being carried up to Mr. Townſend, he opened it, and found the contents to be as follows:

"To Miſs Townsend.

"My dear Lucia,

"Every moment is an age till my happineſs "is compleated; and the deferring our depar- "ture another day, is a contradiction to the "impatience of a fond Lover. But I am diſ- "appointed of the phaeton which I had be- "ſpoke; and was obliged to ſend to Oxford, "whence I have ordered one of thoſe poſt- "chaiſes which are lately come into vogue,

"and

"and which will convey us with more expedi-
"tion either to London or Briſtol: though I
"now think the latter is more adviſeable; as
"we can be conveyed from thence to Corke in
"eight and forty hours.

"You and Mrs. Townſend will be ready
"to-morrow evening, as ſoon as it grows duſk,
"with your baggage, behind the grove of firs:
"till which time, my deareſt Lucia, I remain

"Your impatient Lover,

"PATRICK MAHONEY.

"P. S. Write me a line by the bearer."

Mr. Townſend was greatly provoked at this diſcovery: but, upon reflection, became ſenſible that he had no one but himſelf to blame, for the confuſion which his imprudent connexion with the Widow Townſend had introduced into his family.

He at firſt thought of ſetting out again immediately: but, as the time fixed by Mahoney for executing his wicked ſcheme was not till the following evening, he thought he might take a few hours reſt, and get out very early in the morning. He therefore ſent for the old Coachman up to his bed-ſide, and inquired how he came

came by that letter: in anſwer to which, he gave him the following account.

"Ben, the Hoſtler at the George," ſays he, "where Captain Mahoney quarters, is third "couſin to my wife; and, having been ſent by "the Captain with this letter to Miſs Town-"ſend, Ben thought it proper to let my wife "know what he had heard from the Hoſtler at "the Black Bull; who told Ben, 'that Captain "Mahoney, having been diſappointed of *their* "phaeton, had ſent him to Oxford for a poſt-"chaiſe; which was ordered to be at the "Captain's quarters the next day about ten "o'clock, who was going a long journey.' And "as all the neighbourhood talk very freely "about the Captain's deſigns upon Miſs Town-"ſend, my wife was willing to forward this "letter to your Honour at a venture; and ſent "Ben back to the Captain, with an anſwer from "Miſs Townſend, by word of mouth, 'that it "was very well."

Mr. Townſend ſaid, "he was obliged to "the Coachman for the trouble he had taken, "bade him feed his horſe, and then go to bed; "and that he himſelf would ſet out by four "o'clock in the morning: which, as he found "by the letter that the Captain had put off his

"ſcheme till the next night, he hoped would "be ſoon enough to prevent it."

Dr. Greville had ſlipped on his night-gown, and was come into Mr. Townſend's room, to inquire into the cauſe of this alarm; which being informed of, though he ſecretly triumphed over Mr. Townſend's credulity, yet he begged him to loſe no time in an affair of that conſequence; and ſaid, "that he himſelf would take "the liberty to awake Mr. Townſend at three "o'clock, by which time he would be a little "refreſhed after his day's journey: and that "he would take care to convey Mrs. Mahoney "by a man and double horſe, if it ſhould be "thought neceſſary: though he did not ima-"gine," he ſaid, "that the Captain would ſtay "to diſpute the matter with Mr. Town-"ſend."

## CHAP. IV.

### *At Mr. Townſend's.*

NOtwithſtanding Dr. Greville's caution, and his eager deſire to haſten Mr. Townſend's departure, it was near five o'clock before he

he ſet out; and near eleven before he reached his own houſe in ——ſhire; when he found it deſerted both by his daughter and the Widow Townſend; which, we may imagine, ſhocked him to the utmoſt degree.

But, upon inquiry, he found the caſe not quite ſo bad as he at firſt expected; for the ſervants who were left at home informed him, "that Mrs. Townſend had ſent a letter, by the "Stable-boy, early in the morning, to Captain "Mahoney; who came with a poſt-chaiſe "about half an hour before Mr. Townſend "came home, and had taken away Mrs. "Townſend, with all her luggage in two "large trunks: but that they were both in "great confuſion, at not finding Miſs Town-"ſend, who had been miſſing all the morning, "and of whom the ſervants could give no other "intelligence."

Whilſt Mr. Townſend was deliberating what method to purſue, the Coachman's wife came very opportunely, and relieved him from his diſtreſs, by giving the following account of Miſs Townſend.

"That ſhe (the Coachman's wife) being "apprehenſive that Captain Mahoney might "ſuſpect his plot was diſcovered (by his re-

"ceiving no anſwer to his letter), and therefore "might haſten the execution of it; ſhe had "therefore conſulted with Mr. Thompſon "(the Squire's principal Tenant, and whom, "ſhe knew, he greatly confided in upon all "occaſions); and he had contrived to get Miſs "Townſend to his houſe pretty early in the "morning, under a pretence that ſomebody "wanted to ſpeak with her; and that Mrs. "Thompſon had locked herſelf up with Miſs "Townſend in their parlour till the Squire "himſelf ſhould come home, as they ſuppoſed "he would do, in conſequence of the letter "which the Coachman had conveyed to "him."

Mr. Townſend therefore went immediately to Farmer Thompſon's; where he found Miſs Townſend confined, as the Coachman's wife had informed them.

Mr. Townſend gave his daughter a proper lecture upon the occaſion; and explained to her, with great tenderneſs, the eſcape ſhe had had; and the diſcovery which he had made (of Captain Mahoney's being already married) by means of a young Gentleman, who was now at Dr. Greville's, and had providentially met Mrs. Mahoney upon her road from Ireland.

When

When they returned to the Manor-houſe, Mr. Townſend found that the Widow Townſend had carried off not only her own property, but likewiſe ſome of his; particularly a gold repeating watch of his late wife's, a valuable ring or two, a great many fine laces, and a brocaded ſuit of cloaths; in all, to the value of above two hundred pounds. But, as he had placed ſo unlimited a confidence in her, this was to be conſidered rather as a breach of truſt, than a robbery; and, having now ſufficient proof of her infidelity and wicked deſigns, he was really glad to get rid of her upon any terms.

As for the two fugitives, it may be proper to have done with them here; and to inform the Reader, that they made the beſt of their way to Briſtol; where embarking for ſome remote part of Ireland, they lived together for ſome time upon the fruits of the Widow Townſend's plunder; till, ſatiated with each other's perſon, a mutual diſguſt enſued; and the Captain having ſhared the beſt part of the Widow's fortune, his fickle temper ſoon diſſolved a connexion which was built upon ſo precarious a foundation.

## CHAP. V.

### *At Dr. Greville's.*

LET us now return to our wounded hero, Mr. Geoffry Wildgooſe.

For fear of any accident in the night, Dr. Greville had ordered the Footman to lie in a cloſet joining to his room: who, coming down in the morning, told the Maid, "that the Gen-"tleman had ſlept very ſoundly all night; but "that, ever ſince he had awaked, he had been "lamenting and bemoaning himſelf like a child. "I aſked him," ſays the fellow, "whether he "was in pain; but he ſays, he is quite well "again; only, I fancy, he is troubled in mind. "I ſuppoſe," ſays the Footman, "he has loſt "money by betting at the races; or perhaps "he has left a ſweet-heart behind him ſome-"where or other."

Dr. Greville, being informed of what the Footman had ſaid, went up to Wildgooſe's bed-ſide; and aſked him, "how he found himſelf?" Wildgooſe took the Doctor by the hand, and thanked him for the great care he had taken of him; and ſaid, "he had had a fine night; and

"found

" found himſelf quite well. And, thank God," ſays he, " I find my head much clearer than " it has been for ſome months. But, Sir, I " muſt confeſs, many things appear to me in a " very different light from what they have " lately done. And I am particularly ſhocked " at having left my diſconſolate Mother ſo long " in a ſtate of anxiety and concern on my ac- " count. For, oh! Sir, I am now convinced, " that no doctrine, no religious opinion, can be " true, that contradicts the tendereſt feelings of " human nature, the affection and duty which " we owe to our parents."

Doctor Greville replied, " that he was glad " the miſt was diſpelled from his mind, and " that he ſeemed to ſee things in their proper " light; though perhaps," ſays the Doctor, " your laſt aſſertion ought to be admitted with " ſome little reſtriction: as there may be ſome " parents ſo unreaſonably wicked, as to expect " their children to proſtitute their very conſci- " ences, as well as ſacrifice their reaſon, to " *their* abſurd opinions or diſhoneſt practices; in " which caſe, children are evidently under a prior " obligation to religion and virtue: though " they ſhould be very certain of the juſtice of " their cauſe, before they venture to oppoſe ſo

"ſacred an authority as that of parents over "their children. But I am afraid, Sir, in- "deed, that you left your unhappy mother, "merely from the blind impulſe of an over- "heated imagination; to engage in an under- "taking directly oppoſite to the laws of the "land, without any pretence of a divine "commiſſion. And therefore I cannot but con- "clude you were under a wrong influence."

"I am afraid I was," ſays Wildgooſe; "but "yet, in times of general defection from the "principles of the Goſpel, and the doctrines of "the Reformation; I cannot but think that "every one has a divine call to ſtem the torrent, "and endeavour to revive the practice of true "Chriſtianity."

"I own they have," replied the Doctor, "by their example and their perſuaſion, within "the ſphere of their own neighbourhood. But "then nothing, I think, is ſo evident, as that "we are commanded 'to ſubmit to every or- "dinance of man, for the Lord's ſake; to "let every thing be done decently and in "order:' and therefore no one has a right to "break through the regulations of ſociety, "merely from the ſuggeſtions of his own fancy,

"and

" and unleſs he can give ſome viſible proof of a
" ſupernatural commiſſion. I am partly of E-
" raſmus's opinion, in regard to Reformations
" —*Nolo ſeditioſam veritatem*, I would not have
" even truth propagated in a ſeditious manner.

" As to a 'general defection from the truths
" of the Goſpel;' we are very apt to judge of the
" ſtate of Religion, as we are of the politeneſs,
" knowledge, or learning of the age, from what
" we feel in our own breaſts. We fancy the world
" is more knowing, becauſe we ourſelves know
" more than we did in our infancy: and we
" think the world leſs religious, becauſe we
" perhaps have thrown off the reſtraints of re-
" ligion, and are more wicked or debauched
" than we were in our youth or childhood."

The moſt likely method of convincing any one, is to make our adverſary ſome conceſſions. For a general oppoſition to his whole ſyſtem not only irritates his paſſions; but, finding you miſtaken in ſome particulars, as you probably are, he concludes, at random, that you are wrong in all.

" I grant you," continues Dr. Greville, " that there may be ſome cauſe of complaint
" againſt the negligence of the Clergy; and that
" if the people had plenty of wholeſome food or
" ſound doctrine, they would not be hankering

" after the crude traſh of *ſome* of your itinerant " Preachers. But does this warrant every ig- " norant Mechanic to take the ſtaff out of the " hands of the Clergy, and ſet up for Re- " formers in Religion?

" There are corruptions perhaps, or neglects " at leaſt, in every branch of the Civil admi- " niſtration: as no human inſtitution can be " perfectly adminiſtered. But ſuppoſe an honeſt " Country Juſtice to be a little negligent in his " duty, or not very accurately verſed in the " ſubtleties of the Law; would this warrant any " neighbouring Attorney (who ſpies out his " error) to take upon him to adminiſter juſtice " in his room? No; an appeal is open to a " ſuperior court; and his errors muſt be recti- " fied in a legal manner: otherwiſe ſtrange " confuſion would enſue.

" The Parſon of your pariſh, ſuppoſe, neglects " his duty, or is immoral in his life and con- " verſation. Let application be made to the " Biſhop of the dioceſe: who, at his viſitation, " not only receives his Synodals, but ſends out " articles of inquiry, relative to the conduct of " every individual Clergyman within his juriſ- " diction. 'Does your Miniſter lead an exem- " plary, or, at leaſt, a ſober and regular life? " Does he do his duty decently and in order?

" Does

" Does he catechize and inſtruct the children " and other ignorant perſons in the principles " of religion, at ſeveral times of the year, as " the canons direct?' If he does not, why is not " he regularly preſented by the officers of the " pariſh, and complaint made to the Biſhop? " who will not fail, firſt of all, to exhort him " in private; and, if he does not alter his con- " duct, to cenſure him publicly at the next " viſitation; and, if he continues obſtinate, to " ſuſpend him entirely from the exerciſe of his " function.

" Nothing, I think, can well be contrived " better, or more wiſe, than our Eccleſiaſtical " polity is in itſelf, if properly put in execu- " tion.

" As to the particular doctrines which the " Methodiſts pretend to have revived, and on " which they lay ſo great a ſtreſs; I do not " imagine, the advantage which they ſeem to " have *gained* over the regular Clergy ariſes " from thoſe Cobweb diſtinctions, which, I am " convinced, not one in ten of their followers " really comprehend: but from the ſerioufneſs " of their lives, and the vehemence and earneſt- " neſs of their harangues; which may have a " temporary effect upon their audience whilſt " the impreſſion on their fancy laſts; and have,

" I believe, really awakened many indolent and " careleſs Chriſtans to a ſober and devout " life.

" As to the doctrines themſelves; that of Juſ- " tification by Faith, for inſtance; I know no " Clergyman that expects to be ſaved by the " merit of his own works. We do not preach " up the *merit* of *good* works, but the *neceſſity* " of them: and unleſs a good man and a good " Chriſtian are inconſiſtent characters, I do not " ſee how good works, which is only another " name for Virtue, can be diſpenſed with. In " ſhort, though the negligence of too many of " the Clergy may have given theſe Reformers " ſome little advantage over them; yet the " extravagant proceedings and monſtrous tenets " of many of their itinerant Preachers have " given them ample revenge. One man de- " claims againſt the lawfulneſs of ſome of the " moſt neceſſary callings. Mr. H—ll, who " married a near relation of Mr. Weſley's, hav- " ing uſed the poor Lady ill by an intrigue with " another woman, defended the lawfulneſs of " polygamy. One Roger Ball aſſerted, 'that " the Elect had a right to all women.' Theſe " are not the neceſſary conſequences, I own, of " any of their principles; but they are the

"probable effects of an unlimited toleration "of unlicenſed, or rather ſuch licentious, "Teachers.

"I would by no means undervalue the great "talents and the pious labours of Mr. Weſley "and many of their Leaders. They are, I am "convinced, men of ſound learning and true "devotion: and, whilſt they live, to inſpire and "give vigour to their new eſtabliſhment, ſome "good may probably reſult from it. But when "they come to be ſucceeded by men, who, in-"ſtead of a zeal for Religion, will be led by "intereſt to prefer the eaſe and advantage of a "Teacher to the drudgery of a mechanic trade; "the ſame indifference and negligence will ſoon "prevail amongſt them, which they have com-"plained of in the eſtabliſhed Clergy, and "their claſſes will probably be as much ne-"glected, as ſome of our pariſhes now are: ſo "that, after prejudicing the people againſt their "proper Paſtors, they will leave them a prey to "the ignorance, and perhaps much greater im-"morality, of illiterate Plebeians; and ſo will "have made another ſchiſm in our Church to "very little purpoſe."

"Well," ſays Mr. Wildgooſe, "but ſuppoſe "Mr. Weſley and his friends really convinced

"of the great decay of Chriſtian Piety; and "that they were obliged in conſcience to uſe "their utmoſt endeavours to revive the practice "of it; what courſe were they to take?"

"Why," replies Dr. Greville, "I ſhould "think, if their little Society, when it was firſt "formed in the Univerſity, (before they had "made themſelves obnoxious to the Clergy by "their irregular proceedings) had quietly diſ-"perſed themſelves, and ſettled upon Curacies "in different parts of England; and had there "formed little aſſociations amongſt the neigh-"bouring Clergy; the influence of their exam-"ple would gradually have ſpread itſelf, and "produced more real and more permanent "effects than it is now likely to do; without "any bad effects, which, I am afraid, muſt pro-"ceed (as I have obſerved) from ſuch licen-"tious proceedings."

Dr. Greville was going on, to convince Mr. Wildgooſe of the miſtake he himſelf had laboured under, in regard to his late conduct; and Wildgooſe ſeemed to liſten with great attention, and ſhewed ſigns of confuſion in his countenance; when the ſervant brought word, "that Mr. Slaſh the Surgeon was come;"

whom

whom Mrs. Greville attended up to Wildgoose's room.

The Surgeon, firſt of all, with the air of a Radcliffe or a Freind, felt his pulſe; which he pronounced to be in an healthy ſtate. Then, taking off the bandage, he found, that, although Mr. Wildgooſe had been ſtunned by the blow, and loſt a great deal of blood, yet the wound in itſelf was very trifling; and, knowing that Mrs. Greville was herſelf a ſkilful practitioner in Surgery, he ſhewed her the wound; who was ſurprized to ſee how ſlight it was. Slaſh therefore paid her the further compliment of leaving a few dreſſings, which, he ſaid, with truth enough, "ſhe could apply as well as he could;" adding, "that, if the Patient did not heat or "fatigue himſelf, he might travel whenever he "pleaſed." And Wildgooſe, intending, at furtheſt, to ſet out the next morning, took his leave of the Surgeon, by ſlipping half a guinea into his hands, with which Mr. Slaſh (having no great expectation from a Knight-errant) was very well contented; and Wildgooſe himſelf was obliged to limit his generoſity, having but a few ſhillings left, to defray the expences of his journey.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VI.

### *An Interview.*

MR. Wildgooſe being now left alone, that he might equip himſelf for breakfaſt; and finding his mind much more eaſy ſince his conference with Dr. Greville, and the thoughts of ſeeing Miſs Townſend giving him freſh ſpirits; he adjuſted his cravat, rubbed up his hair with ſome pomatum, and, in ſhort, made his whole perſon as ſpruce as his preſent circumſtances would permit: and, his bandage being now reduced to a decent patch of black ſilk, Wildgooſe made no deſpicable appearance.

When he came into the breakfaſt-room, he was greatly ſmitten with the ſight of Miſs Townſend; who was ſo much more elegantly dreſſed than in her ſtate of humiliation at Glouceſter. Dr. Greville introduced them to each other; obſerving, with a good-natured ſmile, "that they two were old acquaintance." This ſpeech raiſed a bluſh in Miſs Townſend's countenance, which ſtill heightened her charms; and, what is not common, her real appearance ſurpaſſed

paſſed even the bright idea, which, for a month paſt, had glowed in the imagination of poor Wildgooſe, her abſent lover.

"Well," continued Dr. Greville, "you have "both been a ſort of fugitives, and have given "your friends ſome uneaſineſs; but, as the "cauſe of Miſs Julia's ill uſage at home will, "I hope, ſoon be removed; ſo, I flatter myſelf, "Sir, your motive for rambling abroad will "alſo ceaſe. Not that I wiſh to ſee you leſs "ſerious in the practice of Religion; nor even "leſs an Enthuſiaſt, in ſome ſenſe; as, I am "convinced, nothing great can be effected with-"out ſome degree of Enthuſiaſm: but I would "not have your zeal tranſport you ſo far, as to "hurry you into any irregularities, which only "expoſe you to danger and ridicule, and can "never anſwer any really uſeful purpoſe."

Miſs Townſend, though herſelf in ſome little confuſion, began to railly Mr. Wildgooſe upon the accident he had met with; and hoped "it "would cure him, for the future, of ſuch ro-"mantic undertakings."—Wildgooſe replied, "that he ſhould not be deterred from doing what "he thought his duty, from any danger which "might accrue to his perſon: but that Dr. "Greville had almoſt convinced him, that ſuch

"irregular

" irregular proceedings were inexpedient, if not " unwarrantable."

Wildgooſe then aſked Miſs Townſend, " whether ſhe had heard from their friend " Mrs. Sarſenet at Glouceſter lately;" which gave Mrs. Greville an opportunity of obſerving, " that Mrs. Sarſenet was a very worthy, *good* " *creature*; and, ſhe believed, had judged very " rightly of the Widow Townſend's character: " but yet had been the accidental cauſe of poor " Miſs Julia's ill uſage at home, and of her " conſequent elopement; though," ſhe added, " no uſage which a child could be ſuppoſed to " receive from a parent would juſtify ſuch a " violation of the duty which every child owes " to its parent, or ſuch a defiance of the au- " thority which Nature has given a parent over " his offſpring."

## CHAP. VII.

### *Mrs. Mahoney's Story finiſhed.*

DR. Greville, by way of changing the ſubject (which could not be very agreeable to the young people), ſaid, " He would take his " horſe,

"horſe, as ſoon as they had breakfaſted, and "ride to Warwick; that he might acquaint "Mrs. Mahoney of the further diſcovery which "they had made of Captain Mahoney's in-"trigue, and conſult with her about her fu-"ture proceedings." But, whilſt they were talking about it, Tugwell and his ſon Joſeph arrived from Warwick, in order to inquire how Mr. Geoffry did; and to propoſe their going home, and acquainting Madam Wildgooſe of the accident. But to this Wildgooſe would by no means conſent, as, he ſaid, "it would be "too great a ſhock to his Mother, and he him-"ſelf was well enough to ſet out with them "that afternoon." Dr. Greville however ſaid, "that would be very wrong; and that he would "run a great hazard of inflaming his wound, and "perhaps of renewing the hæmorrhage. But," ſays he, "if you are determined to travel ſo "ſoon, I will to-morrow morning give you a "lift in my carriage, as far at leaſt as the turn-"pike road extends; which, I imagine, is "within a mile or two of your village.

"And as for theſe honeſt men, they ſhall "ſtay and dine here; and, then, if they chuſe "it, they may go part of the way to-night,

"and

" and halt for us to-morrow morning at Strat-
" ford, if they can find their way thither."

" Oh!" ſays Jerry, " I know Stratford upon
" Avon well enough: it's the place where
" Shakeſpeare, the *great Jeſter* *, was born.—
" Grandfather's father lived a ſervant with the
" Jeſter himſelf; and there is a mulberry-tree
" growing there now, which he helped Mr.
" William Shakeſpeare to plant, when he was
" a boy."

" Well, Maſter Tugwell," ſays Dr. Gre-
ville, " you may go and viſit the mulberry-
" tree which your great grandfather helped to
" plant; and meet us to-morrow morning about
" eleven o'clock at the White-Lion; and then
" we will proceed together."

Mr. Wildgooſe then inquired after Mrs. Mahoney; when Jerry cried out, " Odſbobs! I
" forgot to tell you, that the Gentlewoman is
" very bad, and has not been able to get out
" of bed to-day. And her Maid ſays, 'She
" does not know how ſhe will be able to travel
" any further."

* All the idea which the country people have, of that great Genius, is, that he excelled in ſmart repartees, and *ſelling of bargains*, as they call it.—According to the original ſenſe of the word, however, Shakeſpeare might properly be called a Jeſtour.—See WARTON's Hiſt. Poetry.

This

This account moved Mrs. Greville's compaſſion, as her curioſity had been raiſed before; and ſhe immediately ordered her chariot, and went alone to Warwick, that, if it ſhould be neceſſary, ſhe might bring Mrs. Mahoney with her to Dr. Greville's.

When ſhe came to Warwick, however, ſhe found Mrs. Mahoney juſt come down ſtairs. And upon Mrs. Greville's inquiring after her health, ſhe anſwered, "that her complaint was "nothing more than exceſſive fatigue: that "ſhe had been ſo intent upon the object of her "journey, as not to perceive herſelf in the "leaſt wearied for three or four days: but that, "ſince ſhe had lain ſtill, her ſpirits began to "flag, and ſhe found herſelf unable to travel "any further."

After informing Mrs. Mahoney of the freſh diſcovery which had been made of Capt. Mahony's deſigns upon Miſs Townſend, and of the means which Mr. Townſend had uſed to prevent its taking effect; Mrs. Greville added, "that "ſhe had come alone in the chariot, with an "intent to take Mrs. Mahoney with her, if ſhe "approved of it."—Mrs. Mahoney, after recovering her ſpirits from the hurry into which this intelligence had thrown her, thanked Mrs. Greville

Greville for her kind invitation; but ſaid, "ſhe had a near relation in London, an elderly "Lady of good fortune, who had often impor- "tuned her, by letter, to make her a viſit: and, "as ſhe might be a friend to her children, ſhe "had made that a ſecondary object in taking "this journey. She intended, therefore, to get "a place in ſome ſtage-coach the next day, "and go to London; as it ſeemed to no pur- "poſe, at preſent, to purſue her graceleſs huſ- "band any further."

And here the Reader may like to be informed, that this relation (who was the widow of a rich Merchant) died ſoon after Mrs. Mahoney's return to Ireland; and was ſo well pleaſed with her viſit, that ſhe left her an handſome competence, veſted in Truſtees hands, independent of her huſband: that, after Captain Mahoney was tired of the Widow Townſend, and had contributed to the ſquandering away her ill-got wealth, Mrs. Mahoney admitted him to ſhare her little fortune with herſelf and children; and his dependence on her for a ſubſiſtence ſecured his reſpect and fidelity, and by degrees reconciled him to a life of domeſtic happineſs and ſobriety. So various are the methods

thods of Providence, to reward the virtuous, and, if poſſible, to reclaim the vicious from their wicked purſuits!

## CHAP. VIII.

### *At Dr. Greville's.*

WHILE Mrs. Greville was gone to Warwick, Dr. Greville, according to cuſtom, walked out to viſit ſome of the poor and ignorant part of his pariſh; ſo that Mr. Wildgooſe was left alone for ſome time with Miſs Townſend, which opportunity he did not throw away upon theological ſpeculations; but employed it upon a practical ſubject, more to his preſent purpoſe.

He introduced a ſort of amorous converſation, by producing the cambric handkerchief which Miſs Townſend had dropped from the chariot-window, when Wildgooſe had that tranſient view of her near Birmingham. Miſs Townſend immediately knew the mark; but ſaid, "ſhe "had no idea that it had fallen into his hands: "for though, from the ſlight glance ſhe had of "him in a cloud of duſt, ſhe at firſt imagined "the

" the perſon whom they paſſed was Mr. Wild-
" gooſe; yet, as ſhe heard no more of him, ſhe
" had taken it for granted that ſhe was miſ-
" taken."

Wildgooſe replied, " it was merely out of
" reſpect, that he had not gone to Birmingham
" to inquire after her;" and he declared, " he
" never underwent a greater mortification.
" But" (ſays he, putting the handkerchief to his breaſt) " I have preſerved this pledge
" with as much devotion, as the moſt zealous
" Papiſt does his imaginary relicks of ſaints
" and holy virgins."

Miſs Townſend endeavoured to evade an application of this intended compliment, by her ſprightly raillery; and ſaid, " ſhe hoped Mr.
" Wildgooſe was now almoſt tired with ramb-
" ling about in ſo ſtrange a manner, and would
" ſettle at home with his diſconſolate Mother."

Wildgooſe, ſtill purſuing his point, ſaid, " he
" ſhould return to his Mother, in compliance
" with Miſs Townſend's advice; and ſhould
" probably quit his preſent rambling way of life,
" in condeſcenſion to Dr. Greville's opinion:
" but," ſays he, " it will be impoſſible for me
" to *ſettle* at a diſtance from the object of that
" enthuſiaſm

" enthuſiaſm of another kind, which you have " raiſed in my breaſt."

Though the meaning of this declaration was too obvious to be miſapprehended, and though Miſs Townſend was by no means inſenſible to Mr. Wildgooſe's tender expoſtulations, yet ſhe affected to treat them in a ludicrous ſtyle; and, when Wildgooſe came ſtill cloſer to the point, ſhe anſwered with a very ſerious air, " that, " notwithſtanding ſhe had been guilty of one " imprudent and undutiful act, in eloping from " her father (on account of what ſhe thought " ſevere treatment); yet ſhe could not liſten " to a converſation of that kind, without his " knowledge and approbation."

This little repulſe caſt a ſudden damp upon Mr. Wildgooſe's ſpirits. But as Miſs Townſend's declaration, " that ſhe would not liſten to " his overtures *without* her father's approbation," might be interpreted to imply the contrary if his approbation were obtained; he was not entirely deſtitute of ſome pleaſing hopes. But their farther converſation was ſoon interrupted, by Mrs. Greville's return from Warwick, and the Doctor's from his morning walk.

CHAP.

## CHAP. IX.

### *An Invitation to Mr. Townſend's.*

AFTER dinner, Tugwell and his ſon Joſeph, as had been agreed, ſet out towards Stratford; but with a ſtrict intention to wait at the White Lyon, till Mr. Wildgooſe ſhould come thither, which Dr. Greville promiſed he ſhould, the next morning.

Wildgooſe ſpent the afternoon very agreeably with Miſs Townſend and her two worthy relations. And, as he now talked very rationally upon Religion, as well as upon common ſubjects, Dr. Greville and his Lady were highly entertained with his company.

About ten o'clock in the evening, when they were juſt retiring to reſt, they were again ſurprized with the arrival of a ſervant from Mr. Townſend; who brought them the agreeable intelligence of the Widow Townſend's having withdrawn herſelf with Captain Mahoney; and alſo a letter from Mr. Townſend, earneſtly requeſting Dr. Greville and his Lady to conduct Miſs Julia Townſend home again, and to ſpend a week or a fortnight with Mr. Townſend, to aſſiſt

aſſiſt him in re-eſtabliſhing the œconomy of his houſhold. Which invitation, for the ſake of performing the friendly office annexed to it, they were very ready to comply with.

## CHAP. X.

### *At Stratford upon Avon.*

MR. Wildgooſe, having made a comfortable breakfaſt, and drunk ſome excellent tea from the fair hands of Miſs Julia Townſend (which quite reconciled him to domeſtic and ſocial life), took his leave of Mrs. Greville and Miſs Townſend; not without a ſigh and a languiſhing glance directed to the latter. Dr. Greville and he then ſet out in the carriage for Stratford; where they arrived about twelve o'clock, and found Tugwell and his ſon waiting for them; whom they again diſpatched, to purſue their journey.

Whilſt the Coachman ſtopped to water his horſes, my Landlord, out of civility, came to pay his compliments to Dr. Greville, who knew the man to have been a ſon of the learned

Dr. Welchman *, well known for his Illuſtration of the Thirty-nine Articles: which piece of hiſtory, as he had not much (literary) merit of his own to boaſt of, mine Hoſt never failed to acquaint his cuſtomers with. "Gentlemen," he would ſay, "you have doubtleſs heard of my "Father: he *made* the Thirty-nine Articles."

While they were talking to my Landlord, the church-bells ſtruck up, and rang with great chearfulneſs: upon which, as the canonical hour was juſt expired, Dr. Greville ſuppoſed, "they "had had a wedding."—"No," ſays my Landlord; "but we are going to have a funeral; and "the bells ring upon that occaſion."

"How ſo?" ſays Dr. Greville.—"Why, "have not you heard of old Mr. Shatterbrain's "whimſical will? He was born in this town, "and kept a tavern in London: and got ten "thouſand pounds in the lottery; and has left "it all to his nephew, who was a tradeſman "in this town. But I will fetch you the news-"paper, and you may ſee all about it." He

* Mr. Welchman probably ſoon quitted this ſtation: as the White Lyon has been kept for ſome years by Mr. Peyton; who, by a ſecret peculiar to publicans, of making general favours appear particular ones, has brought the houſe into great vogue.

then

then brought the Glouceſter Journal to Dr. Greville, in which was this clauſe from Mr. Shatterbrain's will:

"*Provided* alſo, That my ſaid Nephew, on "the day of my funeral, do diſtribute ſix pounds, "ſix ſhillings, to ſix young women tolerably "ſkilled in dancing; who, being dreſſed in "white callico, with black ribbands, ſhall join "with ſix young men, to be procured by the "Undertaker (or the Undertaker himſelf to "make one, if agreeable); who, being dreſſed "in mourning cloaks, with black crape hat-"bands, ſhall, in a grave and ſolemn manner, "dance, to a good tabor and pipe, the ancient "dance called 'The Black Joke,' in the "church-yard (if approved of by the Miniſter); "if not, as near to the place of my burial as "conveniently may be; the church-bells ring-"ing from twelve o'clock at noon to ſix o'clock "in the evening.

"*Provided* alſo, That my ſaid Nephew do "cauſe to be inſcribed on my tomb, the follow-"ing moral diſtich;

"Since *duſt* we are all, let us moiſten our clay;
"Let us drink, let us dance, and *duſt* it away."

Dr. Greville obſerved, "that Mr. Shatter-
"brain ſeemed to be actuated more by the love
"of fame, than by the love of mankind, when
"he made that will; and that he ſeemed more
"ambitious of being celebrated in a news-paper,
"than of being bleſſed by the poor, after his
"death: that ſix guineas, properly diſtributed,
"would make ſix poor families happy for a
"month, inſtead of making the teſtator ridicu-
"lous for ever. Indeed," added the Doctor,
"I have obſerved ſeveral of theſe ridiculous
"bequeſts of late years *: but, if I were Lord
"Chancellor, I ſhould make no ſcruple, upon
"the ſlighteſt application, of ſetting aſide ſuch
"abſurd clauſes; and applying the donations
"more advantageouſly, either to the publick, or
"to the diſtant relations of the teſtator."

## CHAP. XI.

*More Lumber yet; a Wife and two Children.*

THE chariot was now going from the inn, when a two-wheel chaiſe drove into the yard, with a Gentleman, a Lady, and two children in it, attended by a ſervant on horſeback. The Gentleman leaped down, and began to lift

* There is an eſtate held by a ridiculous tenure, in conſequence of a will of this kind, at Caſtor in Lincolnſhire.

out

out a little boy and girl, when Wildgooſe was agreeably ſurprized at diſcovering his friend Rivers and his Lady, whoſe long ſtory (if he did not fall aſleep in the middle of it) the Reader muſt recollect; and who, in conſequence of Wildgooſe's letter, was going to pay his reſpects to his kinſman, Mr. Gregory Griſkin, the little Staffordſhire Divine, from whom he had conſiderable expectations.

Mr. Wildgooſe begged leave to detain Dr. Greville a few minutes, whilſt he juſt paid his compliments to his old friends.

After explaining his preſent ſituation, Wildgooſe began making a ſort of apology for his travelling in ſo different a manner from what he had done when they met laſt.—"Come, come," ſays Rivers; "this is only a ſneer upon my "eccleſiaſtical equipage of a one-horſe chaiſe. "What ſport would our old Oxford acquaint-"ance make, at a man packed up in this lea-"thern convenience, with a wife and two chil-"dren!"

"Why, yes," ſays Wildgooſe; "we laugh "at theſe domeſtic concerns, in the Univerſity: "but, when married and ſettled in the country, "our elegant ideas give way to eaſe and con-"venience: and many a delicate man, I be-

"lieve, has condeſcended to warm a clout, and "many a learned one to rock the cradle."

Mr. Rivers then thanked Wildgooſe for the ſervice he had done him with his kinſman, Mr. Griſkin; and ſaid, "he had had a letter by "the ſame poſt from Mr. Griſkin himſelf; ex- "preſſing great ſatisfaction in the account Mr. "Wildgooſe had given him of Mrs. Rivers's "character and conduct; and inviting him to "bring her and her children into Staffordſhire, "as ſoon as he conveniently could."

Wildgooſe then told Rivers, "that, from "hints which Mr. Griſkin had dropped, he "fancied his deſign was, to get Rivers into "orders, that he might aſſiſt him in the care "of his pariſh; and he made no doubt but "that Mrs. Rivers's agreeable behaviour would "ſoon reſtore Rivers to the ſame place which "he formerly poſſeſſed in his couſin Gregory's "eſteem."

Wildgooſe, having now paid his compliments to Mrs. Rivers, and wiſhed them a good journey, was unwilling to detain Dr. Greville any longer: ſo, after deſiring Rivers to write him word of the ſucceſs of his viſit, they parted; and he and Dr. Greville reſumed their journey.

## CHAP. XII.

### *A Plan for Reformation.*

AFTER travelling about a mile beyond Stratford, they met a young man, in a ſhabby ſort of livery, who appeared very ſickly, and applied to them for alms. The Coachman, by way of favouring the ſuit of a brother ſervant in diſtreſs, ſtopped his horſes, whiſtling to them, as if to give them an opportunity of ſtaling. Dr. Greville aſked, "how ſo young a man "came to beg upon the road?" The man ſaid "he had been diſmiſſed his ſervice, on account "of a long ſickneſs; and was travelling into "Shropſhire, to try his native air. That he "had lived with Lord ——— in London; who "was a very good Maſter, kept a good houſe, "and gave his ſervants good wages; but (in caſe "of ſickneſs) always diſmiſſed them."

Dr. Greville gave the man ſix-pence; obſerving to Wildgooſe, "that, although he did not "like to encourage common beggars, he gene-"rally gave them ſome little matter to relieve "their preſent diſtreſs: but not without a

" ſharp reproof to thoſe who appeared to be " habituated to that idle practice."

This incident again introduced the ſubject of a reformation. And Dr. Greville obſerved, " that neither the preaching of the Clergy, nor " even the many penal laws, which were daily " multiplied, would avail any thing towards the " end propoſed, unleſs ſome alteration could be " produced in the manners of the people, by " the influence of their ſuperiors: the luxury " and extravagance of the great and people in " high life deſcends, as a faſhion, amongſt the " crowd, and has infected every rank of peo- " ple. If," ſays he, " an aſſociation were form- " ed amongſt ſome of our principal and moſt " popular Nobility, to ſet an example of fru- " gality and temperance, by reducing the num- " ber of their ſervants, and the number of " diſhes at their tables; and if the Prince on " the throne would condeſcend to enforce the " example, by regulating the ſplendor of the " dreſs and equipages of thoſe who appeared at " Court; it would ſoon be eſtabliſhed as a " faſhion: and that crowd of uſeleſs ſervants, " who are now ſupported in idleneſs and luxu- " ry, and who, when diſmiſſed from ſervice, " or married and ſettled in the world, propagate

" the

" the vices and follies, which they have learned " of their Maſters, amongſt the middling rank " of people; theſe diſſolute idle raſcals, I ſay, " would be left in the country, where they are " wanted, to till the land; or to ſupply our " handicraft trades or manufactures with uſeful " and induſtrious hands. And we might then " hope to ſee virtue and frugality reſtored " amongſt us."

## CHAP. XIII.

*The ſame Subject continued.*

" AS to the Clergy," continued Dr. Gre- " ville, all I ſhall add upon that ſubject " is, that I could wiſh they would, in general, " be a little more cautious and reſerved in their " conduct.

" I do not expect them to renounce the world, " or to ſhut themſelves up intirely in their clo- " ſets or ſtudies. Neither would I abſolutely " forbid them, in great towns, going to a Coffee- " houſe or a Tavern, upon neceſſary occaſions. " But I would not have them make thoſe places

"their conſtant rendezvous. I do not think "there is any indecency in their playing at "cards, or joining in other chearful tranſactions "in private company: but am ſorry to ſee them "dancing or gaming at Bath or Tunbridge; "and (as a Cambridge friend of mine expreſſes "it) '*ſhining* in every *public* place—except the "Pulpit.'

"As to their Preaching," added the Doctor, "I could wiſh they would make their diſcourſes "more ſyſtematical, and connected one with "another. I know by experience, that a man "may preach for ſeven years together in the "common way, in unconnected ſermons, and "our people be never the wiſer. But a ſett of "plain regular diſcourſes, upon the principles "of Natural and Revealed Religion; the Being, "Attributes, and Moral Government of God; "and the peculiar doctrines and duties of the "Goſpel: ſuch a ſyſtem, I ſay, repeated once "or twice a year, would teach the people their "duty, and make them more willing to attend "the Church; and even pay their tithes more "chearfully, when they were ſenſible they had "ſome equivalent for their money."

"Well, Sir," ſays Wildgooſe, "and I will "venture to add, from my own experience,

"that

"that I wiſh the Clergy would be a little more "earneſt in their delivery, and inforce their "precepts with ſome little vehemence of tone "and action; as I am convinced what an effect "it would have upon the moſt rational Chri-"ſtians.

"I am ſenſible indeed, from what I felt "when I firſt heard Mr. Whitfield, that too "violent geſticulations are not agreeable to the "modeſty and reſerve of an Engliſh audience; "and there is certainly a difference between the "action of the Pulpit and of the Stage. But, "when a Preacher reads his ſermon with as "much coldneſs and indifference as he would "read a news-paper, or an act of parliament; "he muſt not be ſurprized, if his audience diſ-"cover the ſame indifference, or even take a "nap, eſpecially if the ſervice be after din-"ner."

"Why, there is no doubt," replies Dr. Greville, "but an empaſſioned tone of voice, a "ſuitable geſture, and a pathetic ſtyle, have "more effect upon the middling and lower "ranks of mankind, for whoſe uſe ſermons are "chiefly intended, than the moſt rational diſ-"courſe, delivered in a dry unintereſting man-"ner. And this certainly is one great advan-

"tage which the Methodiſts and other fana-
"tical Preachers have over the regular Clergy,
"in rouzing ſo many indolent drowſy Chriſtians
"to a ſenſe of Religion.

"There is a remarkable inſtance of the per-
"ſuaſive power of this enthuſiaſtic Eloquence
"in a Capuchin Fryar, one * Philip de Narni,
"a popular Preacher at Rome, near the middle
"of the laſt century: from whoſe ſermons the
"people never departed without tears, many of
"them crying out for mercy in the ſtreets.
"And, what is more extraordinary, we are
"told, that, preaching before Pope Gregory the
"Fifteenth, upon the ſubject of Non-reſidence,
"he ſtruck ſuch a terror into his audience, by
"the vehemence of his oratory, that no leſs
"than thirty Biſhops ſet out, poſt, for their
"Dioceſes the very next day. And yet, it is
"added in the life of that Fryar, that when his
"ſermons came to be printed, there was no-
"thing very ſtriking in them. We are told
"alſo, that the good man was ſo far diſguſted
"with obſerving the great numbers who came
"to hear him out of mere curioſity, without
"reforming their lives, that he retired to his

* So Rapin and Balzac call him; but his true name was, Jerom de Matini, of Narni.

"cell,

" cell, and ſpent the reſt of his days in writing " the hiſtory of his Order."

" Why, to be ſure," ſays Wildgooſe, " that " will always be the caſe with too great a num- " ber of people; from the neceſſary imperfec- " tion of human nature. But we ſhould uſe " the moſt probable means of doing all the good " in our power, and leave the event to Provi- " dence."

## CHAP. XIV.

### *Mr. Wildgooſe's Reception at Home.*

IN this kind of diſcourſe were Dr. Greville and Mr. Wildgooſe engaged, when they came to the point where the road turned off towards the village to which Wildgooſe was bound. Here Tugwell and his ſon Joſeph had again made an halt; and, while they were waiting for Mr. Geoffry under ſome ſhady trees by a brook-ſide, regaled themſelves with a ſlice of cold roaſt beef, which Dr. Greville's Servant had ſtowed in the wallet.

Mr. Wildgooſe was now at a loſs how to act; as he could not preſs Dr. Greville to convey him any farther, through a long and dirty lane, to his native place; nor yet diſmiſs him without

an

an invitation to reſt his horſes, and to take a dinner, or at leaſt ſome refreſhment, at his mother's houſe.

But from this perplexity Dr. Greville himſelf delivered Mr. Wildgooſe. As the long ſummer had made the road better than uſual, and very paſſable for a carriage, the Doctor inſiſted upon carrying Mr. Wildgooſe quite home.

Indeed one principal end in his taking this journey was, to make ſome inquiries into the circumſtances of Mr. Wildgooſe's fortune; and, if he ſhould find it agreeable to his expectations, to make ſome overtures to Mrs. Wildgooſe, for a match between her ſon and Miſs Julia Townſend.

The carriage now proceeded, with Tugwell and his ſon in the rear: and, after many jolts and jumbles, in half an hour's time, brought them in ſight of their village ſpire, which roſe amidſt a grove of pines, at the foot of the Cotſwold hills: the ſight of which, after near two months abſence, rejoiced the very cockles of Jerry's heart; though not without a mixture of ſolicitude, about the reception he might meet with from the offended Dorothy, whoſe indignation his friend Andrew Tipple had announced.

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As for Mr. Geoffry, he was impatient to reſtore his Mother's peace of mind; whoſe maternal fondneſs for him he was too well acquainted with to fear any thing from her reſentment, when once he ſhould have returned to his duty.

It being now the midſt of a very ſultry day, and moſt of the village people out in the fields, they arrived at Mrs. Wildgooſe's gates without much ſpeculation. Mrs. Wildgooſe's old Hind, Stephen, was juſt gone into the yard with a load of wheat; and a little boy and girl, whom Mr. Geoffry was ſurprized to ſee there, ran in, crying out, "A coach! a coach!"

Theſe little folks were no other than Mrs. Wildgooſe's grand-children by her daughter, whom we mentioned, in the beginning of this narrative, to have married contrary to her parents approbation; and of whoſe children, therefore, very little notice had been taken, till ſince Mr. Geoffry Wildgooſe's elopement.

Though Mrs. Wildgooſe never dreſſed fine, yet, as ſhe was always neat and clean, ſhe was conſequently always ſufficiently prepared (for a woman of her time of life) to ſee company. By the time therefore the chariot came to the door, ſhe was come out to receive them. Having not, for ſome years, ſeen her ſon in his own hair,

ſhe

ſhe did not immediately know him; eſpecially as the black patch on his temples added to the paleneſs of his complexion, which his loſs of blood had occaſioned. But, when he ſtepped out of the chariot, and (agreeably to a cuſtom now obſolete) bent one knee to receive her bleſſing; Mrs. Wildgooſe's ſurprize was ſo great, that ſhe almoſt ſunk to the ground. Wildgooſe ſupported her in his arms; till Dr. Greville alſo coming out of the chariot, they attended her into the hall; by which time ſhe had recovered her ſpirits; and Wildgooſe began to introduce the Doctor, and to inform his mother of the great obligations which he had to him.

Mrs. Wildgooſe made proper acknowledgements to the Doctor; and then, looking on her ſon, "Oh! Geoffry!" ſays ſhe, "how could you "deſert me in ſuch a manner; without once "acquainting me with your intention, or where "I might make any inquiries after you? Your "unkindneſs might have been fatal to me; and "if I had died under the firſt ſenſe of your un-"dutiful behaviour, it would have been a great "misfortune to you. I find you have taken a "pique againſt poor Mr. Powell; but, I aſſure "you, it was entirely owing to his honeſty and

"diſ-

"diſcretion, that I did not purſue the dictates of "my reſentment, and make a will greatly to "your prejudice."

Dr. Greville made anſwer for Mr. Geoffry; "that he believed he had been for ſome time "under the influence of a deluded imagination: "but that the miſts, which clouded his reaſon, "ſeemed now to be diſpelled; and he ſaw things "in a more proper light: and that he could "venture to anſwer for him, that he would "never be guilty of the like act of unkindneſs "for the future."

Mrs. Wildgooſe's flutter of ſpirits being now a little compoſed, ſhe began to reflect, that it was high time to order the cloth to be laid, and to conſider in what manner ſhe ſhould entertain Dr. Greville: which, however, as a plentiful dinner was provided for her harveſt-people, gave a woman of Mrs. Wildgooſe's good ſenſe but little trouble.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XV.

### *Jerry Tugwell's Reception at Home.*

THOUGH I have lived to ſpeculate near half a century on the humours of mankind, I hardly remember a more remarkable inſtance of ſelf-partiality, than the deſiring to *perpetuate*—or of deference to fortune, than the ſubmitting to *unite*—the poor, pitiful, and almoſt obſcene monoſyllable of *Dunk*, with the noble high-ſounding polyſyllable of M—ntague, Earl of H—lif—x: yet I had a perſonal regard for the worthy Mr. Dunk himſelf, and a great reſpect for the noble Earl; and only make this remark, to ſhew the faſcinating, or rather the omnipotent, power of accumulated riches—though not much to my preſent purpoſe; which was, to deſcribe the interview between Jerry Tugwell and his wife Dorothy.

Dame Tugwell was infinitely exaſperated againſt poor Jerry, for preſuming to elope from home, in downright defiance of her ſovereign authority; and had meditated with herſelf, as ſhe ſate at her ſpinning-wheel, every variation of phraſe, expreſſive

expreſſive of the moſt furious reſentment, to attack the hapleſs culprit with, whenever he ſhould make his appearance.

But, as Jerry knew Dorothy's blind ſide, and the only part where (on theſe occaſions) ſhe was vulnerable; inſtead of any ſupplicating apology, or endearing careſſes, after ſo long an abſence, Jerry approached her with a free and joyous air (as ſhe ſate at her wheel), but extending his right hand, filled with ſilver, two or three half-guineas being interſperſed amongſt it; the ſight of which precious metals immediately ſoftened Dorothy's features, from the truculent fierceneſs of the Fury Tiſiphone, to the ſimpering ſmiles of a Galatea, an Hebe, or an Euphroſyne.

Some deep Politician might here ſuggeſt, that Jerry's wiſeſt and moſt certain way to make peace would have been, to ſend their long-loſt ſon Joſeph into the houſe before him. I think otherwiſe; for, after the firſt tranſports of that happy meeting were over, Jerry's offence would ſtill have remained in full force, the ſubject of a ſevere reprehenſion: but, by convincing Dame Dorothy at once, by ſo evident a proof, that he had not neglected the main chance, and that ſhe would be no loſer by his long abſence, the

the way was ſmoothed for a thorough reconciliation; and nothing now remained, but to indulge their mutual congratulations on account of their ſon's happy return.

As for Dame Tugwell's ſurprize and joy on the ſight of her ſon Joſeph, I ſhall not pretend to deſcribe it. Inſtead of any concern about Jerry's travels, ſhe would have aſked as many queſtions about Joſeph's adventures as his father had done at their firſt unexpected meeting at Warwick races. But her affection was more active than her curioſity; and ſhe immediately began puffing up the fire, and was going to ſet on her beſt ſcowered pot, and to cut an untouched flitch of her beſt bacon, to entertain her gueſts; when a boy from Mr. Wildgooſe's came, to invite Jerry, his ſon Joſeph, and even Dame Dorothy, to eat ſome beef and pudding with her harveſt people in the kitchen. Which invitation, in the preſent gaiety of her heart, Dorothy was no more inclined to refuſe, than Jerry himſelf was.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XVI.

*The grand Point ſettled.*

YOUNG Wildgooſe, after dinner, having gone out to pay his compliments to his fellow-travellers and Dame Tugwell; Dr. Greville took the opportunity of opening his commiſſion to Mrs. Wildgooſe. After acquainting her with the riſe and progreſs of the intimacy between her ſon and Miſs Julia Townſend, and informing her what fortune Mr. Townſend would probably give his daughter at preſent, and her expectations in future; he deſired to know, "if ſhe approved of the match, what kind "of ſettlement ſhe could enable her ſon to "make?"

Mrs. Wildgooſe ſeemed, at firſt, to hint, "it "would not be in her power to ſettle any thing "in the leaſt proportionable to Miſs Townſend's "fortune and expectations:"—but, when Dr. Greville ſaid, "that, as the young people ſeemed "to have conceived an extraordinary affection for "each other, very rigorous terms would not be "inſiſted upon,"—ſhe ſaid, "that ſhe could "give

"give up three hundred pounds a year, pro-
"vided a proper proviſion were made for her-
"ſelf during her life; that the whole eſtate
"was about four hundred pounds a year, and
"only charged with five hundred pounds for
"her daughter's fortune; but that, ſince her
"ſon's undutiful elopement, ſhe had taken two
"of her grand-children, and intended to add
"five hundred pounds more to her daughter's
"fortune."

In ſhort, this affair was ſoon ſettled between Mrs. Wildgooſe and Dr. Greville, who, after drinking a glaſs of wine, walked out with young Wildgooſe to view the place, and then firſt opened his intention to him; which he received with equal rapture and ſurprize.

Dr. Greville then told him, "that he ſhould
"go over to Mr. Townſend's, with Miſs
"Julia, in a day or two, and ſtay there a
"fortnight at leaſt; in which time, if Mr.
"Wildgooſe would come over, Dr. Greville
"would endeavour to gain Mr. Townſend's
"conſent to their ſcheme. But, Sir," added the Doctor, "as my principal reaſon for in-
"tereſting myſelf in this affair is, that I had
"rather ſee my Couſin Julia married to a ſober
"religious young man, with a moderate for-

"tune,

"tune, than to ſome of your gay men of the "world, with ten times your income: ſo, if "I thought you intended ever to reſume your "late irregular way of propagating your re-"ligious opinions, I would by no means pro-"mote ſuch an alliance: for, as a true ra-"tional ſyſtem of Religion contributes to the "happineſs of ſociety, and of every indivi-"dual; ſo Enthuſiaſm not only tends to the "confuſion of ſociety, but to undermine the "foundation of all Religion, and to introduce, "in the end, ſcepticiſm of opinion, and licen-"tiouſneſs of practice."

Mr. Wildgooſe replied, "that, whatever his "opinions on ſome particular points were "(though they were yet far from being entirely "ſettled), he was determined, for the future, "to keep them to himſelf, and only endeavour "to enforce the practice of Religion in his "own family, and amongſt his neighbours; "and that he ſhould want no other motive for "ſettling at home, if he were bleſſed with "ſo agreeable a companion as Miſs Town-"ſend."

Dr. Greville repeated again, "that he had "a very good opinion of Mr. Weſley and Mr. "Whitfield, and of their firſt endeavours to

"revive

"revive the practice of primitive piety and de-
"votion; but I am afraid," says he, "that
"there have already, and will hereafter, from
"their examples, start up mechanical Teachers,
"who will preach themselves, instead of Christ;
"aiming at applause and popularity, to fill their
"pockets, or to fill their bellies; to please the
"young ladies, or the old women; and bring
"Religion into contempt with all virtuous and
"sensible people."

## CHAP. XVII.

### *Modern Taste, and that of our Ancestors.*

AFTER viewing the garden and orchards, which, according to the old taste, were surrounded with high walls and quickset-hedges; Mr. Wildgoose proposed, "if he should be so "happy as ever to bring Miss Townsend thither, "to modernize his place, and lay it out agree-"ably to her fancy."

Dr. Greville replied, "that he would sa-"crifice a great deal to good taste; and," says he, "as the hills rise very prettily round you, "I would endeavour to catch an opening

"or

" or two from the bottom of your garden to " thoſe grand objects.

" But, for my part, I prefer the plentiful " taſte of our anceſtors, in whoſe gardens " Flora and Pomona amicably preſided, to the " barren taſte of the preſent age. Why would " you deſtroy this ſouth wall, covered with " peaches and plumbs; and root up theſe pinks " and carnations; to make way for ſome half- " ſtarved exotics, or perhaps poiſonous ſhrubs, " which nothing but mere faſhion can re- " commend?

" I like to ſee a grand edifice in the middle " of a lawn; and would gladly give up old " moſs-grown orchards, clipt hedges, and end- " leſs avenues, for extenſive views, elegantly " diverſified with groups of trees, hanging " woods, and ſloping hills. But to think of " expoſing your irregular manſion by removing " walls, and aiming at a lawn no bigger than " a Perſian carpet, is a proſtitution of taſte, " and a burleſque upon magnificence."

But, the old clock now ſtriking five, Dr. Greville recollected that he had four hours driving to his own houſe. After ſettling the plan, therefore, with young Geoffry, and

taking leave of Mrs. Wildgooſe, he ordered his carriage, and departed.

## CHAP. XVIII.

### *Other Matters adjuſted.*

SOON after Dr. Greville was gone, Mr. Powell, the Vicar of the pariſh, and his wife, in conſequence of a private meſſage from Mrs. Wildgooſe, came to drink tea; whom Mr. Geoffry immediately received with his uſual freedom and cordiality. Mr. Powell took an opportunity of telling young Wildgooſe, "that "he was ſenſible he had taken ſome pique "againſt him (though he could not gueſs "upon what account)." But, to convince him how much he was his friend, Mr. Powell ſhewed him the inſtructions his mother had given him, in regard to a will, greatly to his prejudice, and which he had prevailed upon her not to execute.—Mr. Wildgooſe thanked him for the ſervice he had done him; "though," he ſaid, "he was glad to find his "elopement had been the accidental cauſe of "having his ſiſter taken into favour; which

"was what he always desired." He then confessed, "that he had taken some little pre-
"judice against the Vicar, upon a very trifling
"occasion: but that it had pleased God lately
"to open his eyes; and that a weight of gloom
"had, he did not know how, been removed
"from his mind: and he hoped they should,
"for the future, live together in their usual
"friendship and good understanding."

The news of Tugwell's return being likewise soon spread about the parish, Jerry and his son were visited, that very evening, by every man, woman, and child, in the village; except by his rival in trade, the other Shoemaker; and by Dorothy's nearest neighbour, the Blacksmith's wife. Their mutual emulation will account for the conduct of the former; and a jealousy of a particular kind in the Blacksmith's wife for that of the latter.

Mrs. Enville, it seems, valued herself upon her family; her grand-father, by her mother's side, having been a Supervisor: yet, by her extravagance and want of œconomy, she was become much inferior in her circumstances to Dorothy Tugwell; and whilst the latter was saluted by the respectable appellation of *Dame* Tugwell, the former was dwindled down from

Mrs. Enville to plain Betty. When, therefore, ſhe was told of Jerry's return, ſhe received the news with a ſullen, contemptuous ſilence; and, when it was added, "that he had brought "his pocket full of ſilver and gold," ſhe only ſaid, "it was well if he came honeſtly by it."

When Jerry came to examine the ſtate of his ſhop, he found an accumulation of buſineſs upon his hands—old ſhoes, which wanted variety of repair, and which Dorothy had taken in, under a daily expectation of Jerry's return. But he was ſo full of his late journey, and ſo much [illegible] in anſwering queſtions put to him from every quarter, that it was in vain to think of buſineſs for that night. And Dorothy was ſo deeply engaged with her ſon Joſeph, and ſo well ſatisfied with the caſh that Jerry had thrown into her lap (he having only reſerved a *new* ſhilling to himſelf, for *antickity's* ſake, which was Jerry's word for *curioſity)*; Dorothy, I ſay, was in ſuch harmonious ſpirits, that ſhe connived at Jerry's keeping holiday for that evening.

But the next morning, when Dorothy got up to her ſpinning, having locked up Jerry's beſt waiſtcoat, ſhe ſent him to his ſtall, with a grave rebuke, "that it was high time to ſettle

"to

"to buſineſs again, and leave off preaching, "and rambling about the country." And, though Jerry's ſhop was the general rendezvous, every evening, for a week after his return, Dorothy watched him narrowly, and kept him cloſe to his work. And Jerry himſelf, having ſatisfied his curioſity, and being handſomely rewarded by Mr. Wildgooſe for his trouble, ſeemed very well contented to ſpend the reſt of his days in his own ſhop, and in his own chimney-corner.

## CONCLUSION.

MR. Geoffry Wildgooſe and his truſty friend having now finiſhed their Summer's Ramble, and we having fulfilled our engagements to our Readers; we might fairly enough diſmiſs them, without any further ceremony: eſpecially as the Reader probably may not be very deeply intereſted in the affairs of an Hero, who meets with no other adventures than what any man might expect to meet with, who travels through a country that is under a regular Civil Government, and in an age which appears to be under the direction of a general Providence.

But, as this Hiſtory may probably be baniſhed from the circles of the polite, to ſome remote province, for the winter-evening's amuſement

amuſement of ſome artleſs nymph, Chloe or Roſalind, whoſe curioſity is not yet grown callous, by a conſtant intercourſe with the marvellous viciſſitudes which abound in modern romance; methinks I hear poor Roſalind exclaiming, "Oh! I long to know, whether "Miſs Julia and young Wildgooſe made a "match of it at laſt!"

Now, as I own myſelf to be nothing at a temptation, and could never withſtand the charms of youth and innocence—in ſpite of the practice of Virgil, or the precepts of ancient Critics, who are for leaving many things to be ſupplied by the Reader's imagination—I am determined, I ſay, to gratify the Ladies curioſity with a peep behind the curtain, and inform them of a few ſubſequent particulars.

That Mr. Wildgooſe, having equipped himſelf, not in pea-green or pompadour, but in a plain drap-coat, with a crimſon-ſattin waiſtcoat, laced with gold, peeping modeſtly from under it, mounted his cheſnut gelding; and, attended by young Tugwell, whoſe military air, and the flavour of a braſs button added to his brown coat, gave him a tolerably ſmart appearance (though Mrs. Wildgooſe would not yet conſent to his having a livery)—thus equipped,

equipped, young Wildgooſe waited on Miſs Julia Townſend, at her father's houſe in ——ſhire; where, by the mediation of Dr. Greville and his Lady, a match was ſoon concluded upon; and, after another viſit or two, ſolemnized at Mr. Townſend's in the Chriſtmas holidays.

That Mrs. Wildgooſe, having fitted up a ſort of a neat cottage for herſelf, reſigned the manſion-houſe to her ſon Wildgooſe and his Lady; where they now live together, with as much felicity as this life is capable of: yet no more than what every contented unambitious couple may be ſure of obtaining, who ſtudy to make each other happy; and whoſe expectations are not diſappointed by the vain hopes of complete happineſs in this world; or who do not fatigue themſelves in the conſtant purſuit of violent and immoderate pleaſures, in a ſtate of exiſtence where eaſe and tranquillity are the higheſt enjoyment allotted them.

Mr. Wildgooſe keeps as much of his eſtate in his hands as will employ a pair of horſes and two ſervants; and heartily concurs with Mr. Powell, both by his example and perſuaſion, to countenance induſtry and ſobriety in the pariſh;

pariſh; as his Lady does in viſiting the ſick and afflicted.

He has alſo prevailed upon Mr. Powell to lay aſide his *argumentum baculinum*, or crab-tree conviction, with the lower and leſs docible part of his pariſh, and to endeavour to gain their love by the milder arts of ſoft perſuaſion; having convinced him of the truth conveyed in thoſe beautiful lines of Dryden (alluding to the Fable of the Sun and the North-wind):

"To threats the ſtubborn Sinner oft is hard,
"Wrapt in his crimes, againſt the ſtorm prepar'd:
"But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
"He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away."

Soon after he was married, Mr. Wildgooſe received a viſit from his friend Rivers, who was juſt got into orders, and was going, with his family, to live with his kinſman, Mr. Gregory Griſkin, and to aſſiſt him in the care of his pariſh (as Wildgooſe had hinted), with a very handſome ſtipend, the preſentation of the Living after his Couſin's death, and a promiſe of the perpetuity: ſo that Rivers alſo was now as happy as he could wiſh. And we may draw

the

the ſame *moral* (or rather the ſame religious *maxim)* from each ſtory:

"THAT, where we do not obſtinately "oppoſe its benevolent intentions, nor pre- "ſumptuouſly perſiſt in a wrong courſe of "life, Providence frequently makes uſe of "our paſſions, our errors, and even our youth- "ful follies, to promote our welfare, and "conduct us to happineſs."

THE END.

THE END.

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